

PUTNAM'S MONTHLY.

A Magazine of Literature, Science, and Art.

VOL. IV.—NOV. 1854.—NO. XXIII.

THE FIRST DISCOVERERS OF AMERICA.

"Non est de nihilo quod publica fama susurrat,
Et partem veri, fabula semper habet."

HISTORY, while it seeks to perpetuate the fleeting events of time, accepts nothing on the credit of mere hypothesis, but exacts, from all, the solemn sanctions of truth. Having no axioms like mathematics, from which, as postulates, it can draw certain conclusions, it is left, in each particular instance, wholly dependent upon the amount of positive light to be deduced from approved evidence. Hence, its criteria can never be fixed, but must vary, and fluctuate, with the vicissitudes of versatile humanity—keeping in view only that one great paramount object, Truth.

Among the many names of distinguished men, which history has immortalized in song and story, that of Christopher Columbus has ever stood pre-eminent. His is a name, with whose virtues the whole civilized world has rung for centuries, and which has everywhere passed into a household synonym, for indefatigable enterprise and undaunted adventurousness. There is a singular and melancholy fact connected with the life of this great captain, mentioned by Irving, that, while the world has persisted in styling him the *discoverer* of America, he should actually have lived, and died, in entire ignorance of ever having touched upon the new continent; and it is still more strange that it should now be ascertained, by the most indubitable proofs, that *Columbus never, in fact, discovered America*; but that *Greenland was discovered and colonized by the Norwegians, and other portions of Ame-*

rica visited by them, full five hundred years before he landed at San Salvador.

That this assertion will startle from their favorite prejudices all firm believers in popular history, we entertain no doubt. To such, the language is unequivocally, incurably heterodox, and smells rank of treason to cherished national opinions. In mooted the question, we have not closed our eyes to this contingency, and we propose, accordingly, to treat it in a manner which shall seem to court, rather than shun, the test of open, candid discussion, and which, if it serve not to carry conviction to every mind, will at least awaken it to the necessity of reviewing its own preferred, and long adopted conclusions. Especially does that duty seem incumbent upon all, when the subject relates so directly to the history of our own country, and appeals no less to our patriotism than our love of truth. If, as we claim, the ante-Columbian history of America is either generally unknown, or popularly prejudged against any European discovery, prior to the year 1492, it is not to be charged so much to the absence of real, substantial light upon the subject (which is within every one's reach), as to a popular bias favoring Columbus's claim to the title of discoverer, and created chiefly by the *clat* which his voyages produced in the south of Europe. We know how much and how deeply we are indebted to Columbus. We appreciate and acknowledge, in every department of motive power, the genius of Fulton. And, in

that fraternal bond uniting the uttermost parts of earth, and annihilating both time and space—through which remotest nations send messages of love, and peace, and greeting, on currents hardly less swift than thought itself—who fails to recognize the splendid intellect of Morse. Yet, Fulton did not discover steam, nor Morse magnetism. Practically, they did what none of their predecessors had done before them, and gave new impetus to a dormant energy hitherto unemployed. Measuring utility by success, we can accord them the highest meed of praise; and apportioning our gratitude to the number of comforts and conveniences conferred upon us, we have reason daily to remember and exalt their names. Precisely similar is the analogy which obtains in the case of Columbus. He did not, as we shall eventually show, discover America; for the Northmen were here centuries before him, as their monuments and histories sufficiently attest; yet, no permanent good attended their visits to our strand; while his landing inaugurated the dawn of a new and enduring civilization upon the shores of the Western Continent. In his footsteps followed colonies, which have since developed themselves into flourishing communities and powerful republics. Commerce and agriculture, science and art, with all their attendant blessings, have completed the furniture of this rich territory, which his tireless enterprise opened as a long-sought inheritance to the over-populous, swarming Europe. Never did earth witness such a triumph of peaceful industry as this. For it seemed as though human destiny had suddenly changed its course, and Time, renewing his youth, had plumed his wings for a loftier, more millennial flight. No wonder is it that so dazzling a glory should have been retrospective as well as prospective, and obscured, in the popular mind, at least, the less noted, though far more daring, deeds of the Scandinavian navigators who preceded him. Let us inquire, then, unto whom belongs the credit (small though it may be) of having first penetrated the dim mists of superstition which shrouded the unknown regions of Hesperus.

The fruitful imagination of mankind had, in the early age of the world, always attached a mysterious import to the great Western Ocean. It was the abode of darkness, whirlwind, and tempest; and men looked shudderingly at that blank, unknown realm, which their fancy had

clothed with supernatural horrors. Yet, mingled with these feelings was a lurking apprehension of fair lands beyond, such as mortal eyes had never rested on, and whose description was borrowed from the sunset glories that distinguished their horizon. It is true that the enterprising Phœnicians had sailed past the Pillars of Hercules, and made frequent voyages to Cornwall, in quest of tin, with which to supply the marts of Inner Asia. But this was the limit of western exploration, and all beyond was air and sea. Even Agricola's fleet, which first discovered that Britain was an island, ventured not to sail westwardly of this Ultima Thule; for to them the Western Sea was the domain of chaos, dark, terrible, untried—

"A vast untried ocean,
Without height, or depth, or bound"—

the refuge of those Titanic powers that ruled the very elements themselves, and sported with the foundations of the round world. Nevertheless, there was a steady belief in the existence of a fair island, or continent, in that direction. Men clung to the hope of some day discovering it, and gaining new dominions, together with exhaustless treasures. Like a fireside legend, it had passed into the current literature of antiquity, and was recounted by all classes as a promise yet to be fulfilled. Plato had frequently mentioned it by the name of Atlantis, and Seneca, writing in a vein of almost inspired prophecy, revealed the true destiny of the world in these vaticinal words:

Veniens annis secula seris,
Quibus oceanus vincula rerum
Laxet, et ingens pateat tellus
Tiphysque novus delegat orbes,
Nec sit terribis Ultima Thule.

Was ever prophecy more signally accomplished than this? Where now is earth's Ultima Thule? One might as well look for the end of the rainbow; and the good pilot Tiphys would be sore puzzled to find new lands, towards which the prow of another Argo could be turned. But it was reserved for the hardy children of the North, nurtured on a barren, churlish soil, and chafing for opportunities of distinction, to solve this great geographical enigma. Alike indifferent to pain or hardship, the Viking seemed to court the terrors of the elements, and death itself, for the sake of such adventures as might be sung by Scalds, at high

wassailings, and inscribe their names in imperishable ruins. We find, accordingly, that they sailed out into the great unknown sea, far to the westward, until they reached Iceland and Greenland, to which places they gave both a name and colonies.

The history of the eighth, ninth and tenth centuries is filled with accounts of the maritime expeditions of the Scandinavians. However terrible they may have been by land, it is very evident that they were even more so by sea, and no portion of Europe went unscathed of their irruptions. They covered the seas with their marauding vessels, and levied contributions indiscriminately upon all kingdoms and nations. Neither distance nor disaster could deter them. Their very name was dreaded from the North Cape to the shores of Italy. The potent Charlemagne himself, is said to have wept at their defiance of his name, despite the precautions he had taken to oppose them; and Alfred was the first English monarch whose prowess was equal to the task of repelling them from the oft-scoured shores of Britain, after they had incessantly ravaged, and frequently subdued it, through a period of over two hundred years. Being sole masters of the Northern Ocean, and encouraged by their success, they at different times became possessed of all the islands in it. Among these we must principally notice Iceland, the brightest literary star in the hyperborean firmament, and whose ancient history is said to be the most perfect of any European country. It is not material, however, to the subject under review, that we should make any further mention of Icelandic history, except in its relation to the discoveries of the Northmen in America. As the only apparent source from which positive and certain information touching the early voyages to the Western Continent can be drawn, we must refer to it. The track is well beaten, having been trodden before; nor shall we be likely to go astray in following the steps of the distinguished scholars and antiquaries who have so often and critically passed over it.

That portion of the Icelandic sagas, or histories, to which our attention is called in furtherance of this object, has been made the basis of all modern compilations upon the subject, and although not unscathed by the "grim gloating glances" of carping critics, has yet, in the main, continued unimpeached, in its

statement of the results of those early voyages which it commemorates. From such of these materials as he had access to, Torfæus elaborated his *Vetæra Groenlandia Descriptio* and *Historia Vinlandia Antiqua*, works of priceless value to the antiquary, and, in our country, extremely rare. In like manner, very exact relations of these discoveries have been preserved in Arngrim Jonas' *Specimen Islandia Historicum*, Adam von Bremen's *Ecclesiastical History*, and in many other contemporaneous writings, which we shall presently have occasion to cite. But these works are, comparatively speaking, recent, when contrasted with the original MSS. from which they have been compiled, and which deserve a passing notice in this connection. The history of the early discoveries in America is contained in the two sagas of EIRIK THE RED and THORFINN KARLSEFNE. The former narrative makes part of the beautiful vellum MSS., called *Codex Flateyensis*, which is a collection of histories transcribed from older MSS. between the years 1387 and 1395, a full century before Columbus landed in the New World. The MSS. of the later saga is also on vellum, and was evidently written about the close of the thirteenth century. It forms part of the celebrated Arna Magnæan collection in the library of the Copenhagen University. The *Codex Flateyensis* was presented to Frederick III. of Denmark by a bishop of Skalholt, and is preserved in the Royal Library. So much hesitation having been exhibited on the part of European scholars, not aware of the existence of these records, to credit the belief that a rude people, scarcely included within the pale of civilization, should have crossed the Atlantic repeatedly, at a period of time antecedent to the invention of the astrolabe or compass—yet so successfully withal as to establish colonies on the barren coast of Greenland, and even beyond, with which communications were regularly kept, that the Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries at Copenhagen undertook the weighty task of collecting and publishing all the evidence upon this subject, which they could secure. Possessing themselves not only of the original documentary proofs contained within the archives of the northern kingdoms, but also including among their members the first Icelandic scholars and runologists, it may be conceived that they brought to this undertaking an

amount of light and learning, unsurpassed in power, and fully competent to illumine the darkest recesses of runic lore. Accordingly, in the year 1837, they published the results of these labors in a ponderous quarto, written in Icelandic, Danish and Latin, under the title of *ANTIQUITATES AMERICANÆ*.* This tri-lingual volume contains all the information we have elsewhere alluded to, supported and substantiated by contemporaneous narrations of continental writers, together with collateral evidence, deduced from recently discovered monuments in Greenland, and a critical examination of those already known to exist in our own country. The work is finished with a perfection of detail that everywhere evinces the high ability of its editors, and their unsparing devotion to the cause of learning; while the proud monument that Professors Rafn and Magnussen have thus consecrated to the service of history, entitles them to a lofty niche in her temple. We shall therefore closely adhere to their text in the following narratives, abbreviating only such parts as are not indispensable to the unity of our sketch, and partake of a more discursive character than would be compatible with its limits. And first, as to the discovery of Greenland and Vinland, we have—

AN ACCOUNT OF EIREK THE RED, AND OF GREENLAND.

"There was a man named Thorvald, of honorable lineage. He and his son Eirek, surnamed the Red, were compelled to flee from Jadar (on the coast of Norway), on account of a homicide committed by them. They settled in Iceland, at that time fully colonized. Eirek's father soon died. He again committed a homicide. Having been condemned (to banishment) by the court, he fitted out a vessel. When all was ready, Eirek informed his friends that he had determined to seek the land which Gunnbiorn had seen; when driven into the Western Ocean, he had found the islands since called 'the rocks of Gunnbiorn,' saying, that, if he found land there, he would revisit them. He set sail from Snaefellsjökul (on the west coast of Iceland). At length he found

land, and called the place Midjökul. Thence he coasted along the shore in a southerly direction. He passed the first winter in Eireksy, near the middle of Eastbygd. In the following spring he entered Eireksfjord, and there fixed his residence. After spending the ensuing summer in exploring the western part of the country, and tarrying throughout the winter, he returned in the third summer to Iceland. He called the land which he had thus discovered *Greenland*, saying that men would be induced to emigrate thither, by a name so inviting. In the ensuing summer he returned to the land which he had discovered, to make it his permanent residence. This (latter) event happened *fifteen winters* before the Christian religion was established in Iceland.†

"Among the names of the many persons who accompanied Eirek on his return to Greenland (there were enough to require twenty-five vessels, it would appear) that of Heriulf stands conspicuous. He was of an old family, being kinsman to Ingolf, the first settler in Iceland. Now, Heriulf had a son named Biarne, a youth of great promise. This young man being a great traveller, was absent in Norway, when his father, with his household, passed over to Greenland. Heriulf fixed his residence at Heriulfness. Eirek established his at Brattahlid. During this same summer, Biarne returned to Iceland, when, discovering that his family had removed, he was sore distressed, inasmuch that he refused to disembark. Being asked what his future intentions were, he replied: 'To do as I have been accustomed, and spend the winter with my father. I wish to proceed to Greenland.' And when his sailors expressed their willingness to accompany him, he said: 'Our course seems somewhat foolish, since none of us has ever crossed the Greenland Ocean.' Nevertheless, having refitted their vessel, they put to sea.

"They made sail for three days, when the fair wind fell, and strong northeast winds sprang up, accompanied by thick fogs. They were borne before the wind for many days, they knew not whither. At length, the face of the heavens became once more visible, and sailing one day further, they saw land. But not being mountainous, and in this particular

* *Antiquitates Americanæ: sive Scriptores Septentrionales Rerum Ante-Columbianarum in America.* Editit Societas Regia Antiquariorum Septentrionalium. Hafniæ 1837.

† Christianity was first introduced into Iceland through the efforts of Olaf Trygvasson, King of Norway, in the year 1000. The emigration to Greenland, therefore, took place in 985, and Eirek's discovery three years before, or in 983.

failing to answer the description of Greenland, Biarne would not land. Leaving it, therefore, on their *left hand*, they put about, with stern towards the land. They then sailed *two days* before they saw land again.* This also, not being mountainous, but, on the contrary, level, and woody, they again turned their prow from land, and stood out to sea. Sailing *three days* with a S.W. wind, they once more made land. This was high, mountainous, and covered with ice. Without relaxing sail, they coasted the shore till they perceived that this was an island. Again putting the ship about, and standing out to sea with the same wind, (S.W.) which blew so strong as to compel them to shorten sail, they kept on their course for *four days*, when they again saw land. This corresponding with the descriptions of Greenland which he had received, Biarne approached the land towards a certain promontory, on which Heriulf (his father) dwelt. Then he betook himself to his father's house, and remained with him till the period of his decease." * * * * *

We ask the reader to pause here for one moment, while he turns to an atlas of the Northern Ocean, and institutes an inquiry into the direction of Biarne's course. It will be recollected that he was in quest of Greenland. Coming from Iceland, he was, therefore, bound west. After sailing three days on that course, strong *northeast* gales supervened, with dense fogs, which state of things continued for *many days*. Having no means to judge of, or rectify his course, he may be considered fairly to have been at the mercy of the winds, and in the most likely condition to lose his reckoning. After it clears up, and the sun is again visible, he sails on one day further, when land is discovered. Then the ship *is put about*, and stands out to sea with a *southwest* wind, the land being left to larboard. After sailing two days with this wind, they make land anew. Thence continuing, with their prow from land, on the same course, in *three days* they come to an island. Once more the ship *is put about*, and, with the same southwest breeze, now freshened into a gale, they sail *four days*, and finally reach Greenland. We want, therefore, three points, at the proportional distances of *two*,

three, and *four*, the last of these being an island, which, sailing with a southwest gale, was at the proportional distance of four from the southern extremity of Greenland. Now, a glance at the map will show, that the only places on the American continent which satisfy this problem analytically, as to distances and physical aspect, are (beginning with Greenland and retrograding), first, the island of Newfoundland, second, the peninsula of Nova Scotia, and lastly, some promontory within the present limits of Massachusetts, *possibly* Cape Cod. But we will not anticipate the more particular narrative of Leif (son of Eirek) who, following Biarne's description, visited and named all these localities. It is in substance as follows:

"Leif purchased Biarne's vessel, and manned it with a crew of thirty-five. He requested his father to take command of the expedition, but, being discouraged by an accident when on the way to the ship, Eirek returned home. Leif, with his thirty-five companions, among whom was a German named Tyrker, then went on board, and set sail. The first land to which they came was that last seen by Biarne. They cast anchor here, and went on shore. There was no herbage to be found. All above were frozen heights, and the whole space between these and the sea, was occupied by *bare flat rocks*. Leif thereupon called it *Helluland* (that is, land of broad stones). After this they put out to sea, and came to another land, and, having gone on shore, found it to be *low, level, and covered with wood*. In many places there were *white sands*, and a gradual rise of the coast. Then, said Leif, let this be called *Markland* (land of woods). Re-embarking, they sailed on for two days with a northeast wind, and again came in sight of land. Approaching this, they touched upon an *island*, lying opposite to the northeasterly part of the main land. They observed the grass covered with dew, which, on being accidentally tasted, they perceived to be strangely sweet.* Returning to their ship, they sailed through a bay, which lay between the island and a promontory running towards the northeast, and, directing their course westward, they passed beyond this promontory. In this bay, when the tide was low, there were *shallows left of very great extent*.† They

* Honey-dew is very common on the island of Nantucket.

† This description is strikingly applicable to the shores of Buzzard's Bay, Vineyard Sound, and the adjacent islands.

went on shore at a place where a river poured out of a lake. When the tide rose, they passed up the river into the lake.* Having disembarked, they erected temporary habitations, but determining soon to spend the winter there, they built more permanent dwellings. Both in the river and the lake there was a great abundance of salmon. So great was the goodness of the land, that they inferred cattle would be able to find provender in winter, none of that intense cold occurring to which they were accustomed at home, and *the grass not withering very much*. Leif organized daily exploring parties, with the injunction of always returning at nightfall. It happened, one evening, that one of the company, the German, Tyrker, was missing; whereat Lief, being much concerned, started with twelve others in search of him. When they had gone but a short distance, Tyrker met them, his manner being so changed as to awaken surprise. To all Leif's inquiries, he for some time gave no answer, except in German, and rolled his eyes and twisted his mouth strangely, meanwhile. At length, he spoke in the Norse language, and said: 'I have not been far, but I have something new to tell you; I have found *vines and grapes*.' And Leif, asking whether this was true: 'Yes, indeed,' he answered, 'I was brought up in a land where there was abundance of vines and grapes.' 'Then,' said Leif, 'there are two matters now to be attended to, on alternate days—to gather grapes, or better, to cut down vines, and to fell timber, with which we may load the ship.' The task was immediately commenced. It is said that their long boat was filled with grapes. And now, having felled timber to load their ship, and the spring coming on, they made ready for their departure (A. D. 1001). Leif gave the land a name expressive of its produce, and called it *Winland dat Gode* (the good Vinland). They then put out to sea, having a fair wind, and at length came in sight of Greenland.

* * * * *

"On hearing the favorable account that Leif gave of Vinland, his brother Thorvald, set out in 1002, in Leif's vessel, with thirty men, and arrived safely at Leifsboshoos (Leif's dwelling). The following

spring he sent out a party in the boat to explore the coast to the south. On their return, in the autumn, they reported having found the country everywhere very beautiful, and well wooded; but, with the exception of a wooden shed, no traces of man or beast. The following summer, 1004, Thorvald sailed eastward from Leifsboshoos, and then northward, past a remarkable headland, which, with an opposite headland, inclosed a bay. Here a violent gale driving them into shoal water, and damaging the keel of their vessel, Thorvald was compelled to remain some time to replace it. He caused the old keel to be set up on the headland, from which circumstance he called the place Kjalarnes (Keel-ness, or Cape Keel); sailing along the coast to the eastward, he came to a finely wooded promontory, which he landed upon, and greatly admired. Being about to embark, they observed three canoes (sealskin boats) on the beach, under each of which were three Skraelings† or Esquimaux. Of the nine natives they killed eight, one escaping. Soon after, having betaken themselves to rest, they were awakened by a number of canoes filled with Skraelings, coming from the interior of the bay against them. Raising battle-screens on the ship's sides, they succeeded in beating them off, but in the conflict, Thorvald received an arrow wound under the arm, which proved mortal. Finding himself about to die, he advised his companions to depart speedily, desiring first that they might bury him on the headland, with a cross at his head, and one at his feet, and henceforth call the place Krossanes (Cross-ness). They did as he ordered, and then returned to their companions at Leifsboshoos, where they passed the winter, and, early in the spring of 1005, set sail for Greenland, with a cargo of timber, grapes and vine sets. Not long after this, Thorstein, the third son of Eirik, made an ineffectual attempt to reach Vinland, with his brother's vessel, but was driven by stress of weather into Lysufjord,‡ where he died."

Here ends the saga of Eirik the Red, upon which we forbear, at these presents, making either gloss or commentary, the rather as we have already called attention to the geographical problem contained in it, in our review of Biarne's

* Probably Mt. Hope Bay.

† This was a term of derision applied by the Northmen to the natives, and suggested by their dwarfish stature. Arngirn Jonas furnishes some clue to the etymology of the word, where he sneeringly calls them "*Pigmæos bi-cubitalis*!"

‡ Supposed to be Igsorbok Creek, on the east side of Baffin's Bay.

voyage. The identification of the various localities visited and named by Leif, will be duly established, after we shall have rehearsed the next chronicle, which is a

NARRATIVE OF THE EXPEDITION OF
THORFINN KARLSEFNE.

"In the autumn of 1006, two ships came to Greenland from Iceland, the one commanded by Thorfinn Thordson, surnamed Karlsefne (the Hopeful), the other by Bjarni Grimolfsson, and Thorhall Gamlasen. Thorfinn was a wealthy man, and belonged to a distinguished family. Having passed the winter with Eirek the Red, and heard a great deal about the fine salmon and wild grapes of Vinland, they came to the resolution of founding a colony there. Meanwhile, however, Thorfinn fell in love with and married Thorstein's widow, Gudrida. In the spring of 1007, the two vessels were refitted for the projected voyage to Vinland, as also a third one, by Thorvard, another son-in-law of Eirek. He was accompanied by a dark, ill-looking man, named Thorhall, who had long served Eirek in the capacity of hunter. There were, in all, one hundred and sixty individuals, furnished with cattle and other live stock in abundance. They first sailed to the western district of Greenland, and to Bjarney,* and then, for two days in a southerly direction to Helluland, where they describe the *large, flat stones or rocks*, several of them twelve ells broad. Two days more brought them to the woody shores of Markland. They killed a bear on an island near the coast, which from that circumstance they called Bjarney† (Bear's Island). Sailing for some time southwest, with land to starboard, they reached Kjalarnes, where there were *trackless coasts and white sandy beaches of such length* as to obtain the name of Furdurstrandir (Marvellous Strands). Continuing their course, they entered a bay, off the mouth of which was an island covered with *elder ducks' eggs*. A *strong current* ran past this island, and also further up the bay, from which circumstance they named the former Straumey (Stream Isle) and the latter Straumfjord (Stream Frith). Here they unloaded their ships, and passed the first winter, during which Gudrida gave birth to a son, called Snorri. That *winter was very severe*, and as they could neither hunt nor fish, pro-

visions ran short. Soon after, a whale, of a species unknown to the Northmen, was cast ashore, and they partaking of it, were sickened. And now they began to dispute as to where they should next go, when Thorhall, with eight men, left Thorfinn, and sailed northward, to explore Vinland; but after passing Kjalarnes, was driven out to sea, and cast upon the coast of Ireland. Thorfinn and his people sailed south, and came to a *river that flowed through a lake on its way to the sea, and the mouth of which was so beset with sandbanks as to be only accessible at high water*. To this place he gave the name of Hop (Estuary). They found the country very beautiful, with good pasturage, and everything in abundance, *corn growing wild on the low grounds, and vines on the hills*, the woods stocked with game, and the rivers teeming with fish. It was resolved to make this their winter quarters, in accordance with which they set up booths at a short distance from the lake. No snow fell during the winter, and their cattle remained in the fields. Having been often and repeatedly attacked by the Skraelings, and, on one occasion, put to flight, Thorfinn, with his companions, felt convinced that they would be constantly exposed to such dangers, and consequently returned to Straumfjord, where they passed the third winter. In the ensuing spring they sailed homewards, touching at Markland, and finally reaching Eireksfjord in safety (A.D. 1010).

* * * * *

"In the same year a vessel arrived in Greenland, from Norway, commanded by two brothers, Helgi and Finnogi, whom Freydisa (daughter of Eirek), persuaded to undertake a voyage to Vinland. They accordingly sailed thither, spent the winter at Leifsbooths, and returned the next year."

Such are the accounts transmitted to us of the discoveries of Greenland and Vinland, which latter region, it is not hazarding too much to suppose, is identical with that portion of the American continent now designated as New England. We have abbreviated these narratives much beyond what we could have wished, selecting only those particulars as points of induction, upon which a generalization can be successfully based; for the quaint style of the old Norse idiom in which they are told, carries an

* One of the islands on the Coast of Labrador.

† Supposed to be Cape Sable Island.

atmosphere of truth about it that disarms doubt, and repels criticism. And the question really seems to be, not whether they are true, but how far their descriptions coincide with the chorography of certain well-known localities on our coast. It is a mere comparison, therefore, that we are called upon to institute, and one in which each mind can judge for itself how nearly these elements of resemblances approximate and concur. At the outset, it will be noticed, that a certain succession of events occurs to each of the expeditions sailing to Vinland. In other words, we find that, Helluland, Markland, and Vinland, the three lands of stone, wood, and vines, always follow successively, to the Northmen sailing a southwest course from Greenland. These facts of themselves, even if unsupported by collateral evidence, would suffice to show that the countries so called could be none other but the projecting headlands of Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, and New England. But, lest we shall be found wandering in the hazy domain of conjecture, we have another important element of information imparted to us, in the time consumed in reaching these various localities. Thus Leif and Bjarne were each *four days* in sailing between Greenland and Helluland. Now, the distance from Cape Broll, on the southeastern extremity of Newfoundland, to Cape Farewell, in Greenland, is some 600 nautical miles, which, with a fair wind, might easily be run in four days. And the description of this region, as given by the Northmen, is thus corroborated by modern travellers. Anspach, a German writer, speaks of the *bare, and large flat rocks, without a tree or shrub*.^{*} The old Icelandic geographies call Newfoundland, *Little Helluland*, and Labrador, *Great Helluland*. In the "Philosophical Transactions,"[†] a writer, speaking of Labrador, says: "The surface is everywhere uneven and covered with large stones, some of which are of amazing dimensions. In a word, the country is nothing more than a prodigious heap of barren rocks." But if these descriptions startle us by their similarity, they will be found still more coincident in their application to Markland, or Nova Scotia. Says a modern work: "The land is *low in general*, and not visible twenty miles off. Aspotogon hills have a *long level* appearance. Be-

tween Cape Le Have, and Port Medway, the coast to the seaward is *level and low*, and the shores marked with *white rocks*. From thence to Shelbourne, and Port Roseway, are *woods*. The land is *low with white sandy cliffs*. Cape Sable is a *low woody* island, at the extremity of a range of *sand cliffs*."[‡] Nor can there be much doubt that Kjalarnes is identical with Cape Cod. As to the Furdurstrandir, or Marvellous Strands, of the Northmen, they correspond so exactly with the coast of Nauset Peninsula, and the Chatham and Monomoy beaches, that no description could be more accurate. Dr. Hitchcock says, speaking of this region:§ "The dunes, or sand-hills, which are often nearly or quite barren of vegetation, and of *snowy whiteness*, forcibly attract the attention on account of their peculiarity. As we approached the extremity of the Cape, the sand and the barrenness increase, and in not a few places it would need only a party of Bedouin Arabs to cross the traveller's path, to make him feel that he was in the depths of an Arabian or Lybian desert." Professor Rafn thinks, that the name of Marvellous Strands may be chiefly due to the phenomenon of the *mirage*, witnessed there by the Northmen, and in support of this conjecture, Hitchcock remarks that, "In crossing the sands of the Cape, I noticed a singular *mirage* or deception. In Orleans, for instance, we seemed to be ascending at an angle of three or four degrees, nor was I convinced that such was not the case, until turning about, I perceived that a similar ascent appeared on the road just passed over." Following the course pursued both by Leif and Thorfinn, as described by the Saga-men, it would appear that they must have passed through Nantucket Bay, and Vineyard Sound, thence up the Seaconnet Reach, Pocasset River, and into Mt. Hope Bay, where Leif fixed his booths on Taunton River; and for this, though no certainty of locality can be predicated, the evidence is still unblemished, as in the case of any of the before-mentioned promontories. A careful examination will satisfactorily prove this to be so. If we suppose that Straumfjord was Buzzard's Bay, and Straumey either Martha's Vineyard or some of the contiguous islands, then the Gulf Stream will sufficiently explain the *strong currents* mentioned in these narratives. Lyell remarks: "That

* Mallet's Northern Antiquities, p. 270.

† The New American Pilot, London, 1815. Antiq. Am., p. 428.

‡ Report on the Geology of Massachusetts, p. 96.

† Vol. LXIV. pp. 374-7, quoted in Antiq. Am., p. 419.

§ Lyell's Geology, Vol. I. p. 384: 5th London Edition.

it is the beach of Nantucket which turns the current of the Gulf Stream." Taking it for granted that Thorfinn passed his first winter at Buzzard's Bay, Hop will be found perfectly corresponding in description with Mt. Hope Bay. We wish, however, to notice that no weight is attached to the occurrence of these homonymous words, by antiquaries; their coincidence being deemed, if not purely accidental, at least of too trivial a nature to afford any safe grounds for judgment. It is otherwise with the topography. For there is a *river*, Taunton River, *flowing through a lake*, Mt. Hope Bay may almost be called a lake, *on its way to the sea*—by the Pocasset River, and Seaconnet Reach; which owing to their *sandy shoals, are only navigable at high water*. Can any description be more precisely accurate? Even after the lapse of eight centuries, and when the erosive action of water must have somewhat changed the general configuration of the coast, we still find it, in all its essentials, strictly conformable to present circumstances. It is seldom that a chain of circumstantial evidence is so harmonious in all its parts; each one of which, even when taken separately, carries with it the sanction of truth, and the whole presenting a cumulative demonstration of historical veracity. It is, doubtless, a matter of no inconsiderable difficulty, to locate with precision each particular place mentioned in these chronicles. An occasional feature of resemblance, or moderate degree of similarity, do not necessarily constitute an identity; but when these concur in a striking manner, and are, moreover, supported by collateral evidence, they then form the strongest measure of proof upon which the human mind can exercise itself. In addition to the topographical resemblances which have been traced, we are told, that when the first English settlers arrived in New England, *they found vines growing wild on the hills, and Indian corn on the plains*, the rivers teeming with fish, and the islands covered with wild-fowl, just as the Northmen did centuries before them; *whales*, also, were frequently taken upon the coast. With all these data at hand, we are forced to the conclusion, that they can be correctly applied to only one portion of the American continent, and that we must look, therefore, to the State of MASSACHUSETTS—more particularly to that part of it included within the limits of the *Old Colony*, as well as to portions of Rhode Island bordering upon the same, for the

true locality of VINLAND. An objection urged with much cogency and fervor, and bearing a semblance of validity about it, is very commonly made against this emplacement of Vinland—based upon the apparent difference in *climate* between the sea-board of Rhode Island and southern Massachusetts, and the region visited by the Northmen. But, in reality, there is no contradiction here, which may not be easily and satisfactorily explained. Especially will this appear, when the difference in the condition of parties making these observations is taken into account. And, on the whole, the variation is no greater than can be accounted for by physical laws. It should be remembered, at the outset, that the saga accounts, and those of the pilgrim fathers, had reference to *particular* winters, and not to that season generally; therefore, both might well be true as marked instances of climatic oscillation; which supposition is far more reasonable than to assume that the granting the verity of the one, necessarily invalidates the correctness of the other. It should also be borne in mind whence the different voyagers came. The Northmen, bred amid the inhospitable wastes of the Arctic zone, and beneath the "icy fang and churlish chidings of the winter's wind," may well have fancied themselves transported to some terrestrial Gladshelm, as they beheld, through all the winter months, "*the grass not withering very much*." While the pilgrims, children of a milder clime, and little accustomed to buffet the elements, happening to land here in an unusually severe winter, have presented us a fearful picture of unrelieved suffering. But the Northmen also speak of a winter which was very severe, a term, when used by them, of most portentous import; so that, after all, the littoral climate of Vinland was not Arcadian enough in character to exclude it from a possible domicile on our shores. The better opinion seems to be that Vinland was never successfully colonized, and, apart from trading voyages which may have been undertaken there for the purpose of trafficking in furs with the natives, the Icelandic records furnish us with very slight memoranda of its history. The most important event is the sailing of Bishop Eirik thither, in 1121, though the purpose of his visit, whether ecclesiastical or not, is not recounted. The last mention of it is of the date of 1347, when a Greenland bark is said to have run into Straumfjord, having lost

her anchors. It is far otherwise with the history of Greenland, to which our attention must, for the present, be

iktorsok, in $72^{\circ} 55'$ north latitude, long. 56° west of Greenwich, a representation of which we here insert, tran-



KINGIKTORSOAK ROCK.

turned. There, colonies sprang up, trade and commerce were established, and regular intercourse maintained with the mother country. Churches were gathered, and an Episcopal See constituted, suffragan to the Archbishop of Drontheim. The last bishop was appointed in 1406, since which time the colony has never been heard of. At that day it consisted of 280 villages. Various have been the conjectures raised to explain its fate, some ascribing its depopulation to the ravages of that fearful scourge of the Middle Ages, the black death, and others, with perhaps more justice, to the pernicious system of commercial policy pursued by the mother country. Be this as it may, the country was henceforth known as the *lost Greenland*; nor was it till the year 1721, that a re-discovery took place, and new colonies established.

But whatever hesitation may be experienced at receiving these narratives as positive conclusive evidence of early Scandinavian settlements in America, and whatever doubts may still linger in the public mind as to the localities therein described, must vanish and disappear before the irrefragable testimony of existing monuments. They are silent, yet eloquent witnesses of past events, and come to us free from all imputation of prejudice or subordination. In their presence unbelief stands rebuked, and truth is vindicated anew by this internal evidence of its existence, which it awakens in every mind.

"Quem non moveat clarissimis monumentis testata consignataque Antiquitas?"

The first and most important of these memorials, is, without question, the celebrated rock found in the island of *King-*

scribed from the *Antiq. Am.* This stone was discovered in the autumn of 1824, and has caused much discussion among the European *savans**. It bears a genuine runic inscription, and consists of plain, unequivocal runic characters, with much fewer of the cryptographic symbols than we often meet with. This inscription was submitted to Professors Magnussen and Rask, and Dr. Brynjulfson, of Iceland, and these distinguished runologists, without any intercommunication upon the subject, respectively arrived at the same interpretation of the characters, with the exception of the last six, which Magnussen and Rask finally agreed meant the numerals MCXXXV, while Brynjulfson, though he believed them to be mere ornaments, was yet of the opinion, from the form of the other characters, that they belonged to the eleventh or twelfth centuries. The following is their version of it:

ELLIGE * SIGVATHS * SON : E * OK * BJARN * THORARSON :
OK : ENRITHI * ODDSSON : LAUKARDAK * IN : FYRIR
GAGNDAK
HLOTHY * VARDAT * OK HYD : MCKKLV.

Or rendered into English—

"ELLIGE SIGVATHSSON, AND BJARN THORARSON, AND ENRITHI ODDSSON, ON SATURDAY BEFORE GAGNDAK (the day of Victory, or April 25th) ERECTED THESE MARKS AND EXPLORED, 1185."

Other runic inscriptions have been found in Greenland, but not of sufficient importance to deserve a mention here. They are, for the most part, sepulchral, and have no direct reference to the subject. Ruins have also been discovered at Ikigeit, and foundations of a church

* See Humboldt's *Examen Critique de l'histoire de la Géographie*, &c. &c., tom. II. pp. 97-101.

inclosing an area of 120 feet by 100, at the shores of Igaliko Creek, which are supposed to be the remains of the Cathedral of Gardar. But the most remarkable ruin yet discovered, is at Kakortok, where is to be seen an edifice, evidently a church, fifty-one feet in length, and twenty-five in breadth, having a round-headed window at either gable, and four square windows in each of the lateral walls, which are from four to eight feet thick, and of massive stone. In New England there are two well-known monuments, which tradition has immemorially ascribed to the handiwork of the Northmen; and which, despite the learned objections raised against their authenticity, and the great amount of paper bullets shot at them, are slowly and surely moulding public opinion to a favorable reception of their claims. They are, the old tower or mill, at Newport, and the Dighton writing-rock. Their locality being admitted, as within the limits of the ancient Vinland, the sole question turns upon their origin. As to the first of these, it has been treated as a sort of architectural sphinx, which every neophyte was invited to explain, so long as he avoided giving it a Scandinavian derivation. The oldest colonists found it as it stands, and imagination has been racked to furnish it with aboriginal builders, ever since the country was settled. But all these theories have failed to rob the sturdy Northmen of their rightful claim, and their case grows stronger daily. Well it may. For they have all the evidence which history and analogy can afford them, and the false judgment heretofore rendered against them, springs more from the ignorance of the judges than the weakness of their cause. Prof. Rafn shows conclusively, that the style of its architecture is of the eleventh century, and of the order in which the Northmen commonly built. It is a simple tholos of the monopteral kind, and has many analogues extant in the north of Europe; and the type of this same order is also visible in the Greenland ruins. Among existing edifices of that period which possess common traits of resemblance, he cited Vestervig Church, and the crypt at Viborg, in Jutland, Biernede Church, in Seeland, and Mellifont Abbey, in Ireland.

These points, then, presenting so many coincidences, and such apparent difficulties existing as to the origin of the structure, the question arises:—By whom can this tower possibly have been built,

if not by the Northmen? We leave the reader to furnish an answer. With Dighton Rock, and its merits as a runic memorial, we confess to a shadow of doubt. Not but what it was visited and may have been engraved by the Viking, of which it bears evidence, but simply because its characters partake of a cryptographic indeterminate form, akin to no runic symbols, and affording no evidence of verbal construction, being intermingled and coalescent. We do not question the *authenticity* of these monograms; we merely consider them unentitled to the lofty character of archives, and quite as useful to the antiquary in some other and more humble way. Again, we might allude to the skeleton in armor, exhumed some years since in the vicinity of Fall River, Mass., as pointing to a Scandinavian origin, but, having followed in the steps of the Danish antiquaries, and their candor allowing them to *presume* nothing, and compelling them to *prove* everything, their inability to express a positive opinion upon this subject, must enjoin a like reserve upon us. In this connection, it may not seem amiss to incidentally notice the Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries, to which science is so deeply indebted; the more so, as among many, their labors have not found, even in their purely philanthropic character, immunity from the insatiate archery of trulent criticism. To the honor of American *scholars*, be it said, this ungenerous treatment has found few, if any, imitators among them, and while the jibes and jeers of self-conceited ignorance have long since gravitated to their appropriate level, the society's labors stand pre-eminent and unimpeached, like Galileo among the cardinals. There is a fool-hardy presumption manifest in this impugning of the Danish Society—a society which has always numbered among its active members the most eminent and trustworthy *savans* of the age, and which, for the extent of its researches, the profundity of its investigations, the cautiousness of its movements, the amount and value of its discoveries, the invaluable character of its publications, the importance of MSS. *matériel* preserved, the immense collection of articles illustrative of ancient manners and customs accumulated; in a word, by the light it has shed on archaeological and kindred pursuits, stands confessedly at the head of all antiquarian societies in the world. It will probably be asked why, if these Icelandic

MSS. and contemporaneous chronicles have so long been in existence, they should be, comparatively speaking, so little known. To this we reply, that it is an erroneous belief, and that, if they have not become more familiar to us, no blame can be attached to the Danish or Swedish antiquaries. In attestation we need only refer to Forster's Northern Voyages, Robertson's America, Belknap's American Biography, Wheaton's History of the Northmen, Pinkerton's Collections, Crantz's History of Greenland, Pontopidan's Norway, Malte Brun, Hakluyt, all of which are of course at second rate. While among those who may be supposed to have had access to the original MSS. we may cite Arngrim Jonss, Peringskiöld, Torfaeus, Salm, Schoning, Lagerbring, Hornskiöld, Schroeder and the editors of the *Antiquitates Americanae*. It would seem that Torfaeus, whose work has furnished the basis of most modern compilations upon the early discoveries in America, was not aware of the existence of the MSS. saga of Thorfinn Karlsefne. Prof. Rafn consulted five other MSS. of different ages, all which agreed in their accounts of this history, and he and his co-laborers, thereupon, caused its insertion in their volume. It has been a common error to suppose, that the whole theory of the ante-Columbian discovery rested upon a single passage in the *Heimskringla* of Snorri Sturleson, and that an interpolated one; when, in fact, Rafn presents us with extracts from eighteen authors, chiefly Icelandic, several of whom contain detailed accounts, and all of them allusions, to these western voyages. Sturleson, who was distinguished as a historian, and received the appellation of the Northern Herodotus, in his great work, entitled *Heimskringla* (a chronicle of the kings of Norway) could not legitimately detail particulars of the discoveries in America, as part of the *res geste* of the Norwegian dynasties; though there is a passage in which distinct mention is made of Vinland, and of Leif's voyage thither. A Swedish scholar, Peringskiöld, in his edition of Sturleson's work, made a transcript from the original MSS. records of those discoveries, and embodied it in the text; Schoning, in his edition of the *Heimskringla*, published in 1777, rejected Peringskiöld's interpolated version, and inserted Paul Vidalin's. We submit

whether these interpolations are necessarily fabrications, and whether any graver charge than that of misplacement can be urged against them. But the *Heimskringla* is not the authority upon which the ante-Columbian theory must stand or fall. For the authorities for these discoveries are more ancient even, and in no wise less authentic, though distinct from these chronicles of the kings of Norway. Sturleson's Chronicle was compiled sometime between the years 1280 and 1241, in the latter of which he was slain. Whereas Prof. Rafn presents us with excerpts from the *Landnámabók* and *Íslendingabók* of Ari hinn Frodi (Ari the Wise), a learned Icelandic ecclesiastic, born in the year 1067, in which very extended notices exist of the Scandinavian voyages to Greenland and Vinland. Ari's Annals extend from the latter part of the ninth to the beginning of the twelfth centuries, and include the most important events connected with the settlement of Iceland, the discovery of Greenland and the introduction of Christianity.*

But the most conclusive, satisfactory, and unimpeachable authority extant, one against whom not even the weakness of national pride can be urged, for he was not an Icclander, had never visited Iceland, and could have been actuated by no motives of sectional glorification, is Adam, canon of Bremen, who wrote an ecclesiastical history in the year 1075. He informs us that, while on a mission in the North, for the propagation of Christianity, he was entertained at the court of Sveyn Ethrithson, King of Denmark, who informed him of the discovery of Vinland. "The king," says the learned ecclesiastic, "also made mention of another region discovered in the Northern Ocean, which had been visited by many people, and was called Wineland, because grapes that produce a very good wine, grow there spontaneously; corn also grows there without sowing, in great abundance;" and emphatically adds, "we know this not by fabulous hearsay, but from authentic accounts furnished by Danes."† Ordericus Vitalis, who also lived in the eleventh century, and during part of the twelfth, and wrote an ecclesiastical history, makes casual allusion to Vinland and its situation. Humboldt says, that the geographer Ortelius was the first who, in 1570, announced to the world the

* Wheaton's History of the Northmen p. 99.

† Adam Bremensis de situ Danie, c. 246.

Scandinavian discovery of America. But after the numerous citations already made, we can hardly claim attention longer, under either the plea of necessity or demonstration. Upon a subject like this, it is extremely difficult to know when, and where to pause, for, viewed in its relation to history, it acquires a magnitude, which exacts a correspondingly extensive development in its discussion, and when narrowed down to the unstable foundation of a myth, it loses both identity and import. We have treated it in that manner, which, while it argued respect for its character, would, on that account, afford us the freer scope for analysis; and the conclusion to which we have arrived, has been doubly strengthened by the reflection, that it accords with the sanction, and expresses the opinion of the majority of modern historians. Mankind, in general, are too apt to measure worth by the fickle standards of popularity and success, and too little inclined to look beyond the horizon of a cherished prejudice. That this barrier subsists between the public mind and the entertainment of any belief in ante-Columbian discoveries, must be reluctantly confessed. We have all been taught to believe that Columbus discovered America. From earliest childhood upwards, in school and out, this has been rung in our ears. It is not to be expected, therefore, that a belief thus early inculcated can be easily dispelled, for it has become almost a truism. Nor can we omit to notice that prevalent error, which places a low estimate upon the character of the Icelandic sagas, from the supposition of their being mere fragments of bardic literature, the first attempts of illiterate men at composition, obscure in meaning, and little to be depended upon, when, in truth, these annals were written by men distinguished for erudition, and living amid a flourishing literature. But the paramount objection, after all, to the truth of Scandinavian discovery, seems to spring from the misfortune of its circumstances and

results. The narratives of the Northmen are too brief and statistical, in a word, they are too little imposing. They give us no details of their cares and anxieties, of the difficulties, hardships, disasters, and distresses which they underwent, to harrow up our feelings, and awaken our sympathies. For them, minstrelsy has not been warmed into tributary encomium, nor gentle dames moved unto tears. Nor vielle, nor rebeck, nor harp, have thrilled the listening throng with pæns in their behalf, nor ecclesiastical praise chaunted a *Te Deum* over their triumphs, nor heralds proclaimed their feats at every Christian court. Rude men they doubtless were, living in an iron age, and little "trained to deeds of tender courtesy," yet abounding in valor and daring. Courting dangers, braving hardships, overcoming obstacles, shrinking from no perils however great, and no consequences however fatal. With minds full of courage, and hearts full of faith, they boldly launched their barks upon an unknown, trackless sea, venturing upon its virgin waters without compass, or quadrant, or chart, their only guide the stars, by night; by day,

"The sun in his unbounded tour."

Who then shall say that Eirik, and Thorfinn, and Heriulf, all of "honourable lineage," sitting as pompous thanes in their mead-hall, and indulging in unstinted computations with their peers, may not have presented as distinguished exemplars of their own age, as the more courtly De Gamas, Corte Reals, and Verazzaris of a later day. Time can never efface merit, though it may impair the quality of its aspect, and while we must ever consider Columbus as the true herald of western civilization, the father of a new era in history—the founder of our American cycle, *clarum et venerabile nomen*, it is taking nothing from his real glory to say, that the bold Scandinavian sea-rovers preceded him in the discovery of America.

CUPID AND THE WASP.

CUPID one day unyoked his sparrows,
 And then sat down to mend his arrows.
 First, on the grass beside a brook,
 He, from his golden quiver, shook
 A sight to see of broken darts,
 The sad result of callous hearts :
 There's many a heart as hard 's a whin-stone ;
 Cupid as well might shoot a grindstone.
 All these his arrows he inspected ;
 Some he retained and some rejected ;
 Replaced the splintered and the stunted,
 And tipped the battered and the blunted,
 Till, having trimmed them to a tittle,
 He shut and put away his whittle ;
 When, casting down a random look
 To the wet margin of the brook,
 He saw a wasp, the quiverings
 Of whose steel-colored back and wings,
 Most unmistakably displayed
 Him working at the mason's trade.
 Then, with a gesture courteous,
 Cupid addressed the insect thus :

"My interesting friend," said he,
 "A very grave necessity
 Prompts me politely to address
 News of extreme unpleasantness
 Directly to your private ear :
 You know how very, very dear
 My Psyche is—how I adore her,
 And set no other Nymph before her.
 I love her very tenderly,
 And she is just as fond of me—
 A creature full of flutterings,
 One of the timidest of things—
 And you must also know that soon
 She will be here, this afternoon,
 To pick a lily for her tresses,
 And interchange a few caresses ;
 But if her eye should find you here,
 The effect of it I truly fear.
 Therefore, the surer to prevent
 Any unpleasant accident—
 While, solemnly, I do, and shall
 Disclaim all grudges, personal—
 You must perceive that it is best
 I should respectfully request
 That you would quickly say your prayers,
 For—to explain it in a breath—
 You must at once be put to death."
 Thus having spoken, unawares
 He let his truest arrow fly,
 Killing the hapless wasp thereby.

Scarce had he done the wanton deed,
 And in his quiver stored the reed,
 When Psyche came, along the brook
 Wading, with many a forward look—

With pallid feet, and gathered dress,
 A little cloud of loveliness.
 Down on the bank they sat together,
 Happy as birds in summer weather.
 Psyche was full of languishment;
 But Cupid, not so innocent,
 Devising wily fraudful harm,
 Laid the dead wasp on Psyche's arm.
 She, with a marvellous quickness, took
 The hue of marble in her look;
 Distracted, even to desperation,
 She ran and screamed with consternation,
 At which her rascal of a lover
 Bolted into a clump of clover.

Venus, who was not far away,
 Hearing what Psyche had to say,
 Came down and beat the grass about,
 And found the little villain out.
 A sprig of myrtle, then, she peeped,
 And seized the youngster rosy-heeled:
 "Come out of this, you little god,
 Richly you have deserved the rod!
 You naughty, naughty, naughty, pet,
 You have deserved what you will get!"
 Cupid protested, begged, besought her
 Not to inflict the switch's torture;
 By turns he struggled, screamed, and kicked her,
 By turns he blessed and cursed her picture.
 Till, seeing the Queen resolved to tutor,
 At last he swore outright he'd shoot her;
 Yet none the less, did she apply
 All of the pain and penalty.

THE MORAL.

Now listen, Reader, to a serious truth:
 Why has true love so often gone amiss,
 That one has said: "it never did run smooth?"
 He gives his reasons—wars and sicknesses—
 Friends interposing—age mismatched with youth—
 Bloods feudal—these have made a deal of ruth
 In many a lover's Paradise of bliss.
 Our fable shows another reason still:
 Passionate love too fierce and fiery is,
 To keep the bounds of reason and good will;
 Its loftiest rapture treads the verge of woe;
 Passionate love doth sometimes kiss and kill;
 "Therefore, love moderately; long love doth so"—
 As the good friar said to Romeo.

RAMBLES OVER THE REALMS OF VERBS AND SUBSTANTIVES.

RAMBLE FIRST.

PREPARATORY.

IN the succeeding series of philologic papers, it is our purpose to ramble. Now, take notice, we give fair warning that such is our intent—our design is formed with *malice prepense*. We have no notion of plodding through the entire journey on the dusty highway, even though it *have* the advantage of being the straight and established path. Often will we vault over the fence (of rigid forms), and away through the fields, hat in hand, after some gay etymologic butterfly; or lonely wander mid—

"The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
The fair humanities of old religion,
The power, the beauty, and the majesty,
That have their haunts in dale or piney mountains,
Or forest, by slow stream or pebbly spring,
Or chasms and wat'ry depths"—

Or, with runic spells, evoke the pagan wanderers from their graves in the visionary Eld. But, while we intend making digressions (di-gredior, *i. e.* stepping aside), we trust never to get out of sight of the eternal blue empyrean.

This science of Philology that is now working a radical revolution in every domain of literature, is to be regarded as almost exclusively the offspring of our own fecund nineteenth era, and the few years preceding. Lexicography proper is but a century old; for exactly one hundred years ago Samuel Johnson published his, for the times, extraordinary dictionary. Previous to that period, "there was," as he himself remarks, "wherever one turned his attention, complexity to be disentangled, and confusion to be regulated; choice was to be made out of boundless variety, without any established principles of selection; adulterations were to be detected, without any settled test of purity; and modes of expression to be rejected or received, without the suffrages of any writers (?) of classical reputation or acknowledged authority."

A rare old tract, written by Bishop Hutchinson, and published the early part of last century, presents us with a most vividly lugubrious picture of the state of philology then, and the appliances for the study of the English language. We

quote (capitals, italics, and all): "We have no Grammar of it (the English tongue) that is taught in any School that we ever heard of. We have no good *Dictionary* to bring it into *Method*, with an account of the Derivations, and several Senses and Uses of Words. We have no Collection of its *Idioms, Phrases*, and right Use of its Particles. The Instructors of our Youth care not to trouble themselves with it; our *Clergy* think it doth not belong to their Care, though it be the true Key of Knowledge. Our *Universities* suffer it not to be spoken in their Schools and Theatres; nor hath any Patron of Learning provided one single Professor, who should turn his Thoughts and Care towards that." Now, this is assuredly bad enough; but, before we quit the good old Bishop, let us see how he proposes to supply the deficit. "When we shall have a good Grammar, made plain for the Purpose, and Masters are a little used to it, I do not see but that either *Singing* or *Dancing* or *Writing-Masters* may teach it to either Sex in three months." O, thou Genius of Philology—Singing or Writing or *Dancing-Masters*!

The very object of the science was mistaken.

"Philology," say the Encyclopædists of a few years ago—"A science, or rather assemblage of several sciences, consisting of grammar, rhetoric, poetry, antiquities, history and criticism. Philology is a kind of universal literature, conversant about all the sciences, their rise, progress, authors, etc. It makes what the French call the *Belles-lettres*. In the Universities it is called Humanities." *Et prætera nihil!* And thus, by a species of all-embracing generalization, it was made to include the *omne scibile* of letters and philosophy. Even the famous Dictionnaire de l'Académie Française defines philology to be "*Erudition qui embrasse diverses parties des belles-lettres, et principalement la critique.*"

Now, however, we have come back to the true Grecian reception of the science, as the love and study of *words*. A brighter day has dawned for it; and it is beginning to unfold some of its glorious capabilities, and splendidly illustrating many a hitherto dark corner in the world's history.

We have no desire to enter into the abyss of contest and controversy on the subject of the origin of language and other such speculations—for our design lies in another field—but it is absolutely indispensable that we recall a few theories and some established principles on the subject, if we would at all rise to general views of its philosophy. We have, then, as one theory of the origin of language, that which inculcates it as being the immediate gift of the Deity; and then, as antithetical to that (since the poles of all philosophers are antipodal), the famous "Orang-outang" theory of Leviathan Hobbes. These we merely state, designing no discussion. And, indeed, the great danger of error in all such theories, as Frederick Von Schlegel well observes, lies in the attempt at the explication of all the immeasurable richness of the phenomena of language in general, by any *single* hypothesis, or the deriving them from any *one* origin.

We cannot, however, leave this part of our subject without presenting the reader with a brief account of Dr. Alexander Murray's theory of the formation of language—as an example of the utmost stretch of *persiflage* to which an empirical philosophy *could*, in this direction, attain. He is so facile and off-hand in his account of the *modus formandi* of language, that one would suppose he was really present therat. It is in his rather ambitious "History of European Languages," that he favors us with its development. The burden of the book is that the following nine words are the foundations of language:

1. Ag, Wag, Hwag.
2. Bag, Swag, Fag, Pag.
3. Dwg, Thwg, Twag.
4. Gwg, Cwg.
5. Lag, Hlag.
6. Mag!
7. Nag, Hnag.
8. Rag, Hrag.
9. Swag!

Delightfully luminous, and as philosophic also! On this foundation he declares "An edifice has been erected of a more useful (Y) and more wonderful [Q. E. D.] kind than any which have exercised human ingenuity. They were uttered, at first, and probably for several generations, in an insulated manner. The circumstances of the actions were communicated by signs and the variable tones

of the voice; but the actions themselves were expressed by their suitable monosyllable." And to place this primitive universal language, in a still more distinct light, he tells us that "Bag Wag" meant *bring water*; "Bag, Bag, Bag," they fought very much. And such he considers "as a just, and not an imaginary specimen of the earliest articulated speech!"*

A very good specimen, indeed, we conceive it to be of the extravagant length to which hastily-adopted *a priori* reasoning will conduct; but of anything else, a very decidedly *bad* specimen. The fact is that, *a priori*, we know just as much about the genesis as we do about the exodus of language—and simply nothing of either. And, in truth, the modifying circumstances in the mechanism of a language are so numerous and so complicated as to blow into shivers the finest-spun and most elaborately-woven supposititious system of speech-development. We have no example of a language in exactly its *puris naturalibus* (fig-leaf-apron state); so that every position we take in philology other than that which mathematicians call the zetetic, must be hypothetical. This "present editor" has faith in the development of a system of philosophy profounder by far than the Baconian—but yet he is also convinced that, in the present relations of things, the careful investigation of actual facts and phenomena will lead to more satisfactory and more splendid results than any mere hypothesis, brilliant though it be. And this as well in philology as in physics.

Our great modern master philologists all recognize this principle; and in the hands of such scholars as Adelung, Vater, Bopp, J. Grimm, Wilkinson, Goethe, Von Humboldt, the Schlegels, Savigny, O. Ritter, Kopiter, and others, it has given birth to results rivalling in glory the most magnificent discoveries in the realms of Nature. A Champollion has arisen to recall from the dead Past a buried people and a buried tongue—reconstructing a tenuous shadow into a living spirit; and not by the exercise of imagination, but by patient and accurate research, giving to

—"An airy Nothing,
A local habitation and a name."

And so, too, at the present day—a Grote

* See the Diversions of Purley—Additional Notes by R. Taylor, p. 1.

and a Niebuhr have almost revived primeval Greece and Rome; and now the hitherto cloud-involved "Gorgeous East," that birth-place of peoples, and tongues, and faiths, is being forced to render up her embosomed mysteries; the sphinx-riddle is being read; riddle-readers are there on the ground, to "expound the runes in the native land of Runic lore"—and from crypts and sarcophagi, and ruined temples, and gorgeous palaces, the buried treasures of barbaric art are being brought forth to the light of day, and to the eagle glance of investigation, and are being caused to read a story that extends away down to the bosom of the antique by-gone. While on the subject of the East, it may be well for us to recall what it will be absolutely necessary that we keep continually before our minds in all our researches into the chronology and the philosophy of language—namely, that all races and their tongues find their ultimate home in Asia. The recognition of this very principle has created a revolution in philology; for we are too apt to look at the families of man in their scatterings and their isolations, instead of viewing them in their old primal home—which home is undoubtedly to be found on the banks of some of the great Asiatic rivers. Thence, by divergencies northward and southward, eastward and westward, they have come to inhabit every latitude and people every shore.

The legitimate result of the prodigious amount of *à posteriori* investigation on almost every province of human consciousness, has been to drive us from nearly every formerly-received *à priori* theory. Instance the sciences of Astronomy and Geology, or the subject we have at present on hand. For example, it is a well-known fact that the former theory, that held Greek to be the parent of the Latin, has been completely disproved; and now, instead of establishing *this* relationship between them, we know that the latter is but a younger sister of the former, and that they find a *common* parentage in their mother, the Sanscrit—the faithful parent of so many dialects. Now, not only does there obtain an intimate connection between the Greek and Latin and the Sanscrit, but all the very numerous Gothic or Teutonic tongues have a close analogy therewith; and the widespread branch of Indo-Germanic dialects is generally referred to the great Oriental clearelogical tree. Thus, between

nations the most diverse and locally distant, there exists a close affinity and affiliation; and the gentile kinships that are sometimes educed are such as to astonish one who is not prepared for any wonder. What will be the result when the development of Glossology and Comparative Philology have had their perfect work; when, instead of scattered leaves, and twigs, and branches, we shall have the genealogical tree of the human family and its languages, in all the symmetry of its unity, with its roots reaching deep down to the kingdoms of yore, and its ramifications world-wide—we are unable to determine; but assuredly it will eventuate in the evolution of a far more profound and far more perfect science of Ethnography and philosophy of history than any we as yet have.

The languages of Europe are generally referred to three great families, viz.: the Keltic, Germanic, and Slavonic;* and thus these linguistic divisions correspond with the three great races who—in their many offshoots—and at different epochs—have peopled the whole of Europe. We would have it distinctly noted, however, that these divisions—which are by no means *absolute*—have a reference merely local and chronological, that is to say, they stand for the three great streams of population who, at successive periods, migrated from Asia and settled in Europe;—the origin being one, albeit the dialectic, idiomatic, and linguistic diversities be infinite. Their geographic position most clearly points to the relative epochs of their entrance into Europe; thus, we have the Keltic race diffusing itself (or driven?) over the extreme western portions; the Gothic or Teutonic—the second stream—occupying the central countries of Europe; and, lastly, the Slavonic, which inhabits the eastern parts. Of these glottic groups, we have to do, immediately, only with the *second*; and this only to remind you that the race to which *we* belong—the Saxon—is one of the subdivisions under this great Teutonic family of races. Thus, perchance, our ancestors dwelt on the Ganges, skirted the Caspian Sea, and crossed the Ural mountains; traversed the immense tracts of Russia and central Europe, dwelt in the German forests, ruled in Britannia, and, through us, rule the world. There pulsates within us, even, some of the Berserkir rage of the Vikingr—(and are not traces of it at times

* See Mallet's Northern Antiquities, and Turner's Hist. Anglo-Saxons.

discernible in John Bull and Brother Jonathan?)—and can boast not only of having in our veins a share of

"All the blood of all the Howards,"

but may, with tolerably respectable pretensions, claim a no less *distingué* progenitor than the great Odin himself. A notable descent, indeed! And so we observe that "words" (and, we might almost add, men) "which sprang up at Agra, and Delhi, and Benares, four thousand years ago, are but now scaling the Rocky Mountains of western America."* America, by the way, offers an interesting—we might almost say analogue—to what we might suppose to have been the modes of the diffusion of Asiatic population and the modifications of language. We see the overflowing East pushing out its superfluous inhabitants westward—for it is ever the case, that

"Westward, the course of Empire takes its way,"—

that population, forming communities of its own, and these offshoots, gradually modifying their phases of life and their language, so that they come to possess a very decided idiosyncrasy of their own. And were it not for the constant commingling of peoples—tending towards an assimilation of speech and habitudes, and assisting in the preservation of the old—who shall tell at what point these divergencies would cease, and how changed would the national characteristics and language become, in the course of centuries?

A few observations by Frederick Von Schlegel, will close this part of our subject. He is drawing a comparison between Philology and Geology. "A simile from physical science will perhaps lead us by the quickest and shortest road to the object we are in pursuit of, and, indeed, the geological branch of natural history may well be considered cognate to the inquiry before us; for what geology properly investigates, is the antiquities of this terrestrial planet, and the primal condition of the mountain ranges, observing and seeking to read the long-hidden memorials that are brought to light of pristine convulsions, and to number the successive epochs of gradual change and decay."* Those composite languages which have been formed out of a mixture or aggregation of several,

may be compared to the diluvial rocks which belong to the secondary formation. As the latter have arisen out of, or have been formed, by floods and inundations, so these mixed languages owe their origin to the great European migration of nations; or, perhaps, were formed by the East, by similar Asiatic migrations, at a still older epoch, and in primeval times. Those languages, on the contrary, at least as compared with those which are manifestly mere derivatives from them, we may call primary. In this class we may mention the Roman among those of Europe, and the Sanscrit among those of Asia. These, then, stand on the same line and dignity with the so-called primary rocks. No doubt, even in these, further investigation will discover many traces of a mixture, no less palpable, indeed, but one, however, in which the constituents neither were originally so heterogeneous, nor since have continued so totally unchanged. For, in the same manner, granitic rocks, and others of the primary order, are also found to be composite in their mineral constituents. These, likewise, point to a still earlier convulsion of nature, to which they owed their first production."

Now the *English* may be regarded as by far the most striking example of a composite language that we can have. The epithet *romantic* which the German critics apply to the mixed drama, might, with propriety, be employed with reference to our language—taking that appellation in the sense of the product of the union of several elements. We have no design of repeating the oft-told and familiar tale respecting the various dynasties that have possessed Great Britain—and of the influence of the several peoples on the formation of the English tongue. What we would remark, is the possibility of a reconstruction of the history of these political revolutions by an examination of the component elements thereof. "The history of a people is, in fact, the history of their language. The scenes, the circumstances, the occupations, through which they pass, will ever form the materials from which their language must be drawn."

To attempt this, take, for instance, the matter of proper names. We have as the name of our language—English, and as the appellation of its birth-place—England that is Engla-land, the land of the Engles

* See a book entitled "The Rise, Progress, and Present Structure of the English Language," by Matthew Harrison, one-half of which is excellent—the other wishy-washy in the extreme.

or Angles—which Angles we know to have been a nation belonging to the Saxon Confederacy and inhabiting Anglen, in the present duchy of Sleswick; and so we have, with reference to their language—as expressive of their origin—the term *Anglo-Saxon*.* Now, though the general denomination of the country followed the name of the more numerous tribe, the Angles, we have a living record of the Saxons, also, in the divisions of Essex (Essexia), Middlesex and Sussex, (Sudsexe†) which, expanded, stand for East Saxons, Middle Saxons, and South Saxons. The mass of the names of places, however, are Anglo-Saxon—indicative of that strong tenacity with which, through all their reverses, our forefathers clung to their homes and hearths. Thus we have the very numerous termination in ton—an inclosure or garden; e. g. Boston, Burton, Brighton, Northampton; in ham, which is just home (Scotch *hame*); e. g. Hamton, i. e. *Home-town*, Higham, Langham, Southamton, i. e. *South-home-town*; in burg, borough, or bury, a city or fort; e. g. Canterbury, Peterborough, Scarborough, Shrewsbury; in ford—vadum—as Hereford, i. e. *Army's ford* from *here* an army, Oxford, which in Chaucer we find written *Oxenford*:

"Whilom ther was dwelling in Oxenforde,
A riche gnof, that gestes helde to drede,
And of his craft he was a carpenter."
The Miller's Tale, 28.

But, notwithstanding the immense preponderance of Saxon proper names, we are all aware that the Saxons were not the original possessors of the island; and so we find:

"Glimmering thro' the dream of things that were,"

some few old Keltic words—scanty on account of their complete overthrow by subsequent aggressors; thus the name "London" is said to be compounded of the two Keltic words *llawn*, *populous*, and *dinas*, a city,—the *populous city*; though others make the signification to be the "city of ships"—either, however, might almost be considered as prophetic. We have even some *débris* from the old Druidical worship; witness the *carne* or *cairns* which are with much probability referred thereto. Do you wish to see the remains of

Roman domination and traces of their conquest and warlike spirit? Then glance at the quite extensive list of proper names of places, terminating in *Chester* or *Caster*, i. e. *Castrum*, indicating the site of a Roman fortress in the locality bearing that ending; ‡ e. g. Colchester, the camp on the river Coin, Lancaster, the camp on the river Lune—see also Winchester, Colchester, Manchester, &c., all of which are suggestive enough.

Again, the character of the Danes,—the Northmen, is well known; we are acquainted with their proclivities towards freebooting and piratical excursions. In making their descents, then, on England they could not but land on its eastern coasts, and would, with great probability give names to the places they visited and plundered. Now the Danish word for a bay or cove is *vig* or *viig*, which by a very simple transition might become wick or wick; and this supposition receives additional confirmation from the great number of names bearing that termination. Running the eye down the map, along the coast, from North to South, we meet with Berwick, Alneviik, Dunwich, Ypsawich, Harwich, Woolwich, Greenwich, Sandwich. Moreover, they have left us further traces of their existence in the ending *by* or *bys*, which in Danish means a *town*. Thus, glancing at Yorkshire and Lincolnshire, we find Whitby, Selby, Grimsby and Spilsby—so we have also Netherby, Appleby, Derby. Now, these localities can be proved, from other circumstances, to have been chief seats of Danish emigration.

Should we extend our research further into the component elements of the English in general, we would meet with little difficulty in the construction of a complete and correct theory of the political and social changes that have taken place in Great Britain.

And now let us jump over the Norman Conquest under William the Bastard,§ when so very large an accession of Norman-Franco-Celtic words was grafted on our ancient Saxon, and take a peep in at how our language gets on in the 14th century. In these rambles we are, of course, not to be considered as being encumbered with the inconvenient and rather vulgar envelopes of space and time. Festus Bailey, it will be remembered, makes Lucifer and his fellow-traveller—

* See Bosworth's Anglo-Saxon Grammar, p. X.

† Vide Doomesday-Book, in which the word is constantly written as above.

‡ Vide Bosworth's Anglo-Saxon Dictionary.

§ 1066.

"Beat the sun,
In the longest heat that ever was run."

But then, unfortunately, (1) we are neither Lucifer nor Festus Bailey, and besides, their coursers were "Ruin" and "Destruction," while you and I would prefer less *fractionis* nags for our excursion; would not we? But should the reader be indisposed to so glorious a morning's airing—why, just hand us down our Chaucer—of course, we use Tyrwhitt's edition—and we need not stir out of our cosy parlor. There! Mufti, where wilt thou begin? Ab initio?

"Whanne that April with his showres soke
The droughte of March hath perced to the rote,
And bathed Every veyne in swiche licour,
Of whiche certes engendered is the flour;
When Zepherus Eke with his softe brethe
Enspired hath in Every holt and hethie
The tendre croppes, and the yonge Soune
Hath in the Ram his halfe cours yronne,
And smale fowles maken melodye,
That steppen alle night with open eye,
So priketh him nature in his corages,
Than longen folk to gon on pilgrimages,
And palmers for to seken strange strondes,
To serve halwes couthe in sondry londes;
And specially from Every shire's ende
Of Engleond to Canterbury the wende,
The holy blissful martyr for to seke
That hem hath holpen whan that they were
sake."

Prologue to the Canterbury Tales.

You will see that we have italicised the principal words that come from, or through the French. The proportion is not by any means, so great as we find in innumerable other passages, or such lines as the following:—

"To Canterbury with decoute courage,
At night was come into that hostelrye
Wel nine-and-twenty in a compaignie."

Id.

"Courage," "hostelrye," and "compaignie," all receive their coloring through the Norman. In hostelrye will be recognized our hôtel, by the elision of the *s* and the superposition of the circumflex; also host, in which the *s* again makes its appearance.

"At the Sieges eke hadde he be of Algestr."

Id.

A "Siege" is just a *seating* before. See analogues in the Latin Obsidio and the Greek *περικώπης*.

"At mortal batailles hadde he ben sffene."

Id.

* Gens is from *γεννω* to be born. So that these words, in their primal origin, do, in reality, merge into one. Genteel, gentle, and gentile are all one word.

"And even more, he hadde a *sovereine pris*."
Prologue to the Canterbury Tales.

i. e.—*prise*, from "prendre" to take, past part. *pris*.

"And of his port as meke as is a mayde."

Id.

"port" that is *bearing* from *porter*.

"He was a *ceray parfit gentil knight*."

Id.

"Gentil" is the Latin *gentilis*, from *gens* a clan—*i. e.*, belonging to a clan, or, as the Scotch say, *clannish*; and this is its primitive signification. See Tacitus: "Eloquentia, gentile domus nostre bonum." The gradations in meaning by which it passed from one who has relation to some race, or, as we say, of birth,* in contradistinction to him who can lay claim to none—even the ignoblest "family," to its former (old English) and then to its present import, might, had we opportunity to trace it, be curious enough. For the present, however, compare it with its very striking analogous kind (adj.) from kind (sub.) and consult Froissart, V. ii. c. 77.—"Il y avoit un Chevalier, Capitaine de la ville:—point *gentilhomme* n'estoit—et l'avoit fait, pour sa vaillance, le Roy Edouard Chevalier."

"With him ther was his sone, a yonge *esquier*.
A lover and a lusty *bachelor*,
With lockes crull as they were laid in presse;
Of twenty year of age he was I gesse."

Id.

"Escuyer" was the Archaic form, now spelled *ecuyer*, supposed to be from *L. scutum*, a shield, *i. e.* a shield-bearer. The transition in this word is curious, too. Once it was a term of dignity; now rather of indignity. For instance, we all know that, when our friend Smellfungus receives epistles, they invariably bear the address: To P. Q. R. Smellfungus, Esq. * * Bachelor is the French appellation for those unfortunate specimens of the human family who are commonly conceived and believed to be the living embodiments of all the ills that flesh is heir to. And, by the way, *bachelor* and *imbecile* are both from one root. We don't pretend to insinuate the moral.

"And French she spoke ful fayre and *fetelly*,
After the scole of Stratford atte Bowe,
For French of Paris was to hire unknowne."

Id.

"Fetisly" is, perhaps, allied with fête, hence gaily, neatly. Is good Madame Eglentine the "nouns" entirely without representatives among us, or be there not damsels, even in our days, who are as blissfully ignorant of the "Frenche" of "Paris," as was the excellent Prioress? Like Uriah Heep, we ask it "umbly," and only for information.

"Therefore in stede of weping and *groatres*,
Men mote give silver to the *poure freres*."

Canterbury Tales.

"The *celat*, th' *arais*, the *nombre*, and eke the
cause." *Ib.*

"Eke Plato sayeth, who so can him rede,
That wordes most ben *cofin* to the dede." *Ib.*

"Were it by *aventure*, or *sort*, or *cas*." *Ib.*

"The *heraudes* knew him wel in *special*." *Ib.*

"In prison
Perpetuel, he n' olde no *raison*." *Ib.*

"*Testif* they were, and lusty for to play."

The Reece' Tale, p. 85.

Testy is our present form. The word is very expressive; *tête*, the head, i. e. heady, or, as we generally say, *headstrong*.

"Hire yelwe here was broided in a *treaso*
Behind hire back, a yerde long, I guesse."

You see they were up to the noble art of guessing, even in Chaucer's day; and remember that all this was written a century before America was dreamed of, or Christopher Columbus was born.

To say nothing of the Norman element, what do you think of the following as a piece of philosophy!

"*Freres* and *fendes* been but *lil* *asonder*!"

The Freres' Tale, p. 64.

"A knyght ther was, and that a worthy man,
That fro' the time that he firste began
To riden out, he loved *chivalrie*,
Trouthe and honour, fredom and *curtesie*."

Prologue to the Knight's Tale.

Here "knight," to which further reference will be made hereafter, is, strange to say, Saxon. "Chivalrie" is of course Norman. In the fourth line, we have "trouthe" and "fredom," Saxon; "honour" and "curtesie" come to us through the French. And what volumes do they speak to us of the psychological and social constitution of the two? We have in one the evidence of a sub-

jective, in the other, of an objective existence; in the one, an only heart-life, pulsating with doings and darings; in the other, the outer and the conventional. The Saxon demands, and will be satisfied with nothing short of truth, and freedom—

"High over the regions of space and of time,
The noblest of thoughts waves its pinion!"

He requires the downright and the earnest—*le serieux*; the Gallican is contented with l' honneur and "curtesie." Well, this has been recognized long enough. Take the opinion of the fifth century: "Francis familiare est *ridendo* fidem frangere."* "Si perjacet Francus quid novi faciet, qui pejurium ipsum sermonis genus putat esse non crimines."† "Franci *mendaces*, sed *hospitalis*."‡

And what entered so largely into their composition in the fifth century, has probably left some traces even unto our own nineteenth. But, to enumerate all the French and Norman, the Franco-Latin and the Normanno-Latin elements, would be to quote every line; we can, then, but present you with the following, which are prodigiously characteristic and replete with suggestions:—Accord, advocate, agree, arrester (arrest), avance (advance), adventure, alegeance (allegiance), anioie (annoy), appetite, blanch-manger, bokeler (buckler), capitaine (captain), clerk, conseil (council), crois (cross), constable, cowardise (cowardice), culprit, curfew, dance, danger, deliver, dure (endure), embrace, entaille (entail), faine (feign), force, gaillard, grace, jude (judge), jugement (judgment), law, maister (master), maugre, obeyance (obedience), outrage, page, portecolise (portcullis), revel, rime (rhyme), prelat (prelate), parlement, sauf (safe), markis (marquis), sergeant, sire, table, vitaille (victual). And there are among the thousands of other such, introduced or employed by him whom people will persist in calling—

"The pure well of *English*, undefiled!"

So great, indeed, was his fondness for French terms, that he received the nickname of the "French Brewer," and the probability seems to incline towards making even himself of Norman descent.

The following we quote as a rare spe-

* Vopiscus Proc., c. xiii., p. 287.

† *Ib.* lib. vii., p. 116.

‡ *Salvian de Gub. Del.* lib. iv., p. 82.

cimen of astrological lore, as well as for the large preponderance of the Saxon—the *English* element—in it:

"Peraventure in thilke large book
Which that men clippe the Heven gwritten was
With sterres, whan that he his birthe took
That he for love should han his deth alas!
For in the sterres, clearer than is glas
Is writen, God wot, who so could it rede,
The deth of every man withouten drede,
In sterres many a winter therebefore
Was writ the deth of Hector, Achilles,
Of Pompey, Julius, or they were born;
The stree of Thebes, and of Hercules,
Of Sampson, Turnus, and of Socrates
The deth; but monnes wittes don so dull
That no wight can wel rede it at the full."

The Man of Lawes' Tale, p. 43.

Oh! yes, *once*, was there a mystery and a majesty in the earth and in the heavens!—before science had *harried* every province of the seen—of the phenomenal—and made us believe that *that* was all—that we had got into the *innermost*. Then did there repose a soul in nature—then did there live the Jupiters and the Thors, the Naiads and the Elves; man recognized a divinity in all, and reverently bowed before its shrine—beholding in everything more than was presented to the eye of sense, and recognizing the soul's own mystic relation to the great whole. What saith our highest?

"The old men studied magic in the flowers,
And human fortunes in Astronomy,
And an omnipotence in Chemistry!"

But now, the age of faith, like the age of chivalry, has gone

— "All these have vanished,
They live no longer in the faith of reason"—

and we are Sophists, and Atheists, and Apathists!

"Heven," or, as we now spell it, heaven, is, we know, Saxon. It is heofon, heofen or heofun, from *heafan*, to heave, that is something heaven or heaved up—over our heads—which word (head) together with heft, huff, hoof, hovel, hat, hut, haven and oven, are, according to Horne Tooke, all from the same verb. The Scotch furnish us with an interesting analogue in the word "lift," used in the same sense, and just the abstract form of the past part. of the verb to lift. Take a couplet from that splendid old ballad of "Sir Patrick Spens."

"When the *lift* grew dark, and the wind blew loud,
And garley grew the sea."

A similar idea also pervades the Latin *calum*, from the Greek *καλον*, *hollow*.

To the Saxons we are also indebted for our most beautifully expressive designation of the Deity—God—which, in the Saxon, is the same form as the adjective good. The Germans, leaning to the emotional side of theosophy, employed the name of His, to us, most endearing epithet; while the Hebrews followed the idea of an absolute existence, imitated by the Platonic 'OQN.

"Home," also, we receive from our German progenitors—ham, which the Scotch *hame* approaches nearer, or, in fact, *has deviated less from*, than has our form. Also the components thereof, as: homely, *i. e.* hamlic, homelike;—which charming expression, we are sorry to see, has been worn from its primitive sense. Is it, that what is *home-like* has become homely,—has become tiresome and uninteresting in our eyes? What an undervaluation! "Man," and "wife," are both Saxon, as well as the affectionate terms father, mother, brother, sister. "Wife," by the way, has quite a little history wrapped up in it. It is the Saxon wif allied in form and signification to the Danish wyf, and German weil; words which, in their derivation, involve the notion of *spinning* or *weaving*, and seem to point to that as the legitimate field of womanly occupation. Chaucer makes the "Wif of Bath," thus give us the summum totum of feminine energizings:—

"For all swiche wit is given us in our birth;
Decelle, weping, spinning, God hath given
To woman kindly, while that she may live!"
The Wif of Bath, Prologue, 54.

From which it would appear that the character given of a certain Roman matron, is the highest possible:

"Domum manet—lanam fecit."

So quaintly and yet so forcibly rendered, into the vernacular by Douglas:

"She kept in the hous and *birdet* at the quhols!"

An interesting passage from King Alfred's Translation of Bede, presents us with the original form of three or four noticeable words:

"The present life of man, O king! seems to me, if compared with that after-period which is so uncertain to us, to resemble a scene at one of your country feasts. As you are sitting with your *caldormen* and *theyns* about you, the fire blazing in the centre, and the whole hall cheered by its warmth; and while storms of rain and snow are raging without, a little sparrow flies in at one door, roams around our festive meeting, and passes out at some other entrance. While it is among us it feels not the wintry tempest. It enjoys the short comfort and serenity of its transient stay; but, then, plunging into the winter from which it had flown, it disappears from our eyes. Such is here the life of man," etc. We do not quote this merely for the sake of the very excellent moral philosophy which it contains; but to notice the terms King, Alderman and Thane. Thane has passed entirely out of use—*baron* supplying its place—and in our usual readings Shakespeare alone recalls it. "King," however, and Alderman, we still preserve. "King" is *Cyning*,† *i. e.*, Can-ing—the can-nings man—the man of might. We all remember how hero-worshipping Carlyle glazes over this derivation. And forthwith, it is expressive of a good deal. "Ealdorman" is, of course, just *elder* man, as we ought to write it, and not Alderman. It has reference to the early Saxon societies, when the people imagining that the *elders* would be more apt to have wisdom and authority, chose to appoint them as their rulers. By an easy transition it came to express chief or greatest, as "Yldest wryht" (Eldest wright)—the chief workman, etc.

This notion of the wisdom in grey hairs, seems to have been a rather common one. Thus, we have the Latin *Senatus*—our Senate—from *Senex*, an old man; and the Greek *πρεσβυτερος*: so that our Presbyterian church is properly just that in which the government of the *elders* (*πρεσβυτεροι*) obtains. And what saith Homer, the divine!

"Αἰεὶ δ' ὀπλοτέρων ἀνδρῶν φρεσὶς ἡριβόται·
Οἷς δ' ὁ γερὺν μετέσθιν, ἅμα προσσω καὶ ὀπίσω
Λέουσαι, ὅπως ἔχ' ἄριστα μετ' ἀμφοτεροῖσι
γενήται."

(For the minds of young men are ever

fickle; but when an *old man* is present, he looks at once to the past and the future—(before and behind)—that the matter may be best for both parties.)—*Iliad*, lib. iii., 108, 9, 10.

"Everich for the wisdom that he can
Was *shapelick* for to ben an alderman."
Canterbury Tales.

Chaucer does not inform us what this "shape" was like; but there seems to have been, all along, a fiction of it not being very *tenuous*. But to return. We cannot resist noticing here a very singular social phenomenon among the Anglo-Saxons. We refer to the idea of worship, which, indeed, is just *worth* ship—analagous to the Latin term *valor* (*valeo*—to be worth). Among them every individual was under bail to a certain amount (his worth-ship) for his good behavior. "Every man was valued at a fixed sum, which was called his 'were;' and whoever took his life, was punished by having to pay this *were*."‡ Moreover, in addition to this, there was a pecuniary fine imposed, called the "wite"—an expression which the Scotch still preserve, with the signification of *blame*—and one thus paying the forfeiture of all his worth-ship, presents us with the original idea of a *felon*, which is, *feo-lun*—destitute of property. Now, besides this, there was a fine for every personal injury; for instance, the loss of an eye or a leg was considered worth the compensation of fifty shillings; for "breaking the mouth," twelve shillings; for cutting off the little finger, eleven shillings; for piercing the nose, nine shillings; for cutting off the thumb nail, for the first double-tooth, for breaking a rib—each, three shillings; for every nail, and for every tooth beyond the first double-tooth, one shilling! Their system of punishments, also, has transmitted to us one of our common words, viz: ordeal, Saxon *ordal* or *ordel*—a punishment or trial. And this ordeal was the trial through which an accused passed, in order to prove his guilt or innocence. It consisted of two kinds—the ordeal by hot water, and the ordeal by hot iron. The *modus operandi* was this: with many attendant circumstances of pomp and solemnity, the person plunged his hand as far as the wrist, or his arm as far as the elbow (according to the magnitude of the charge), into a vessel of

* See Turner's Hist. Anglo-Saxons. Vol. I. p. 232.

‡ Turner's History Anglo-Saxons. Vol. II., 132.

† Verstegan.

water boiling "furiously hot;" and taking out therefrom a piece of iron, three pounds in weight, he carried it the distance of nine feet and let it drop. Then, after three days, the hand was inspected, to see if "foul" or "clean," and sentence was passed accordingly. This literary very "fiery trial" is the originator of our "fiery ordeal," and perhaps (since such things could be done by proxy) lies at the basis of our expression—"I would go through *fire and water* for you!"

Gentle reader, thou hast this handful of nuts to crack; think not, however, but that we have whole sackfuls in store for thee—some of which we hope to present thee with—here a little and there a little—and in all of which thou wilt find sweet kernels and agreeable nourishment, if thou wilt but take the trouble to open them.

One "word" more. It is transient—trans-co, passing away—equivalent to the French *passager*. With plaintive sadness it sings the "mutability of human affairs!" and the requiem of human life. It is the thesis of that enchanting little idyl by John Pierpont—

"Passing away! passing away!
Was it the chime of a tiny bell?" etc.,

which, indeed, is just an expansion of this thesis. Said Ina's queen to her liege lord—"Are not all things, are not we ourselves, like a river, hurrying heedless and headlong to the dark ocean of illimitable time?"

"*Ne transit gloria mundi!*"

"Now Jesu Christ, that of his might may sende
Joye after we, governe us in his grace,
And kepe us alle that ben in this place."

The Man of Love's Tale, p. 56.

ISRAEL POTTER; OR, FIFTY YEARS OF EXILE.

(Continued from page 378.)

CHAPTER XVI.

IN WHICH ISRAEL, IN SAILOR UNDER TWO FLAGS, AND IN THREE SHIPS, AND ALL IN ONE NIGHT.

AS running down channel at evening, Israel walked the crowded main-deck of the seventy-four, continually brushed by a thousand hurrying wayfarers, as if he were in some great street in London, jammed with artisans, just returning from their day's labor, novel and painful emotions were his. He found himself dropped into the naval mob without one friend; nay, among enemies, since his country's enemies were his own, and against the kith and kin of these very beings around him, he himself had once lifted a fatal hand. The martial bustle of a great man-of-war, on her first day out of port, was indescribably jarring to his present mood. Those sounds of the human multitude disturbing the solemn natural solitudes of the sea, mysteriously afflicted him. He murmured against that untowardness which, after condemning him to long sorrows on the land, now pursued him with added griefs on the deep. Why should a patriot, leaping for the chance again to attack the oppressor, as at Bunker Hill, now be kidnapped to fight that oppressor's battles

on the endless drifts of the Bunker Hills of the billows! But like many other repiners, Israel was perhaps a little premature with upbraidings like these.

Plying on between Scilly and Cape Clear, the Unprincipled—which vessel somewhat outsailed her consorts—fell in, just before dusk, with a large revenue cutter close to, and showing signals of distress. At the moment, no other sail was in sight.

Cursing the necessity of pausing with a strong fair wind at a juncture like this, the officer-of-the-deck shortened sail, and hove to; hailing the cutter, to know what was the matter. As he hailed the small craft from the lofty poop of the bristling seven-four, this lieutenant seemed standing on the top of Gibraltar, talking to some lowland peasant in a hut. The reply was, that in a sudden flaw of wind, which came high capelizing them, not an hour since, the cutter had lost all four foremost men by the violent jibing of a boom. She wanted help to get back to port.

"You shall have one man," said the officer-of-the-deck, morosely.

"Let him be a good one then, for heaven's sake," said he in the cutter; "I ought to have at least two."

During this talk, Israel's curiosity had prompted him to dart up the ladder from the main-deck, and stand right in the gangway above, looking out on the strange craft. Meantime the order had been given to drop a boat. Thinking this a favorable chance, he stationed himself so that he should be the foremost to spring into the boat; though crowds of English sailors, eager as himself for the same opportunity to escape from foreign service, clung to the chains of the as yet imperfectly disciplined man-of-war. As the two men who had been lowered in the boat hooked her, when afloat, along to the gangway, Israel dropped like a comet into the stern-sheets, stumbled forward, and seized an oar. In a moment more, all the oarsmen were in their places, and with a few strokes, the boat lay alongside the cutter.

"Take which of them you please," said the lieutenant in command, addressing the officer in the revenue-cutter, and motioning with his hand to his boat's crew, as if they were a parcel of carcasses of mutton, of which the first pick was offered to some customer. "Quick and choose. Sit down, men"—to the sailors. "Oh, you are in a great hurry to get rid of the king's service, ain't you? Brave chaps indeed!—Have you chosen your man?"

All this while the ten faces of the anxious oarsmen looked with mute longings and appealings towards the officer of the cutter; every face turned at the same angle, as if managed by one machine. And so they were. One motive.

"I take the freckled chap with the yellow hair—him;" pointing to Israel.

Nine of the upturned faces fell in sullen despair, and ere Israel could spring to his feet, he felt a violent thrust in his rear from the side of one of the disappointed behind him.

"Jump, dobbin!" cried the officer of the boat.

But Israel was already on board. Another moment, and the boat and cutter parted. Ere long night fell, and the man-of-war and her consorts were out of sight.

The revenue vessel resumed her course towards the highest port, worked by but four men: the captain, Israel, and two officers. The cabin-boy was kept at the helm. As the only foremast man, Israel was put to it pretty hard. Where there is but one man to three masters, woe betide that lonely slave. Besides, it was

of itself severe work enough to manage the vessel thus short of hands. But to make matters still worse, the captain and his officers were ugly-tempered fellows. The one kicked, and the others cuffed Israel. Whereupon, not sugared with his recent experiences, and maddened by his present hap, Israel seeing himself alone at sea, with only three men, instead of a thousand, to contend against, plucked up a heart, knocked the captain into the lee scuppers, and in his fury was about tumbling the first-officer, a small wash of a fellow, plump overboard, when the captain, jumping to his feet, seized him by his long yellow hair, vowing he would slaughter him. Meantime the cutter flew foaming through the channel, as if in demoniac glee at this uproar on her imperilled deck. While the consternation was at its height, a dark body suddenly loomed at a moderate distance into view, shooting right athwart the stern of the cutter. The next moment a shot struck the water within a boat's length.

"Heave to, and send a boat on board!" roared a voice almost as loud as the cannon.

"That's a war-ship," cried the captain of the revenue vessel, in alarm; "but she ain't a countryman."

Meantime the officers and Israel stopped the cutter's way.

"Send a boat on board, or I'll sink you," again came roaring from the stranger, followed by another shot, striking the water still nearer the cutter.

"For God's sake, don't cannonade us. I haven't got the crew to man a boat," replied the captain of the cutter. "Who are you?"

"Wait till I send a boat to you for that," replied the stranger.

"She's an enemy of some sort, that's plain," said the Englishman now to his officers; "we ain't at open war with France; she's some blood-thirsty pirate or other. What d'ye say, men," turning to his officers; "let's outsail her, or be shot to chips. We can beat her at sailing, I know."

With that, nothing doubting that his counsel would be heartily responded to, he ran to the braces to get the cutter before the wind, followed by one officer, while the other, for a useless bravado, hoisted the colors at the stern.

But Israel stood indifferent, or rather all in a fever of conflicting emotions. He thought he recognized the voice from the strange vessel.

"Come, what do ye standing there, fool? Spring to the ropes here!" cried the furious captain.

But Israel did not stir.

Meantime, the confusion on board the stranger, owing to the hurried lowering of her boat, with the cloudiness of the sky darkening the misty sea, united to conceal the bold manœuvre of the cutter. She had almost gained full headway ere an oblique shot, directed by mere chance, struck her stern, tearing the upcurved head of the tiller in the hands of the cabin-boy, and killing him with the splinters. Running to the stump, the captain huzzaed, and steered the reeling ship on. Forced now to hoist back the boat ere giving chase, the stranger was dropped rapidly astern.

All this while storms of maledictions were hurled on Israel. But their exertions at the ropes prevented his shipmates for the time from using personal violence. While observing their efforts, Israel could not but say to himself, "These fellows are as brave as they are brutal."

Soon the stranger was seen dimly wallowing along astern, crowding all sail in chase, while now and then her bow-gun, showing its red tongue, belowed after them like a mad bull. Two more shots struck the cutter, but without materially damaging her sails, or the ropes immediately upholding them. Several of her less important stays were sundered, however; whose loose tarry ends lashed the air like scorpions. It seemed not improbable that owing to her superior sailing, the keen cutter would yet get clear.

At this juncture, Israel, running towards the captain, who still held the splintered stamp of tiller, stood full before him, saying, "I am an enemy, a Yankee; look to yourself."

"Help here, lads, help," roared the captain. "a traitor, a traitor!"

The words were hardly out of his mouth when his voice was silenced for ever. With one prodigious heave of his whole physical force, Israel smote him over the taffrail into the sea, as if the man had fallen backwards over a teetering chair. By this time the two officers were hurrying aft. Ere meeting them midway, Israel, quick as lightning, cast off the two principal balyards, thus letting the large sails all in a tumble of canvass to the deck. Next moment one of the officers was at the helm, to prevent the cutter from capsizing by being with-

out a steersman in such an emergency. The other officer and Israel interlocked. The battle was in the midst of the chaos of blowing canvas. Caught in a rent of the sail, the officer slipped and fell near the sharp iron edge of the hatchway. As he fell, he caught Israel by the most terrible part in which mortality can be grappled. Insane with pain, Israel dashed his adversary's skull against the sharp iron. The officer's hold relaxed; but himself stiffened. Israel made for the helmsman, who as yet knew not the issue of the late tussel. He caught him round the loins, bedding his fingers like grisly claws into his flesh, and hugging him to his heart. The man's ghost, caught like a broken cork in a gurgling bottle's neck, gasped with the embrace. Loosening him suddenly, Israel hurled him from him against the bulwarks. That instant another report was heard, followed by the savage hail—"You down sail at last, do ye? I'm a good mind to sink ye, for your scurvy trick. Pul' down that dirty rag there, astern!"

With a loud huzza, Israel hauled down the flag with one hand, while with the other he helped the now slowly gliding craft from falling off before the wind.

In a few moments a boat was alongside. As its commander stepped to the deck, he stumbled against the body of the first-officer, which, owing to the sudden slant of the cutter in coming to the wind, had rolled against the side near the gangway. As he came aft, he heard the moan of the other officer, where he lay under the mizzen shrouds.

"What is all this?" demanded the stranger of Israel.

"It means that I am a Yankee impressed into the king's service; and for their pains I have taken the cutter."

Giving vent to his surprise, the officer looked narrowly at the body by the shrouds, and said, "this man is as good as dead; but we will take him to Captain Paul as a witness in your behalf."

"Captain Paul?—Paul Jones?" cried Israel.

"The same."

"I thought so. I thought that was his voice hailing. It was Captain Paul's voice that somehow put me up to this deed."

"Captain Paul is the devil for putting men up to be tigers. But where are the rest of the crew?"

"Overboard."

"What?" cried the officer; "come on

board the *Ranger*. Captain Paul will use you for a broadside."

Taking the moaning man along with them, and leaving the cutter untenanted by any living soul, the boat now left her for the enemy's ship. But ere they reached it, the man had expired.

Standing foremost on the deck, crowded with three hundred men, as Israel climbed the side, he saw, by the light of battle-lanterns, a small, smart, brigandish-looking man, wearing a Scotch bonnet, with a gold band to it.

"You rascal," said this person, "why did your paltry smack give me this chase? Where's the rest of your gang?"

"Captain Paul," said Israel, "I believe I remember you. I believe I offered you my bed in Paris some months ago. How is Poor Richard?"

"God! Is this the courier? The Yankee courier? But how now; in an English revenue cutter?"

"Impressed, sir; that's the way."

"But where's the rest of them?" demanded Paul, turning to the officer.

Thereupon the officer very briefly told Paul what Israel had told him.

"Are we to sink the cutter, sir?" said the gunner, now advancing towards Captain Paul. "If it is to be done, now is the time. She is close under us, astern; a few guns pointed downwards, will settle her like a shotted corpse."

"No. Let her drift into Penzance, an anonymous earnest of what the white-squall in Paul Jones intends for the future."

Then giving directions as to the course of the ship, with an order for himself to be called at the first glimpse of a sail, Paul took Israel down with him into his cabin.

"Tell me your story now, my yellow lion. How was it all? Don't stand; sit right down there on the transom. I'm a democratic sort of sea-king. Plump on the wool-sack, I say, and spin the yarn. But hold; you want some grog first."

As Paul handed the flagon, Israel's eye fell upon his hand.

"You don't wear any rings now, Captain, I see. Left them in Paris for safety."

"Aye, with a certain marchioness there," replied Paul, with a dandyish look of sentimental conceit, which sat strangely enough on his otherwise grim and Fejee air.

"I should think rings would be somewhat inconvenient at sea," resumed Israel. "On my first voyage to the West Indies, I wore a girl's ring on my middle

finger here, and it wasn't long before, what with hauling wet ropes, and what not, it got a kind of grown down into the flesh, and pained me very bad, let me tell you, it hugged the finger so."

"And did the girl grow as close to your heart, lad?"

"Ah, Captain, girls grow themselves off quicker than we grow them on."

"Some experience with the countesses as well as myself, eh? But the story; wave your yellow mane, my lion—the story."

So Israel went on, and told the story in all particulars.

At its conclusion, Captain Paul eyed him very earnestly. His wild, lonely heart, incapable of sympathizing with cuddled natures made hum-drum by long exemption from pain, was yet drawn towards a being, who in desperation of friendlessness, something like his own, had so fiercely waged battle against tyrannical odds.

"Did you go to sea young, lad?"

"Yes, pretty young."

"I went at twelve, from Whitehaven. Only so high," raising his hand some four feet from the deck. "I was so small, and looked so queer in my little blue jacket, that they called me the monkey. They'll call me something else before long. Did you ever sail out of Whitehaven?"

"No, Captain."

"If you had, you'd have heard sad stories about me. To this hour they say there that I,—blood-thirsty—coward dog that I am,—flogged a sailor, one Mungo Maxwell, to death. It's a lie, by heaven! I flogged him, for he was a mutinous scamp. But he died naturally, some time afterwards, and on board another ship. But why talk? They didn't believe the affidavits of others taken before London courts, triumphantly acquitting me; how then will they credit *my* interested words? If slander, however much a lie, once gets hold of a man, it will stick closer than fair fame, as black pitch sticks closer than white cream. But let 'em slander. I will give the slanderers matter for curses. When last I left Whitehaven, I swore never again to set foot on her pier, except, like Cæsar, at Sandwich, as a foreign invader. Spring under me, good ship; on you I bound to my vengeance!"

Men with poignant feelings, buried under an air of care-free self-command, are never proof to the sudden incitements of passion. Though in the main, they may control themselves, yet if they

but once permit the smallest vent, then they may bid adieu to all self-restraint, at least for that time. Thus with Paul on the present occasion. His sympathy with Israel had prompted this momentary ebullition. When it was gone by, he seemed not a little to regret it. But he passed it over lightly, saying, "You see, my fine fellow, what sort of a bloody cannibal I am. Will you be a sailor of mine? A sailor of the captain who flogged poor Mungo Maxwell to death?"

"I will be very happy, Captain Paul, to be sailor under the man who will yet, I dare say, help flog the British nation to death."

"You hate 'em, do ye?"

"Like snakes. For months they've hunted me as a dog," half howled and half wailed Israel, at the memory of all he had suffered.

"Give me your hand, my lion; wave your wild flax again. By heaven, you hate so well, I love ye. You shall be my confidential man; stand sentry at my cabin door; sleep in the cabin; steer my boat; keep by my side whenever I land. What do you say?"

"I say I'm glad to hear you."

"You are a good, brave soul. You are the first among the millions of mankind that I ever naturally took to. Come, you are tired. There, go into that state-room for to-night—its mine. You offered me your bed in Paris."

"But you begged off, Captain, and so must I. Where do you sleep?"

"Lad, I don't sleep half a night out of three. My clothes have not been off now for five days."

"Ah, Captain, you sleep so little and scheme so much, you will die young."

"I know it: I want to: I mean to. Who would live a doddered old stump? What do you think of my Scotch bonnet?"

"It looks well on you, Captain."

"Do you think so? A Scotch bonnet though, ought to look well on a Scotchman. I'm such by birth. Is the gold band too much?"

"I like the gold band, Captain. It looks something as I should think a crown might on a king."

"Aye."

"You would make a better looking king than George III."

"Did you ever see that old granny? Waddles about in farthingales, and carries a peacock fan, don't he? Did you ever see him?"

"Was as close to him as I am to you now, captain. In Kew Gardens it was, where I worked gravelling the walks. I was all alone with him, talking for some ten minutes."

"By Jove, what a chance! Had I but been there! What an opportunity for kidnapping a British king, and carrying him off in a fast-sailing smack to Boston, a hostage for American freedom. But what did you? Didn't you try to do something to him?"

"I had a wicked thought or two, captain; but I got the better of it. Besides, the king behaved handsomely towards me; yes, like a true man. God bless him for it. But it was before that, that I got the better of the wicked thought."

"Ah, meant to stick him, I suppose. Glad you didn't. It would have been very shabby. Never kill a king, but make him captive. He looks better as a led horse, than a dead carcass. I propose now, this trip, falling on the grounds of the Earl of Selkirk, a privy counsellor, and particular private friend of George III. But I won't hurt a hair of his head. When I get him on board here, he shall lodge in my best state-room, which I mean to hang with damask for him. I shall drink wine with him, and be very friendly; take him to America, and introduce his lordship into the best circles there; only I shall have him accompanied on his calls by a sentry or two disguised as valets. For the earl's to be on sale, mind; so much ransom; that is, the nobleman, Lord Selkirk, shall have a bodily price pinned on his coat-tail, like any slave up at auction in Charleston. But, my lad with the yellow mane, you very strangely draw out my secrets. And yet you don't talk. Your honesty is a magnet which attracts my sincerity. But I rely on your fidelity."

"I shall be a vice to your plans, Captain Paul. I will receive, but I won't let go, unless you alone loose the screw."

"Well said. To bed now; you ought to. I go on deck. Good-night, ace-of-hearts."

"That is fitter for yourself, Captain Paul; lonely leader of the suit."

"Lonely? Aye, but number one cannot but be lonely, my trump."

"Again I give it back. Ace-of-trumps may it prove to you, Captain Paul; may it be impossible for you ever to be taken. But for me—poor dence, a treize, that comes in your wake—any

king or knave may take me, as before now the knaves have."

"Tut, tut, lad; never be more cheery for another than for yourself. But a fagged body fags the soul. To hammock, to hammock! while I go on deck to clap on more sail to your cradle."

And they separated for that night.

CHAPTER XV.

THEY SAIL AS FAR AS THE CRAG OF ARLA.

NEXT morning Israel was appointed quarter-master; a subaltern selected from the common seamen, and whose duty mostly stations him in the stern of the ship, where the captain walks. His business is to carry the glass on the look-out for sails; hoist or lower the colors; and keep an eye on the helmsman. Picked out from the crew for their superior respectability and intelligence, as well as for their excellent seamanship, it is not unusual to find the quarter-masters of an armed ship on peculiarly easy terms with the commissioned officers and captain. This berth, therefore, placed Israel in official contiguity to Paul, and without subjecting either to animadversion, made their public intercourse on deck almost as familiar as their unrestrained converse in the cabin.

It was a fine cool day in the beginning of April. They were now off the coast of Wales, whose lofty mountains, crested with snow, presented a Norwegian aspect. The wind was fair, and blew with a strange, bestirring power. The ship—running between Ireland and England, northwards, towards the Irish Sea, the inmost heart of the British waters—seemed, as she snortingly shook the spray from her bow, to be conscious of the dare-devil defiance of the soul which conducted her on this anomalous cruise. Sailing alone from out a naval port of France, crowded with ships-of-the-line, Paul Jones, in his small craft, went forth in single-armed championship against the English host. Armed with but the sling-stones in his one shot-locker, like young David of old, Paul bearded the British giant of Gath. It is not easy, at the present day, to conceive the hardihood of this enterprise. It was a marching up to the muzzle. The act of one who made no compromise with the cannonadings of danger or death; such a scheme as only could have inspired a heart which held at nothing all the pre-

scribed prudence of war, and every obligation of peace; combining in one breast the vengeful indignation and bitter ambition of an outraged hero, with the uncompunctious desperation of a renegade. In one view, the Coriolanus of the sea; in another, a cross between the gentleman and the wolf.

As Paul stood on the elevated part of the quarter-deck, with none but his confidential quarter-master near him, he yielded to Israel's natural curiosity, to learn something concerning the sailing of the expedition. Paul stood lightly, swaying his body over the sea, by holding on to the mizzen-shrouds, an attitude not inexpressive of his easy audacity; while near by, pacing a few steps to and fro, his long spy glass now under his arm, and now presented at his eye, Israel, looking the very image of vigilant prudence, listened to the warrior's story. It appeared that on the night of the visit of the Duke de Chartres and Count D'Estaing to Doctor Franklin in Paris—the same night that Captain Paul and Israel were joint occupants of the neighboring chamber—the final sanction of the French king to the sailing of an American armament against England, under the direction of the Colonial Commissioner, was made known to the latter functionary. It was a very ticklish affair. Though swaying on the brink of avowed hostilities with England, no verbal declaration had as yet been made by France. Undoubtedly, this enigmatic position of things was highly advantageous to such an enterprise as Paul's.

Without detailing all the steps taken through the united efforts of Captain Paul and Doctor Franklin, suffice it that the determined rover had now attained his wish; the unfettered command of an armed ship in the British waters; a ship legitimately authorized to hoist the American colors; her commander having in his cabin-locker a regular commission as an officer of the American navy. He sailed without any instructions. With that rare insight into rare natures which so largely distinguished the sagacious Franklin, the sage well knew that a prowling *brave*, like Paul Jones, was, like the prowling lion, by nature a solitary warrior. "Let him alone;" was the wise man's answer to some statesman who sought to hamper Paul with a letter of instructions.

Much subtle casuistry has been ex-

pended upon the point, whether Paul Jones was a knave or a hero, or a union of both. But war and warriors, like politics and politicians, like religion and religionists, admit of no metaphysics.

On the second day after Israel's arrival on board the *Ranger*, as he and Paul were conversing on the deck, Israel suddenly levelling his glass towards the Irish coast, announced a large sail bound in. The *Ranger* gave chase, and soon, almost within sight of her destination—the port of Dublin—the stranger was taken, manned, and turned round for Brest.

The *Ranger* then stood over, passed the Isle of Man towards the Cumberland shore, arriving within remote sight of Whitehaven about sunset. At dark she was hovering off the harbor, with a party of volunteers all ready to descend. But the wind shifted and blew fresh, with a violent sea.

"I won't call on old friends in foul weather," said Captain Paul to Israel. "We'll saunter about a little, and leave our cards in a day or two."

Next morning, in Glentinebay, on the south shore of Scotland, they fell in with a revenue wherry. It was the practice of such craft to board merchant vessels. The *Ranger* was disguised as a merchantman, presenting a broad drab-colored belt all round her hull; under the coat of a Quaker, concealing the intent of a Turk. It was expected that the chartered rover would come alongside the unchartered one. But the former took to flight, her two lug sails staggering under a heavy wind, which the pursuing guns of the *Ranger* pelted with a hail-storm of shot. The wherry escaped, spite the severe cannonade.

Off the Mull of Galoway, the day following, Paul found himself so nigh a large barley-freighted Scotch coaster, that, to prevent her carrying tidings of him to land, he dispatched her with the news, stern foremost, to Hades; sinking her, and sowing her barley in the sea, broadcast by a broadside. From her crew he learned that there was a fleet of twenty or thirty sail at anchor in Lochryan, with an armed brigantine. He pointed his prow thither; but at the mouth of the loch, the wind turned against him again, in hard squalls. He abandoned the project. Shortly after, he encountered a sloop from Dublin. He sunk her to prevent intelligence.

Thus, seeming as much to bear the elemental commission of Nature, as the

military warrant of Congress, swarthy Paul darted hither and thither; hovering like a thunder-cloud off the crowded harbors; then, beaten off by an adverse wind, discharging his lightnings on unaccompanied vessels, whose solitude made them a more conspicuous and easier mark, like lonely trees on the heath. Yet all this while the land was full of garrisons, the embayed waters full of fleets. With the impunity of a Levanter, Paul skimmed his craft in the land-locked heart of the supreme naval power of earth; a torpedo-eel, unknowingly swallowed by Britain in a draught of old ocean, and making sad havoc with her vitals.

Seeing next a large vessel steering for the Clyde, he gave chase, hoping to cut her off. The stranger proving a fast sailer, the pursuit was urged on with vehemence, Paul standing, plank-proud, on the quarter-deck, calling for pulls upon every rope, to stretch each already half-burst sail to the uttermost.

While thus engaged, suddenly a shadow, like that thrown by an eclipse, was seen rapidly gaining along the deck, with a sharp defined line, plain as a seam of the planks. It involved all before it. It was the domineering shadow of the Juan Fernandez-like *Orag* of Ailsa. The *Ranger* was in the deep water which makes all round and close up to this great summit of the submarine *Granipians*.

The *crag*, more than a mile in circuit, is over a thousand feet high, eight miles from the Ayrshire shore. There stands the cove, lonely as a foundling, proud as Oheops. But, like the battered brains surmounting the Giant of Gath, its haughty summit is crowned by a desolate castle, in and out of whose arches the aerial mists eddy like purposeless phantoms, thronging the soul of some ruinous genius, who, even in overthrow, harbors none but lofty conceptions.

As the *Ranger* shot nigher under the *crag*, its height and bulk dwarfed both pursuer and pursued into nut-shells. The main-trunk of the *Ranger* was nine hundred feet below the foundations of the ruin on the *crag's* top.

While the ship was yet under the shadow, and each seaman's face shared in the general eclipse, a sudden change came over Paul. He issued no more sultanical orders. He did not look so elate as before. At length he gave the command to discontinue the chase. Turning about, they sailed southward.

"Captain Paul," said Israel, shortly

afterwards, "you changed your mind rather queerly about catching that craft. But you thought she was drawing us too far up into the land, I suppose."

"Sink the craft," cried Paul; "it was not any fear of her, nor of King George, which made me turn on my heel; it was yon cock of the walk."

"Cock of the walk?"

"Aye; cock of the walk of the sea; look,—yon Crag of Ailsa."

CHAPTER XVI.

THEY LOOK IN AT CARRICKFERGUS, AND DESCEND ON WHITEHAVEN.

NEXT day, off Carrickfergus, on the Irish coast, a fishing boat, allured by the Quaker-like look of the incognito craft, came off in full confidence. Her men were seized, their vessel sunk. From them Paul learned that the large ship at anchor in the road, was the ship-of-war Drake, of twenty guns. Upon this he steered away, resolving to return secretly, and attack her that night.

"Surely, Captain Paul," said Israel to his commander, as about sunset they backed and stood in again for the land, "surely, sir, you are not going right in among them this way? Why not wait till she comes out?"

"Because, Yellow-hair, my boy, I am engaged to marry her to-night. The bride's friends won't like the match; and so, this very night, the bride must be carried away. She has a nice tapering waist, hasn't she, through the glass? Ah! I will clasp her to my heart."

He steered straight in like a friend; under easy sail, lounging towards the Drake, with anchor ready to drop, and grapnels to hug. But the wind was high; the anchor was not dropped at the ordered time. The Ranger came to a stand three biscuits' toss off the unmisgiving enemy's quarter, like a peaceful merchantman from the Canadas, laden with harmless lumber.

"I shan't marry her just yet," whispered Paul, seeing his plans for the time frustrated. Gazing in audacious tranquillity upon the decks of the enemy; and amicably answering her hail, with complete self-possession, he commanded the cable to be slipped, and then, as if he had accidentally parted his anchor, turned his prow on the seaward tack, meaning to return again immediately with the same prospect of advantage possessed at first. His plan being to crash suddenly

athwart the Drake's bow, so as to have all her decks exposed point-blank to his musketry. But once more the winds interposed. It came on with a storm of snow; he was obliged to give up his project.

Thus, without any warlike appearance, and giving no alarm, Paul, like an invisible ghost, glided by night close to land, actually came to anchor, for an instant, within speaking-distance of an English ship-of-war; and yet came, anchored, answered hail, reconnoitered, debated, decided, and retired, without exciting the least suspicion. His purpose was chain-shot destruction. So easily may the deadliest foe—so he be but dexterous—slide, undreamed of, into human harbors or hearts. And not awakened conscience, but mere prudence, restrain such, if they vanish again without doing harm. At daybreak no soul in Carrickfergus knew that the devil, in a Scotch bonnet, had passed close that way over night.

Seldom has regicidal daring been more strangely coupled with octogenarian prudence, than in many of the predatory enterprises of Paul. It is this combination of apparent incompatibilities which ranks him among extraordinary warriors.

Ere daylight, the storm of the night blew over. The sun saw the Ranger lying midway over channel at the head of the Irish Sea; England, Scotland, and Ireland, with all their lofty cliffs, being simultaneously as plainly in sight beyond the grass-green waters, as the City Hall, St. Paul's, and the Astor House, from the triangular Park in New York. The three kingdoms lay covered with snow, far as the eye could reach.

"Ah, Yellow-hair," said Paul, with a smile, "they show the white flag, the cravens. And, while the white flag stays blanketing yonder heights, we'll make for Whitehaven, my boy. I promised to drop in there a moment ere quitting the country for good. Israel, lad, I mean to step ashore in person, and have a personal hand in the thing. Did you ever drive spikes?"

"I've driven the spike-teeth into harrows before now," replied Israel; "but that was before I was a sailor."

"Well then, driving spikes into harrows is a good introduction to driving spikes into cannon. You are just the man. Put down your glass; go to the carpenter, get a hundred spikes, put them in a bucket with a hammer, and bring all to me."

As evening fell, the great promontory of St. Bee's Head, with its lighthouse, not far from Whitehaven, was in distant sight. But the wind became so light, that Paul could not work his ship in close enough at an hour as early as intended. His purpose had been to make the descent and retire ere break of day. But though this intention was frustrated, he did not renounce his plan, for the present would be his last opportunity.

As the night wore on, and the ship with a very light wind glided nigher and nigher the mark, Paul called upon Israel to produce his bucket for final inspection. Thinking some of the spikes too large, he had them filed down a little. He saw to the lanterns and combustibles. Like Peter the Great, he went into the smallest details, while still possessing a genius competent to plan the aggregate. But oversee as one may, it is impossible to guard against carelessness in subordinates. One's sharp eyes can't see behind one's back. It will yet be noted that an important omission was made in the preparations for Whitehaven.

The town contained, at that period, a population of some six or seven thousand inhabitants, defended by forts.

At midnight, Paul Jones, Israel Potter, and twenty-nine others, rowed in two boats to attack the six or seven thousand inhabitants of Whitehaven. There was a long way to pull. This was done in perfect silence. Not a sound was heard except the oars turning in the rowlocks. Nothing was seen except the two lighthouses of the harbor. Through the stillness and the darkness, the two deep-laden boats swam into the haven, like two mysterious whales from the Arctic Sea. As they reached the outer pier, the men saw each other's faces. The day was dawning. The riggers and other artisans of the shipping would before very long be astir. No matter.

The great staple exported from Whitehaven was then, and still is, coal. The town is surrounded by mines; the town is built on mines; its ships moor over mines. The mines honeycomb the land in all directions, and extend in galleries of grottoes for two miles under the sea. By the falling in of the more ancient collieries, numerous houses have been swallowed, as if by an earthquake; and a consternation spread like that of Lisbon, in 1755. So insecure and treacherous was the site of the place now about to be assailed by a desperado, nursed, like the coal, in its vitals.

VOL. IV.—32

Now, sailing on the Thames, nigh its mouth, of fair days, when the wind is favorable for inward bound craft, the stranger will sometimes see processions of vessels, all of similar size and rig, stretching for miles and miles, like a long string of horses tied two and two to a rope and driven to market. These are colliers going to London with coal.

About three hundred of these vessels now lay, all crowded together, in one dense mob, at Whitehaven. The tide was out. They lay completely helpless, clear of water, and grounded. They were sooty in hue. Their black yards were deeply canted, like spears, to avoid collision. The three hundred grimy hulls lay wallowing in the mud, like a herd of hippopotami asleep in the alluvium of the Nile. Their sailless, raking masts, and canted yards, resembled a forest of fish-spears thrust into those same hippopotamus hides. Partly flanking one side of the grounded fleet was a fort, whose batteries were raised from the beach. On a little strip of this beach, at the base of the fort, lay a number of small rusty guns, dismounted, heaped together in disorder, as a litter of dogs. Above them projected the mounted cannon.

Paul landed in his own boat at the foot of this fort. He dispatched the other boat to the north side of the haven, with orders to fire the shipping there. Leaving two men at the beach, he then proceeded to get possession of the fort.

"Hold on to the bucket, and give me your shoulder," said he to Israel.

Using Israel for a ladder, in a trice he scaled the wall. The bucket and the men followed. He led the way softly to the guard-house, burst in, and bound the sentinels in their sleep. Then arranging his force, ordered four men to spike the cannon there.

"Now, Israel, your bucket, and follow me to the other fort."

The two went alone about a quarter of a mile.

"Captain Paul," said Israel, on the way, "can we two manage the sentinels?"

"There are none in the fort we go to,"

"You know all about the place, captain?"

"Pretty well informed on that subject, I believe. Come along. Yes, lad, I am tolerably well acquainted with Whitehaven. And this morning intend that Whitehaven shall have a slight inkling of me. Come on. Here we are."

Scaling the walls, the two involun-

tarily stood for an instant gazing upon the scene. The gray light of the dawn showed the crowded houses and thronged ships with a haggard distinctness.

"Spike and hammer, lad;—so,—now follow me along, as I go, and give me a spike for every cannon. I'll tongue-tie the thunderers. Speak no more!" and he spiked the first gun. "Be a mute," and he spiked the second. "Dumfounder thee," and he spiked the third. And so, on, and on, and on; Israel following him with the bucket, like a footman, or some charitable gentleman with a basket of alms.

"There, it is done. D'y'e see the fire yet, lad, from the south? I don't."

"Not a spark, Captain. But day-sparks come on in the east."

"Forked flames into the hounds! What are they about? Quick, let us back to the first fort; perhaps something has happened, and they are there."

Sure enough, on their return from spiking the cannon Paul and Israel found the other boat back; the crew in confusion; their lantern having burnt out at the very instant they wanted it. By a singular fatality the other lantern, belonging to Paul's boat, was likewise extinguished. No tinder-box had been brought. They had no matches but sulphur matches. Loco-focos where not then known.

The day came on apace.

"Captain Paul," said the lieutenant of the second boat, "it is madness to stay longer. See!" and he pointed to the town, now plainly discernible in the grey light.

"Traitor, or coward!" howled Paul, "how came the lanterns out? Israel, my lion, now prove your blood. Get me a light—but one spark!"

"Has any man here a bit of pipe and tobacco in his pocket?" said Israel.

A sailor quickly produced an old stump of a pipe, with tobacco.

"That will do;" and Israel hurried away towards the town.

"What will the loon do with the pipe?" said one. "And where goes he?" cried another.

"Let him alone," said Paul.

The invader now disposed his whole force so as to retreat at an instant's warning. Meantime, the hardy Israel, long experienced in all sorts of shifts and emergencies, boldly ventured to procure, from some inhabitant of Whitehaven, a spark to kindle all Whitehaven's habitations in flames.

There was a lonely house standing somewhat disjointed from the town; some poor laborer's abode. Rapping at the door, Israel, pipe in mouth, begged the inmates for a light for his tobacco.

"What the devil," roared a voice from within; "knock up a man this time of night, to light your pipe? Begone!"

"You are lazy this morning, my friend," replied Israel; "it is daylight. Quick, give me a light. Don't you know your old friend? Shame! open the door."

In a moment a sleepy fellow appeared, let down the bar, and Israel, stalking into the dim room, piloted himself straight to the fire-place, raked away the cinders, lighted his tobacco, and vanished.

All was done in a flash. The man, stupid with sleep, had looked on bewildered. He reeled to the door; but dodging behind a pile of bricks, Israel had already hurried himself out of sight.

"Well done, my lion," was the hail he received from Paul, who, during his absence, had mustered as many pipes as possible, in order to communicate and multiply the fire.

Both boats now pulled to a favorable point of the principal pier of the harbor, crowded close up to a part of which lay one wing of the colliers.

The men began to murmur at persisting in an attempt impossible to be concealed much longer. They were afraid to venture on board the grim colliers, and go groping down into their hulls to fire them. It seemed like a voluntary entrance into dungeons and death.

"Follow me, all of you but ten by the boats," said Paul, without noticing their murmurs. "And now, to put an end to all future burnings in America, by one mighty conflagration of shipping in England. Come on, lads! Pipes and matches in the van!"

He would have distributed the men so as simultaneously to fire different ships at different points, were it not that the lateness of the hour rendered such a course insanely hazardous. Stationing his party in front of one of the windward colliers, Paul and Israel sprang on board.

In a twinkling, they had broken open a boatswain's locker, and, with great bunches of oakum, fine and dry as tinder, had leaped into the steerage. Here, while Paul made a blaze, Israel ran to collect the tar-pots, which being presently

poured on the burning matches, oakum and wood, soon increased the flame.

"It is not a sure thing yet," said Paul, "we must have a barrel of tar."

They searched about until they found one: knocked out the head and bottom, and stood it like a martyr in the midst of the flames. They then retreated up the forward hatchway, while volumes of smoke were belched from the after one. Not till this moment did Paul hear the cries of his men, warning him that the inhabitants were not only actually astir, but crowds were on their way to the pier.

As he sprang out of the smoke towards the rail of the collier, he saw the sun risen, with thousands of the people. Individuals hurried close to the burning vessel. Leaping to the ground, Paul, bidding his men stand fast, ran to their front, and, advancing about thirty feet, presented his own pistol at now tumultuous Whitehaven.

Those who had rushed to extinguish what they had deemed but an accidental fire, were now paralyzed into idiotic inaction at the defiance of the incendiary; thinking him some sudden pirate or fiend dropped down from the moon.

While Paul thus stood guarding the incipient conflagration, Israel, without a weapon, dashed crazily towards the mob on the shore.

"Come back, come back," cried Paul.

"Not till I start these sheep, as their own wolves many a time started me!"

As he rushed bare-headed, like a madman, towards the crowd, the panic spread. They fled from unarmed Israel, further than they had from the pistol of Paul.

The flames now catching the rigging and spiralling around the masts, the whole ship burned at one end of the harbor, while the sun, an hour high, burned at the other. Alarm and amazement, not sleep, now ruled the world. It was time to retreat.

They re-embarked without opposition, first releasing a few prisoners, as the boats could not carry them.

Just as Israel was leaping into the

boat, he saw the man at whose house he had procured the fire, staring like a simpleton at him.

"That was good seed you gave me," said Israel, "see what a yield;" pointing to the flames. He then dropped into the boat, leaving only Paul on the pier.

The men cried to their commander, conjuring him not to linger.

But Paul remained for several moments, confronting in silence the clamors of the mob beyond, and waving his solitary hand, like a disdainful tomahawk, towards the surrounding eminences, also covered with the affrighted inhabitants.

When the assailants had rowed pretty well off, the English rushed in great numbers to their forts, but only to find their cannon no better than so much iron in the ore. At length, however, they began to fire, having either brought down some ship's guns, or else mounted the rusty old dogs lying at the foot of the first fort.

In their eagerness they fired with no discretion. The shot fell short; they did not the slightest damage.

Paul's men laughed aloud, and fired their pistols in the air.

Not a splinter was made, not a drop of blood spilled throughout the affair. The intentional harmlessness of the result, as to human life, was only equalled by the desperate courage of the deed. It formed, doubtless, one feature of the compassionate contempt of Paul towards the town, that he took such paternal care of their lives and limbs.

Had it been possible to have landed a few hours earlier, not a ship nor a house could have escaped. But it was the lesson, not the loss, that told. As it was, enough damage had been done to demonstrate—as Paul had declared to the wise man in Paris—that the disasters caused by the wanton fires and assaults on the American coasts, could be easily brought home to the enemy's doors. Though, indeed, if the retaliators were headed by Paul Jones, the satisfaction would not be equal to the insult, being abated by the magnanimity of a chivalrous, however unprincipled a foe.

(To be continued.)

COUNT STEDINGK.

PART II.

CONTENTS.

Stedingk returns to Sweden—Parting with Marie Antoinette—Swedish Invasion of Russia—Stedingk's Military Exploits in Finland—Gustavus III. and the Battle of Svensksund—Swedish Navy in 1790 and 1854—Alarm in St. Petersburg—Catherine's Preparations for Flight—Stedingk Ambassador to Russia—First Despatch—Prince of Nassau—Bulletin Quarrel with Gustavus III.—Satires—Court of Catherine—Stedingk's Presentation—Russian Rewards and Decorations—Ball at the Hermitage—Imperial Family—Diplomatic Conversation upon the Execution of Stiesko—Ivan—Extravagant Ideas of a Russian Ambassador—Stedingk's Success—Sketch of Cæsar—Accession of Catherine—Her Character, Talents and Personal Appearance—Murder of Gustavus III. at a Fancy Ball—Death of Marie Antoinette—History and Murder of Count Fersen—Effects upon Stedingk—Accession of Gustavus IV.—Adolphus.

STEDINGK remained at the French Court seven years after his return from America; seven years of almost uninterrupted luxury and charm, whose influence upon most men would have been effeminating. Moreover, he became as much a Frenchman as a Swede; and as we shall presently see, an unconquerable longing for France, although never tainting his loyalty, stood sometimes in the way of a graceful, ready decision in accepting Swedish honors and trusts, which the partiality of his sovereign heaped upon him. Gustavus well understood Stedingk's capacities. They were indeed of a high and brilliant order; but there had been a music in the parting words of Marie Antoinette, which remained long ringing in his ear, and he rose among the most prominent Swedes of the time, almost in spite of himself. Had he not possessed a nicer sense of honor and of loyal duty than some of his contemporaries, and had the Bourbons prospered in their legitimacy, we should have traced his career in a direction different from that in which we are now to follow him. Yielding at last to the wishes and to the counsel of Gustavus, he tore himself from the *petit soupers* of the queen, and from all those blandishments of her court, which, from his letters, must, indeed, have been seductive. "Remember, Monsieur de Stedingk," said Marie Antoinette, bidding him farewell,—"remember to depend upon me, and that no misfortune shall befall you!"—Poor queen! Six years after uttering this omnipotent assurance, she was dragged to the scaffold, through every vilest degradation.

Stedingk left France in 1787; and did not again revisit the scenes he loved so well, until, in command of the Swedish army and ambassador of the Swedish king, he repaired to Paris, to sign the gene-

ral peace of 1814. Meantime, however, his fortunes were to lead through scenes equally momentous; he was to achieve victories, and sign treaties, which have made marks of greater meaning in Swedish annals, although less conspicuous upon the page of Europe. We must therefore return to 1787, and to Gustavus the Third, who was meditating his dishonorable aggressions upon an unoffending, unsuspecting neighbor. Stedingk had left the king almost an idol of his countrymen. He returned to find him detested. War was believed necessary to stimulate loyalty; and Russia, at war with the Porte, and her Polish frontier lined with troops (for Kosciusko was yet at large)—Russia, weak for the moment, was to be the victim. Without condescending to ordinary formalities, Gustavus secretly ordered his commanding-general in Finland to cross the frontier. The order was secret, because the constitution of Sweden forbade the king to make offensive war without the consent of the Diet. The bad faith of Gustavus was practised therefore no less against Russia than against his own people, and the immediate consequence was revolt in his army, and entire defection in the House of Nobles. Thirty of the latter were arrested, and the submission of the remainder was only restored by a powerful demonstration on the part of the burghers and peasants. A story was current that the king had stooped to a trick to deceive his subjects;—that in order to persuade them that the war was a defensive war, he caused a troop of his own cavalry to dress themselves in Cossack costumes (supplied from his own fatal opera house) and to make a false attack upon his advanced guard. The story is questionable, but it served the turn of the conspirators, and chimes in singularly with the theatrical destiny

of the king. Whatever may be the truth of the anecdote, it is beyond question that a stratagem of some sort was resorted to.*

Stedingk rode at the head of his dragons, second in command of the northern division. His superior officer, Hastfer, fell into disgrace, and Stedingk saved the campaign from ruin. Gustavus found himself beset with enemies from every quarter, and grateful for the trifling success achieved by his favorite, we find him at various times writing ejaculations like these:—"A thousand thanks for your officers and their bravery. For yourself, my dear Stedingk, I embrace you with all my heart. You well know my friendship for you, and your glorious day at Porosalmi redoubles it. It is with extreme pleasure that I name you Grand Cross of the Sword;—you are the first of my soldiers to receive it. I add a pension warrant for a thousand dollars, but I pray you keep this a secret. I would give you more, "*mais le Béarnais est pauvre*, although he has a good heart."

A little later again:—"Major Enchjelm arrived yesterday, my dear Stedingk, bringing your glorious news; news no longer of unlucky Stedingk, but of Stedingk the victorious, enriching my arsenal with trophies. To make you Major-General after such exploits is less to recompense you than to give you means to reap new glory. We have sung *Te Deum* for your victory, and all Sweden will sing it. But you are much too good and gallant, to give your prisoners their baggage. This is not the way the Russians themselves behave. They burn down my people's houses; they fire upon my flags of truce; they wantonly lay waste our fields, and their empress refuses to call me king. * * * It is time then to lay aside this knightly gallantry. But, after all, I should probably have done the like. If the Russians do not deserve it, it is none the less becoming in us."

Again, and yet later:—"You ask par-

don for attacking the enemy with inferior forces;—you know well, my dear Stedingk, that your actions render such apology extremely superfluous."

These were the current rewards of indefatigable and arduous exertion, as well as of consummate gallantry and skill; but the war was so faithless, and its results so little corresponding with its promise, that Gustavus wrote, as it were, in a penury of glory. His nobles revolted. Whole regiments went over to Catherine. The Danes invaded his southern shores; and a campaign, which no one doubted was to result in the fall of St. Petersburg, and the conquest of Livonia, was well-nigh confined to a few gallant, but profitless exploits of Stedingk.

At length, however, in the following year, Gustavus rallied; and, after three years of mortification, the contest was ended by a victory whose trophies were then unrivalled in the annals of war. The Swedish fleet had been driven from the gulf of Viborg, and the king, goaded to desperation, ordered his admiral (the brother of our Stedingk), to turn and face the pursuers. He declared his resolution to retreat no further. At Swensksund he exclaimed, "You shall give me a monument of victory or a tomb." The famous battle immediately followed. The Russians were much superior in force, but the trophies of the victorious Swedes were no less than fifty-three vessels of war, fourteen hundred guns, three hundred officers, and six thousand men, prisoners of war.† The best result of the victory, however, was peace. Gustavus, on leaving Stockholm, had publicly threatened to destroy every monument in Russia save one; he would spare, he said, the statue of Peter the Great, only to engrave his own name upon the pedestal. He returned, grateful that a lucky act of desperation enabled him again to look his people in the face.

The Empress Catherine, whom Stedingk was presently to know so well, confessed

* Björnstierna, Tom. 1, p. 101.

† Letter to Stedingk from the king (July, 14, 1790):—

"It is a rude lesson for the vaporizing Prince of Nassau; and that I may not fall into the same fault, I shall leave Monsieur de Charpentier to tell you what he has seen: 300 officers and 6000 men prisoners of war, more than 50 vessels, and 1400 guns. There you have the result of the battle of the 9th of July."

The writer has lately seen an account of the Swedish navy at this period; in which it appears that Gustavus the Third had at his disposal a force of no less than

8 ships of the line	74 guns each	592 guns.
17 do. do.	64 do.	1088 do.
14 frigates do.	44 do.	616 do.
8 corvettes do.	18 do.	144 do.
7 do. do.	12 do.	84 do.

Total 54 vessels,

mounting in all 2624 guns.

In 1854, the Swedish naval force is published at 23 ships, mounting 1180 guns; and 241 gun-boats, mounting on an average two heavy guns each.

to him that she had despaired of saving her capital,—“but” added she, with that Russian indomitable spirit which was so loftily displayed in 1812, and which perhaps is not extinct, “but,” she said, “after retreating from St. Petersburg, I should have fought you at Novgorod; then at Moscow; next at Kasan; and again at Astrakan. Do you think your master would have followed me?”

An eyewitness of the alarm in the Russian capital has left us an account of the events of the day, so graphic that no apology may be needed for extracting one of his charming pages.*

“Every moment we expected to see the Swedes. We heard that Gustavus had absolutely invited the ladies of Stockholm to a ball at Peterhoff, naming the very evening; and to a grand Te Deum which he meant should be sung in the Cathedral of St. Petersburg. The whole capital was in dismay. There were all sorts of makeshifts for soldiers. Coachmen, footmen, workmen, young and old. I have still a caricature of the day, cleverly representing some of these tall, grotesque clowns, marching and counter-marching; drilled by children from the military school, who, standing on chairs and benches, reach up to set aright the necks, heads, and muskets of their giant recruits.

“On all sides we heard that the palace also had caught the general terror; that they were packing up everything, money, jewels, furniture and papers; that a great many post horses were ordered, and that the empress, astonished and defenceless, was to disappear that very night,—flying to Moscow.

Determined, if possible, to ascertain something to write to my government, for I have no love for false news, I went to the palace, hoping that my eyes, or ears, or some lucky accident, would serve my purpose; and I was not disappointed. The empress saw me, and called me to her. “Diplomacy,” she said, “must be making all sorts of guesses just now. Does it believe the town stories?”

“I made rather an audacious reply, for I was anxious to discover the truth in her looks, at least. “There is one story Madam,” said I, “which is very curious, but which is gaining credit fast; they say your majesty means to go to-night to Moscow.”

“And you believe it, Monsieur le Comte?” she asked with imperturbable composure.

“Madam,” replied I, “the story seems to have some foundation; and but for the character of your majesty, I should have believed it.”

“And you do well, sir,” said Catherine. “Listen to me. The story is founded upon my having ordered five hundred post-horses at every station. I have done this to bring some regiments that I wish to have here. I remain; be sure of that. I know that your colleagues are puzzled what they shall write home. I wish to spare you any trouble. Write to your government that if I leave my capital, it will be to march against the King of Sweden.

“I believed her at the time. There was a fierce assurance in her look which convinced me. But I know since, from people who saw her all that day, that she had been irresolute; that there were moments when the fear of falling into Gustavus’s hands got the better of her courage, and that she gave orders to prepare for flight.”

The two Stedingks had been the Swedish heroes of the war. Their king was now to exhibit his gratitude, and accordingly, we suddenly find the elder of the brothers, our gallant soldier, astonished and half-dismayed, by the following letter.

“Camp at Verel, Aug. 13, 1790.

“Monsieur de Bury has brought me your letter, my dear Stedingk,—but I have a different proposition to make to you. Will you have the embassy at St. Petersburg? It will be highly agreeable in the new order of things which must exist between the two courts; and as you have an excellent temper, and are skilled in the manners of a great court, and especially, as you have had the honor to beat the Russians, you will be popular, and you will be at once also of high consideration. At the same time, I shall have sincere pleasure in contributing to repair what you lose by the suppression of your French pensions. Moreover, I shall see you often. But you must say nothing of this to any one. Keep secret, and let me have your answer at once.”

The proposition was completely unexpected; and the reply, compared to the graceful skill usually displayed in Stedingk’s correspondence, was embarrassed and awkward. Ever hoping for France, he quite implored the king to relieve him from a task for which he felt no qualifi-

* *Mémoires ou Souvenirs du Comte de Ségur, French Minister at the Court of the Empress Catherine.*

tations, and which was in fact repugnant to him. Gustavus insisted, and the reluctant soldier was persuaded into the career which led him ultimately to the very highest dignities a Swedish subject can attain: Stedingk was singularly unaware of his own capacities, and almost trembling at the threshold, declared to the king that a battle required but half the amount of courage.

Bidding his army farewell early in September 1790, and, accompanied by two secretaries and a troop of Swedish attendants, he travelled from his headquarters direct to St. Petersburg by land. The journey was marked by the most signal and courteous hospitality on the part of his late enemies, the commanders of the different Russian stations through which he passed; and his reception by the empress gave immediate promise of the influence he was soon after to obtain over this extraordinary woman. One of his most distinguished living countrymen, the one who is perhaps best acquainted with Swedish diplomatic history, assured the writer that for a long time his control of her judgment and caprices was something quite extraordinary.

This official correspondence, according to Swedish custom, was often addressed directly to the king. His narratives, familiarly written for the amusement of an accomplished mind like that of Gustavus, are extremely agreeable, and if it were possible to impart their full spirit to an English version, I should run no risk of making too large selections.

The following are extracts from his first letter, announcing his arrival, and describing his reception, together with the fêtes and rejoicings consequent upon the peace.

"St. Petersburg, September 22, 1790.

"I had nearly reached the hotel, when my carriage was stopped by an equipage, in which I presently recognized the Prince of Nassau. He professed enchantment at seeing me; offered a thousand services; and said he would call as soon as he could return from the empress, to whom he was at that moment going. He came in an hour, and entreated me to dine with him next day, to see the princess, who was in the country, and about to set off for Switzerland. I told him roundly that it was quite impossible; that not only as an ambassador, but as a simple Swede, I had been shocked by the manner in which he had written to

your majesty. He replied, with characteristic nobleness and frankness, that his love and respect for your majesty would never have allowed his serving against Sweden, but that he had become a Russian sailor before the war, and what alternative, therefore, had he?—that, as for his letter, it was ordered and dictated by the empress. I said it was an order fit to be disobeyed. But this is a word unknown in Russia; and, indeed, from confidential particulars and assurances which he gave me, and in which I could but confide, he had no choice but obedience during the perfect rage the empress was in at the time. They say she wrote a farce against your majesty, which was played at the theatres. If possible, I will send a copy."

In justice to Gustavus, let us pause here to read an anecdote which, perhaps, fortified Stedingk in writing so frankly. A short time before the beginning of the war, a Swedish, and rather unsparing satire against the king, had been published in Stockholm. The author was detected and summoned to the palace. The poor man naturally looked for condign punishment. "I see," said Gustavus, after some little questioning,—"I see you have much talent and much wit; but, poor fellow, I fear you have not much bread. I am desirous that you shall not be so hungry again, and I therefore appoint you inspector of my library." Similar traits are often discovered in his story, and Stedingk's allusion to the comedy, written by Catherine, might be accepted as a compliment. The imperial wit, however, unsharpened by hunger, was passing dull. Gustavus was represented in travesty—a northern Quixote, under the guidance of a wicked fairy. The poor king is ambitious to wear the armor of a famous giant. Accordingly he repairs to the giant's castle and steals the coveted trophies. He puts on the helmet, which reaches below his shoulders, and the jack-boots mount above his waist. Thus armed, he attacks a dismantled and deserted redoubt, from which, however, there suddenly emerges a limping, superannuated soldier, who brandishes a scutcheon, and the Swedish paladin takes to flight. The piece, of course, obtained for the empress the applause of the audience, but the compliments were awkward.

Gustavus's quarrel with the Prince of Nassau was a newspaper war, with ink-broadsides, delivered regularly as

the diatribes to-day, between the "Journal de St. Petersburg," and the "London Times." The prince was a foreign admiral, employed by Catherine, in command of the Russian fleet. The second in command, and probably the leading spirit, was our own revolutionary Paul Jones, whom the jealousy of courtiers, however, soon disgusted with the service. Early in life, Gustavus and the prince had met at Spa, and the former had been struck with the gallantry and spirit of his new acquaintance. Nassau subsequently took service with the Empress Catherine, and when the Swedish war broke out, Gustavus, remembering his German friend, wrote him in the following characteristic language: "I had been led to hope," he said, "from the remembrance of our old acquaintance, that I should have the pleasure to receive the offer of your sword; but since, to my great regret, you are going to fight against me, I flatter myself with the prospect of one conquest at least,—the esteem of my adversary." Brave words; but unkind fortune soon changed the royal temper. The Prince of Nassau won a victory, and Gustavus could little brook the bulletin of the victor. There soon appeared in the Gazette of Hamburg, a Swedish statement of the facts, signed by the defeated king. Whereupon, the Russian official journals put forth the following indignant refutation by the prince:

"To his Majesty, the King of Sweden:—

"St. Petersburg, September 20, 1789.

"SIRE,—

"Your majesty did me the honor to write me lately, saying that you addressed a knight who everywhere sought glory and honor. I shall certainly endeavor to justify your majesty's opinion; but in the search for honor, honesty must be above suspicion; there must be open truth,—truth which may be sustained and proved before the world.

"With these opinions I have seen with indignation in the Hamburg Gazette, a pretended narrative of the combat I had the honor to sustain again your majesty's fleet. This narrative, sire, conflicts with mine. It is often absolutely false, and I am surprised to find that some one has had the audacity to affix a name so re-

spectable as that of your majesty to a document so filled with errors and falsehood.

"I hope your majesty will have been as angry as I, and that you will not decline to suppress the statement, and render homage to truth. If, contrary to all probability, your majesty be the author, I shall not doubt that you have been criminally deceived by false reports; and that your majesty's love of truth, the first virtue of kings, will impel you to disavow and punish the officers who shall have rendered so faithless an account.

"I append to this letter my refutation of the Hamburg narrative. My honor is the guarantee of the truth of what I advance. My prisoners, my prizes, and the fleet which I command are my testimony. My fleet, far from being crippled, kept the sea with every ship for eighteen days after the action, and did not come into port until after the gale of the 13th instant. A part of it, sire, is still at sea, and ready for other battles; but it cannot find the enemy.

"Your majesty is too honorable a king to disapprove the warmth with which I defend my honor. The motives which which dictate my letter, make it my duty also to publish it; and your majesty's answer, I trust, will enable me to repeat publicly, the assurance of profound respect that I have cherished for your majesty, and with which I have the honor sire, to be

"Your majesty's &c. &c."

I have not discovered the king's disavowal, and judging from the contemporary memoirs of Count Ségur, it is likely that none was made. Nassau was sorely distressed at the misunderstanding, and thanks to his subsequent tremendous defeat by Gustavus, and the good offices of Stedingk, made his peace at last by putting the whole blame of his letter upon the angry empress.

After this long parenthesis, we return to Stedingk's first dispatch.

"I supped in the evening at Count Astermann's, with all the diplomatic corps, and a large company. Next day was the great day. An officer of the ceremonies came at five in the afternoon, to announce my audience. I went *en fiocchi*,*—with equipage and liveries,

* *En fiocchi*:—a term which, although at the present day generally accepted in a figurative sense as "en gala" or in full official dress, had, and occasionally still has, in diplomatic state ceremony, the precise signification of the words; *fiocchi* being tail plumes decorating horses' heads on state occasions. The writer happens to know that within a few years past they were used by a French ambassador in Rome, on an occasion of presentation, as special ambassadorial insignia.

fine as possible. Not having with me proper livery braid, I used broad gold lace, which, with the Swedish scarlet dress, had a very elegant air. I met a number of generals and court officers in the great hall, who were extremely civil; and after waiting a quarter of an hour, I was ushered to the empress, in the great throne room. She was superbly dressed for the fête, glittering with diamonds, and stood near a window not far from the throne, with M. d' Ostermann a little behind. My heart beat, but I managed to push my compliments along. Meanwhile she was exceedingly gracious, and I quite forgot to kiss her hand; but Mr. Ostermann made a sign to me, and I repaired my error with the more embarrassment. She spoke slowly, and with little pauses. Her joy, she said, was no less than your majesty's that a war was over which should never have existed. She hoped that friendship and harmony would meet with no more interruption. She was glad your majesty's choice had fallen upon me, as she had heard much good of me, and she hoped I might be pleased and happy in St. Petersburg. Then came questions concerning your majesty's health; and your majesty's return to Stockholm. She spoke also of France, of my old regiment of Swedes, of their good conduct during the troubles, and observed that my late campaigns had left their traces upon me (a remark which does not particularly disturb me).

"After all this grand business, which cost me more than a brush with your majesty's enemies, I was conducted by Prince Galitzin across the inner galleries to the Hermitage. My cavaliers were already there, and were presented to the empress, who stopped to say a few more words. I was placed upon a bench with the other ministers, and her majesty seated herself with the Princes Alexander and Constantine, and M. de Cobenzell, the emperor's ambassador, who is one of her special intimates. It is a fine hall, and they gave Tancred; changing the last act for the empress, who has no fondness for the killing. Tancred therefore gets well and marries Amenside. She was well done by Mlle. Soulier, who has improved since I saw her at Strasburg. Ofrène was but the shadow of himself. Tancred was pretty well,—but all the rest bad. The play is usually on Thursday, but was postponed, they tell

me, for my audience. It was over at ten o'clock, when everybody went home.

"Saturday was given up to making visits—an endless business here.

"On Sunday was the grand fête. The Secretary of the Senate read a speech to the empress in Russian, which lasted quarter of an hour. The vice-chancellor replied, and then followed the distribution of favors. Presents, decorations, and all such things lay on a table covered with muslin, on the right of the throne, and everything was a grand secret. For an hour, it rained swords with diamond hilts,—diamond stars, decorations, crosses, serf-warrants, and promotion. The empress gave everything with her own hands. The Prince of Nassau was quite dissatisfied with a sword heavy with diamonds. Count Soltikoff received the cross of Saint Andrew in diamonds, a sword also set in brilliants, of immense cost, and a Lieut.-Colonel in the horse guards. Marshal Romanzow the same appointment. M. Denisoff six hundred serfs. M. de Michelson the order of Saint Anne in Diamonds. M. d'Igleström was made General-in-Chief, with a magnificent sword, and the thanks of the Senate. Mr. de Markoff got nothing, although he had been strutting about all the morning rather more than ever. The prodigality however, was immense, and would have gone on all day, but for a courier from Potemkin, who wrote that if it went on in that style, there would be nothing left for his officers when they returned.

* * * * *

"The grand duke* is not so ugly as he was, but the duchess has grown old. The young princes Alexander and Constantine are handsome, tall, and strong for their age, especially the first, who is extremely graceful. They made their compliments for your majesty very nicely. * * * * *

"In the evening there was a ball at seven o'clock, in the gallery. The foreign ministers were there to kiss hands. We all received large gold medals, worth some thirty ducats,—but those given to the higher dignitaries were larger. The ball began with polonaises, or rather *promenades en cadence*, and then minnets. The Princess Alexandra danced her first minnet gracefully, and with the artlessness of a child. The empress looked on for some time, and then retired to whist, having done me the honor to call me to

* Afterwards the Emperor Paul.

the game, together with the Hungarian ambassador, and Count Soltikoff. She was in a very good humor, talked a great deal to me, and was gay and gracious all the evening. Tickets were distributed for supper, and mine was for the empress' table. They told me, afterwards, it was the number next after the imperial family. The story, perhaps, is true, because it was number sixteen; but there is one thing quite certain, I would rather have had the last number of all at your majesty's table. There were three tables, with eighty covers each; and really, the splendor of the dresses, the style of the people, the music of Cimarosa, written for the occasion, and the sumptuous elegance of the tables, made it a brilliant soirée. It was all over before midnight.

"The favorite just now is a youth with a beautiful face and dark eyes, rather delicate looking, not tall, much like a pretty Frenchman, in the style of Monsieur de Puiségur; and with a counterfeit look of M. de Lambert, of the Life Guards, whom your majesty saw at Versailles. For the rest he is polite, good-natured, and amiable, and extremely civil to me.

"In spite of all the fine welcome offered me, I foresee that when it comes to business, there will be trouble. The court is much divided, and factious; one party incessantly opposes another. They have only one point of resemblance, and that is, the immense opinion they have of themselves. And so, too, with the sovereign, as I am quite satisfied, after conversing with people in office. The only way to succeed in business is to be well with the empress,—to interest her self-love, her generosity, and her personal feelings generally. She is charmed to have peace with us, and I am sure she entertains hopes of forming a still closer alliance* with your majesty.

* * * * *

—on a fine new coat. * September 23d, 1796.

"In conversation with M. d'Igleström, after some détours and compliments upon my success last evening, I learned from him that a nephew of Count Soltikoff had returned from Stockholm, with the news that Hestekot had been executed, and that the other criminals would suffer the same fate. He

seemed much affected, and said that the empress, whom it was Soltikoff's purpose to embitter against your majesty by all sorts of bad news, was extremely distressed,—that she always hoped your majesty would pardon the conspiracy, and thus signalize the happy peace. I told him I was not surprised at the news,—notwithstanding your majesty's repugnance to such measures, your reign having been a constant proof of clemency and pleasure in pardons. The interest of the State exacted this sacrifice—there must be an example, I said. He answered that the empress did not think so; that she was satisfied to shut up such criminals; that he, M. d'Igleström, had already, during his administration, sent three Peter-the-Thirds† to Siberia; and that grander conspirators had been suffered to live as well. At length, he read me part of a long letter he had just received from the empress, praying me, for the love of God, to keep it a secret. It was, as far as I understood, an account of her affliction at the news Soltikoff had brought,—her lamentations that, while all was joy at St. Petersburg, Stockholm was the scene of bloody scaffolds. She said there should have been amnesties instead, that real joy usually opens hearts to pity and mercy, that your majesty, therefore, cannot be so really glad to have peace, and that it was her desire that M. d'Igleström should bring these matters to the attention of M. de Stedingk. He read no more, but added that, from the reports of the Russian prisoners just returned, Sweden was evidently filled with malcontents. 'Proof,' interrupted I, 'that an example was necessary; as the empress herself, while teaching the world lessons of humanity, and abhorring blood, had been forced, nevertheless, to put Ivan to death, upon whom her heart would rather have heaped benefits.' The conversation dropped here."

[This was, perhaps, a clever diplomatic antithesis; and Stedingk's fearless reply is quite admirable in defence of his master. His audacity, however, may not be at once apparent, unless the reader call to mind that this Ivan was the lawful emperor; and that Catherine, already suspected of the death of her husband, had been accused of a double murder and

* Referring probably to the subsequent and unlucky betrothal of her grand-daughter with Gustavus the Fourth.

† A Finland nobleman who had conspired against Gustavus during the war.

‡ Peter the Third, meaning pretenders to the throne. Peter the Third, the husband of Catherine, had been murdered,—but his death was not universally believed. Hence there were frequent Jack Cadis during the reign of the empress.

usurpation, in the death of Ivan. He was a grand nephew of Peter the Great, and, from infancy, had languished a long life in prison. A revolt in his favor, among his jailors, was made the pretext for his assassination; but the complicity of Catherine is rejected by respectable authorities. Stedingk discreetly called it an execution. Count Ségur, his French colleague, does not qualify it so civilly, but totally exonerates Catherine, nevertheless.]

But to continue Stedingk's letter:

"The conversation was presently resumed, when M. de Igleström confirmed the news of the arrival of Potemkin's courier; and that, consequently, the empress had withheld from him (M. d'Igleström) his promised 4,000 serfs, and 60,000 silver rubles. The Prince of Nassau, too, had lost by the same interference, 3,000 serfs, and the commission of general-in-chief.

"There is a rumor to-day that Suwarow, with 20,000 men, has been beaten by the Turks, and that he was killed. The mishap is laid at the door of Potemkin, who has no love for Suwarow. I am told, also, that poor M. de Markoff has got his thousand serfs. But it is time to finish this enormous volume, although I have not said half that I have to say. But I am tired out, and I dispatch a courier because your majesty ought, at least, to know of my arrival.

"I am, &c., &c.,

"**COUNT V. STEDINGK.**"

A Russian ambassador was now to be named for Sweden, and the selection was a matter of interest to all parties. The empress fixed upon Baron d'Igleström, whose extravagant notions of embassy, amusingly sketched in Stedingk's next letter, would astonish the present economical age.

"Baron d'Igleström has several times consulted me about his establishment. The empress offers him an outfit of 20,000 silver rubles* and a salary per month of 4500, without including an immense *caisselle*. According to his own estimates, he must have 50,000 outfit, and I think he will get it; it is true that it includes what has rather surprised me, —I mean 15,000 rubles for the trinkets of this fine gentleman. He says an ambassador ought to have, at the very least, a

diamond ring, diamond watch-chain, and diamond snuff-box, and that they are not dear at 15,000. I am not convinced by this Muscovite logic, but I had to consent to it. He will have two parade coaches, with six horses each, eight butlers, two messengers, two chassours, two heiduques (footmen in Hungarian dress), two hussars to follow his carriage (it is the custom here), a quantity of footmen, four gentlemen of the embassy, secretary, and three clerks, four to six aides-de-camp, and four couriers. There is no house big enough in Stockholm for this sort of thing, but without wounding his self-love and the current Russian notions of what an ambassador should look like; it is impossible to beat him down to less."

Stedingk, now regularly and handsomely installed in his embassy, devoted himself to obtaining influence and position desirable for many nice and important objects of his mission. He had no difficulty in winning the good graces of the empress. In addition to remarkable amiability of disposition, and the polish of a long residence at Versailles, his character was rounded by a German *bonhomie*, highly acceptable to Catherine, almost his countrywoman; for both were natives of northern Germany. Both, also, cordially detested the revolution then fast undermining the Bourbons. In short, the favor of the empress was soon bestowed upon the new ambassador. He became a member of her intimate circle, a society in which she presided with proverbial grace, and in whose favored reunions the restraint of court ceremonial was quite proscribed.

The character of Catherine II., tainted as it is, should be judged, nevertheless, as under the weight of the Russian period. Her foibles and her crimes were moulded by the pressure of Russian necessities; but overgrowing these at length, and, after an unprecedented reign of progress and reform, she reached a grandeur in history only inferior, if indeed it be inferior, to that of her great predecessor. Peter declared he could reform his empire, but not himself. He was a heartless husband, an unnatural father, and a murderer of 8,000 of his subjects, whose execution he personally superintended. He was, nevertheless, the pioneer of Russian civilization. Forty years after him, and fifty years after his threat to hang all the lawyers in his empire but

* Seventy-five cents each.

one, Catherine summoned a Russian congress, consulted the deputies of every tribe and province, and, having with her own hand compiled a code of laws, which she based upon the maxims of Montesquieu, submitted her work to the judgment and ratification of the assembly. "Many queens," said Frederic the Great, "have won immortal fame; Semiramis by conquest; English Elizabeth by sagacity; Maria Teresa by fortitude; but Catherine alone, of women, deserves the name of lawgiver."

During the whole of the seventeenth century, and nearly half-way through the eighteenth, barbarism continued to rest upon the Russian empire. The earlier czars, emerging from the Tartar yoke, a long series of murderous Ivans and Fiodors mounted the throne, each over a deposed predecessor. At length came the Romanoff's, the first of whom, Michael, of Prussian ancestry, was elected and proclaimed in 1613. He was the contemporary and the vanquished rival of Gustavus Adolphus, of Sweden. His grandson, Peter the Great, lighted the first taper of civilization, and died in 1725, when his wife, an abandoned woman from the lowest class of life, resumed the early imperial crimes, by stealing the crown of the lawful heir. The princes of Menzikoff, sons of the pastry cook of Peter the Great, restored the rightful sovereign, whose early death, at 15 years of age, was the more deplorable because he was the last male Romanoff. His aunt, the Empress Anne, in a ten years' reign of terror, covered Russia with scaffolds, and peopled Siberia with exiles. The unhappy Ivan, cited in Stedingk's letter, her lawful successor, was snatched from his cradle by the Empress Elizabeth, and hidden in a dungeon. The usurper imported to her succession a foreign nephew, a duke of Holstein, Gottorp. This was the wretched Peter the Third, whose wife, Sophia of Anhalt Zerbst, the daughter of a petty German prince, was baptized by the Russian priests Catherine. She was also the cousin of her husband, but never was marriage more ill-assorted. The czar, in hopeless desperation at his inferiority, plotted repudiation and death for his wife. A base treachery recoiled upon himself, and his indignant nobles cast him into prison, where, and it may be unknown to Catherine, his keepers, impatient with a slow poison, strangled him.

Such was the introduction of a daughter of little Anhalt to the throne of all the Russias,—vast regions which, under her auspices, expanded unceasingly. It was first, during her reign, that Russia took positive rank with the power and greatness of the western nations. She introduced order and law into a vast chaos of barbarity. Her activity founded academies, factories, public banks, and foundries. In her capital alone, she educated 7,000 pauper children, and, to persuade her ignorant millions, submitted herself first, in the empire, to the experiment of vaccination. She made commercial treaties with Europe and China. Her navigators explored the remote Pacific, while she at home, corresponding with Voltaire, Fox, and d'Alembert, published her own manuscript treatises upon philosophy and law. The Jesuits, driven from every other region in Europe, found refuge only with the Greek high priestess. Her genius was wonderful; her activity and ambition without limit. She rose at six, lighted her own fire in the winter morning, and forthwith received her ministers for work. These ministers were little else than clerks, to whom she dictated dispatches and decrees, her own brain being sole council of state.

In youth she had been beautiful, and when Stedingk first saw her, there remained abundant traces of her early charms. A brilliant, pure complexion, aquiline nose, comely mouth, and blue eyes deepened under dark brows, but softening with a smile gentle and winning, are all gracefully recorded by one of the most accomplished and observant foreigners at her court. Her dress, at this period, when the outlines of her figure began to betray the effects of time, was an ample robe, garnished with embroidery and jewels, and made with wide falling sleeves, after the ancient costume of Moscow. Her portrait, the usual gift of a condescending sovereign, was one of Stedingk's early tokens of her favor. The picture, although failing, perhaps, in justice to a proverbial majesty of look, recalls forcibly the superb features of Siddons, as drawn in the modern Tragic Muse.

Such was the famous empress of whom Stedingk became the much-trusted confidant. She is said to have never abandoned a friend or an undertaking; her constancy being unbounded in all relations of life, save that which a faithless and unworthy husband, "like the base

Judean, richer than all his tribe," taught her to fling valueless away.

Catherine and Gustavus, late mortal enemies, were now loving friends. The new relations were brought, by the adroit management of Stedingk, to a pitch of mutual enthusiasm, which fast ripened into a coalition against France. The plan was drawn out in full, and the ambition of Gustavus rejoiced in the prospect of leading allied Swedes and Russians to the rescue of French "legitimacy." The project which might have led to great events, was cut short by the murder of the king. In the midst of an activity, in strong contrast with the negligence of his first campaign, he fell a victim, at last, to the hostility of his offended and uncompromising nobles. He had been cautioned earnestly by many friends at home and abroad against a conspiracy well known on the other side of the Baltic. Even on the day of the fatal masquerade, he received a letter urging him not to attend it. All such counsel, however, he treated with disdain, and wrapping himself in a domino with silken mask, he entered the theatre at midnight. A dozen masks collecting together, and without apparent rudeness, managed presently to surround him, and the report of a pistol, although scarcely louder than the buzz of conversation, or the clang of the orchestra, startled and terrified the assembly. The poor king fell, mortally wounded, in the arms of his devoted Count Armfelt. Utter confusion followed. An immense crowd, swaying to and fro, dispersed the conspirators. The pistol was found upon the floor, but the hand that pointed it was hidden among the innocent. Gustavus alone seemed to preserve his presence of mind. "Let the doors be closed," he exclaimed; "let all unmask," and looking around upon every face, and seeing but one general expression of alarm and grief, a natural greatness in his soul rose uppermost. "God grant," said he, "God grant he may escape!" There were nine accomplices present. Eight of them left the theatre with the awe-stricken crowd, all alike examined, but passing out without suspicion. A single guest still lingered, the most impressed apparently of all who had been present, and at length, slowly and sadly approaching the officer of the guard, saluted courteously and said, "As for me, sir, I trust you entertain no suspicion of me." This man was the assassin.

He also passed unsuspected; and in the solitude there was now no evidence beyond the curdled blood upon the floor, the pistol already found, and the knife sharpened like a dagger, which lay beneath a pile of masks and artificial flowers. The pistol sufficed. An armorer declared to whom he had lately sold it. The purchaser, a nobleman, named Ankarström, lately commanding a troop of life-guards, at once avowed the act and the cause. He had been tried a short time before for some misdemeanor, and although acquitted, resolved upon revenge. A desperate man, in short, he readily listened to the conspiracy, and became its agent. His accomplices, names among the highest in the realm, were disclosed immediately, but most of them escaped, while Ankarström died as cruel a death as human ingenuity could devise.

Meanwhile, Gustavus was slowly dying. His last hours were the greatest of his life. He forgave his assassins. He prayed his brother to watch over the tender years of his son; he named a council of state for the regency; appointed Armfelt governor of the city, and surrounded by his family, died with words of faith and love still trembling on his lips.

He was a picturesque, romantic king; at one time, like his ancestor, Gustaf-Vasa, haranguing the Dalesmen, in their Mora valleys, and again, marching victoriously at their head against the invading Danes. The tourist throughout Sweden will find a traveller's interest constantly recurring to his story. His beautiful opera house fronts upon the great square of Stockholm, the death scene of its founder, and the cradle of Jenny Lind. Royal blood has left its mark upon the stage, as lasting as the poor Italian's in the hall of Holyrood. Does it troop fitly with the first note of Lind, and the first bound of Taglioni? These, at least, are its fellows in local fame, and the traveller who recalls the "actor" sneer of Catherine, may moralize them like the melancholy Jacques, into a thousand similes.

Stedingk had hitherto met with no misfortune so distressful. His manly heart bitterly deplored the fate of his benefactor. He had no friend whom he loved so well; his boyish playmate, companion of youth, and comrade in arms; and to these endearing recollections there was added, on the part of Stedingk, an inherent loyalty of disposition, which signaled the ardor of

his personal affections. He was destined to a series of similar trials. A few months later his friend, Count Fersen, himself soon to be torn in pieces by a mob, sent him first intelligence of the death of Marie Antoinette.* Fersen's devotion to the unhappy queen is well known. Evil spirits have tried to blacken her memory with reproach in this, and the same defamers would have given their own color to the emotion pictured in Fersen's correspondence. In the following letter, which was found reverently preserved among Stedingk's private papers, there is a depth of feeling unmistakably the offering of an honorable heart. I trust these traits may still be discovered in an English version.

"Brussels, 21-October, 1792."

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—

"The certainty of your faithful sympathy could alone induce me to write to you in this moment of grief; and the certainty of your devotion to a princess whose fate we can now only deplore, leads me, my friend, to send you the news of her death. Let us weep together. She has been put to death by savage monsters. Her condemnation and execution required but two days. I have no positive details yet, but her great soul, and the courage she has shown in four years of wretchedness, well warrant a heroism for the last hours of a life so beautiful. Your heart shares my grief, and you heart only can conceive it. It is beyond the sense of words.

"AXEL FERSEN."

Count Axel von Fersen, the chief of an ancient Swedish family, was educated principally at the military academy of Turin. He entered the service of his country a captain of dragoon guards; but wearied with inactivity, he followed Stedingk to Versailles, and became his comrade in the "Royal Regiment of Swedes." He was nine years younger than Stedingk (having been born in 1755), and served in our revolution later than he, under Rochambeau, receiving from Washington's own hands the badge of the Cincinnati. Upon his return to France, he was named colonel of his old regiment. A remarkable elegance of person, much wealth, and talents of a showy order, soon obtained for

him high consideration at court, and he became a devoted, fascinated adherent of the Bourbons. The queen, especially, distinguished him, and in the memorable flight to Varennes, he was the disguised coachman of the unhappy fugitives. They were overtaken and captured, and Fersen escaped to Prague, where he was secretly employed by Gustavus the Third, in furthering the Russian and Swedish project for re-instating the French royal family. The plan was, as we have seen, cut short by the murder of Gustavus. The guillotine began its fearful work in Paris, and there was no French exile wandering about the world more wretched than this faithful Swede. He returned at last to his native country. Wealth, rank, royal favor, and fine capacities, elevated him to high trust and dignity. He became the favorite of the king. His sister enjoyed, in an equal degree, the favor of the queen, and both grew haughty and unpopular. Fersen was made Grand Marshal of Sweden, and a host of enemies plotted his ruin. Opportunity soon served. The sudden death of the crown prince gave rise to suspicion. Poison and the Fersens were words whispered together in the ears of the people. Suspicion and resentment spread like a dark cloud over the city, and the sight of Fersen, in his gilded coach of state, marshalling the funeral pageant, was a signal for the storm to burst. The troops looked on with indifference. They lined the street, but it does not appear that a single hand was raised in defence of the victim, whom the mob slowly and deliberately tortured to death.† The sister, disguised as a Dalecarlian peasant girl, was hunted furiously through the country, and after infinite peril, escaped across the Baltic.

Stedingk, still at St. Petersburg, learned the news of his friend's death in a dispatch from the Swedish Foreign Office. His official acknowledgment of this dispatch is characteristic.

* That which is most unhappy in this atrocious crime, is the dishonorable mark it leaves upon the Swedish name. It can never be effaced unless the swiftest, severest punishment prove to the world the horror with which a deed like this inspires the nation. If I were insensible to the fate of a friend whose worth and honor no one

* With these also should be enumerated the execution of his first commander, Count d'Estaing, under circumstances which, if Lord Mahon be reliable, must have changed Stedingk's natural grief into a much more distressful sentiment.—Mahon's Hist., chap. lviii.

† Swenskt Konversations Lexikon.

knew so well as I,—if I were indifferent to the danger which must threaten the country if this crime go unpunished, my horror of popular cruelty and wrong would be none the less,—especially when such a wrong is allied with the basest perfidy.”

The event is enveloped in mystery, dark as any legend of the past. The actors and their accomplices are gone, to be judged where no human witnesses need be summoned. Fersen's memory remains among men as of a guiltless and heroic victim, but his name has gone from among the generations. Family halls which the last of his line decorated with princely state, are tenanted by strangers. A palace and its terraces, eminently adorning the Stockholm Grand Canal, like the Foscari balconies of another Venice, are not, like these, however, a monument tottering to decay, but the beautiful abode of living active kindness;

and he who tracing legends to their source, may hope to find an ivy-bound ruin for the monument of Fersen, should here rejoice in a gentle picture of family, surpassing the charm of moss-grown towers. These may chime with the muffled tone of a dark history, but it is well when the music of human life may be tuned to a happier key.

Gustavus the Third was succeeded by his youthful son, the most unfortunate of his race, “Gustavus the Fourth, Adolphus.” The uncle of the young king assumed the regency, and with a policy diametrically opposed to the late reign, recognized at once, the Republic of France. Sweden was thus the first kingdom to take this step. Throughout all these changes Stedingk continued at his post in St. Petersburg, enjoying entirely the confidence of his own government, and the very decided partiality of Catherine.

PLURALITY OF WORLDS.

I KNOW not if those wondrous orbs of light,
Which gaze upon us like immortal eyes,
And with their sweet looks cheer the darkling skies,
What time the shadowy hours lead on the night,
Their courses keep, impenetrably bright,
For worlds and beings of another birth
Than we and ours, or only shed on earth
Infinite loveliness and deep delight;
Either were fit; but though, beyond all sight,
Glorious they fill immeasurable space,
Enough, that when He sought earth's ruined race,
His heralds they along th' empyreal height,
And they his glittering pavement, when He strode
His path triumphant home through heaven's resplendent road.

IDEM LATINÆ REDDITUM.

NE SCIO, certè, quæ volvuntur sidera coelo,
Atque oculis inde immortalibus aspiciunt nos,
Sub grato quorum lucet mox vespera vultu,
Horæ quum incipiunt velatae ducere noctem,
Si teneant cursus latos, fulgentia semper,
Orbibus æque aliis, necnon aliisque creatis,
Nos ultra et nostra; aut solùm terræ super orbem
Laetitia aetheriam diffundant et decus alium;
Aptum utrumque; etsi sint, non flammantia nobis,
Sidera, coeli gaudia, pervadentia vastum;
Sufficit, ut Servatorem ipsum hominis venientem
Prædicabant lumina quæque per aethera candent,
Illi endemque pavementum sunt facta coruscans,
Quum victor coelum rediens hinc advenit altum.

AMERICAN WINES.

"**A** MERICAN WINES!" says John Bull, setting down his glass of untasted port in amazement. "American Wines! If Catawba and Isabella once get domiciled in the London docks, there is an end, sir, to church and state, constitution, loyalty, liberty of the subject, army and navy, game laws, magna charta, pension list, courts of chancery, royal prerogative, and, in fact, sir, to everything that is respectable. The time has come, sir, when it is the duty of every Briton to set his face against these new-fangled enterprises. Catawba! faugh! bring me some small beer!"

There are many persons, even on this side of the Atlantic, who look at objects through a reversed glass, very much like our respected relative on the other side. They remind one of those old Austrian generals who said of Napoleon, "This fellow does not fight according to our established system of tactics; he is an innovator; look at his troops! instead of having their hair powdered and properly put up in a pigtail, every head in the army of France is cropped, and he even presumes to substitute loose trousers for tight breeches and spatterdashes; perfectly absurd, to pretend to carry on a campaign without the proper—Hark! The French drums again; let's be off, fly, run, never mind the colors, in time this young man will find out his error; we will abandon the field to him for the present, and, by-and-by, come back and *retake it!*"

Let us look through the green spectacles of this Monthly of ours, and see things in a new light, at least.

There seems to be a perpetual balance of compensation throughout the world. Art has exhausted itself in the Greek marble. Not so; painting succeeds, and the "Virgin" of Raphael finds devotees more numerous than the "Jupiter Olympius" of Phidias. Cadmus brings the alphabet from Phœnicia; Egypt invents papyrus; the jealousy of the Ptolemies prevents Eumenes of Pergamis obtaining enough of this article for his library, so he substitutes parchment; paper supersedes parchment; Faust leaves his imprint on the paper, and goes off in a cloud of brimstone to the other world; and Morse, guiding an element hitherto the most intangible and impracticable in nature, flashes intelligence across a continent in a second. So, too,

the master ship-builder, looking at the place where the live oak forest stands no more, says, "We must build ships of iron." So, too, we substitute coal for wood, gas for oil, steam for sails. For every want there is a compensation.

How does it stand with wines?

This is an important question. The tendrils of the vine, are intertwined with civilization and refinement in every age. "The thyrsus guides the savage and ungovernable panthers;" so the Greek loved to typify its power over barbaric nature. To Bacchus, more than to any other god, do the ancients ascribe the greatest achievements; "especially was he celebrated for his advancement of morals, legislation and commerce, for the culture of the vine and the rearing of bees." There are mysterious truths in that old heathen mythology; truths well worth the attention of the wise in these blatant tinsel days, when the most brilliant assortment of public virtues is kept on hand constantly by every threadbare politician, and exposed to the crowd, like gold watches in a mock-auction shop. "For every want there is a compensation;" and now, while large bodies of men are moved by the temperance question, at the very outstart, it is important to consider this, and to estimate what effect the culture of the vine will have upon the American people. If we compare the vine-growing with the non-vine-growing countries of Europe, we find that drunkenness, with its car-loads of evil, traverses the non-producing north only, while the south furnishes a prevailing example of national sobriety. Let us turn our eyes, then, to these great facts, and profit by them, instead of watching the efforts of political philanthropists, who seem obstinately bent upon driving human nature tandem through every state, with a horse-whip. And in this relation it is well to observe, that by the abstract of the seventh census, we are informed that the imports of foreign wines in the United States for the year 1851, amounts to little over six millions of gallons, while our home manufactures of whisky, ale, and spirituous liquors, reached the enormous sum of eighty-six millions of gallons; one quarter of a gallon for each person, and in value only ten cents per year, is the fearful wine score of this inebriated nation, while temperate France consumes nine hun-

dred millions of gallons of wine, equal to 254 gallons to every man, woman, and child (of either sex) in her population. Place six millions of American consumption against nine hundred millions of French consumption and let the balance stand in favor of the soberest nation.

Twenty years ago (in 1834) there was a little book published in Philadelphia, entitled, "Observations on the character and culture of the European Vine, during a residence of five years in the vine-growing districts of France, Italy, and Switzerland," by S. I. Fisher.* Whether the writer be living or dead we know not, but there never was a truer patriot, nor a soberer. And the day must come when among our national benefactors, few will rank higher than the names of Adlum, Dufour, Longworth, and Fisher, our pioneers in grape culture in this country. In reading the writings of each and every one, we are impressed with the warm, constant, and devoted patriotism by which they are actuated. Adlum, in the preface to his book,* says:

"A desire to be useful to my countrymen has animated all my efforts, and given a stimulus to all my exertions. It is this desire, in connection with a wish to satisfy the numerous inquiries that have been made upon the subject, that I have been led to undertake the present work, which, I hope, will induce others to follow my example, in cultivating the vine, and be the means of spreading a knowledge of the subject among my fellow-citizens. As I am advancing in years, and know not when I may be called hence, I am solicitous that the information I have acquired should not die with me."

Dufour, who, although an alien, seems influenced by the most ardent love of this country and its institutions, takes the pilgrim's staff, and not only returns to visit the vine-growing countries of the old world, but also those places in the United States where the vine has had a foothold. He says:

"I went to see all the vines growing that I could hear of, even as far as Kaskaskia, on the borders of the Mississippi; because I was told by an inhabitant of that town, whom I met with in Phi-

ladelphia, that the Jesuits had there a very successful vineyard, when that country belonged to the French, and were afterwards ordered by the French government to destroy it, for fear the culture of the grape should spread in America and hurt the wine trade of France."

The results of Dufour's journeyings and experiments are embraced in a volume which, even to this day, is a text-book for the cultivators in the west.†

Contemporary with Adlum and Dufour we find Longworth, of Cincinnati, whose unintermitting labors in vine culture for more than thirty years have at last been crowned with success. "To Mr. Longworth, more than to any other man in the West, we are most indebted for our knowledge in grape culture," is the language of Mr. Buchanan, the author of an invaluable little treatise on American vines and wines. And like Adlum and Dufour, we perceive in all his writings on the vine, the same constant endeavor to promote national prosperity, national temperance, and national hilarity.

Lastly, Fisher, whose sojourn for five years in France, Italy, and Switzerland, was solely for the purpose of obtaining information upon this important subject, returns, and lays his tribute on the altar of the Republic. Let us see what he says regarding temperance:

"I have passed three years in France, where I never saw a drunken Frenchman. Eighteen months in Italy, and in that time, not an Italian intoxicated. Nearly two years in Switzerland, of which I cannot say the same, but I can safely aver, that during that period, I did not see twenty drunken men; and whenever my feelings were pained at beholding a prostration so sad over better principles, it was invariably on an occasion of extraordinary festivity."

Again, in another page, he thus advises us:

"The cultivation of the vine will do more towards the furtherance of this object, than a host of non-consuming resolutions. On all efforts shall legislators look with indifference, and withhold from the moral improvement of the

* A Memoir of the cultivation of the vine in America, and the best mode of making wine. By John Adlum, Washington, D. C., 1833.

† The American Vine Dresser's Guide, being a treatise on the cultivation of the vine and the process of wine making; adapted to the soil and climate of the United States: by JOHN JAMES DUFOUR, formerly of Switzerland, and now an American citizen, cultivator of the vine from childhood, and for the last twenty-five years occupied in that line of business: first in Kentucky, and now on the borders of Ohio, near Vevay, Indiana. Cincinnati, 1836.

community the aid so liberally granted to railways, and canals, and sectional improvements? We hope otherwise, and that the fostering hand of government, in aid of the numerous associations for ameliorating the condition of man, will be extended to the cultivation of the vine. To the system that should banish intemperance from our land, will be justly due a conspicuous rank among the improvements of the age. It is from this cultivation that we can confidently hope such a blessing, a blessing which shall infuse throughout the land a life-giving energy, and imbue with the happiest influence the moral atmosphere that surrounds us, an influence (to borrow the language of a distinguished historian) 'more salutary than that which the vestals of Numa derived from the sacred fount of Egeria, when they drew from it the mystic waters with which they sprinkled the sanctuary.'

Wherever the vine flourishes, there, too, is a happy people. The vintage! What pictures rise upon the mind at the mere mention of it! What memories cluster around it; what skies and scenes; what happy songs; what festive dances! What images of gay Provence, sunny Andalusia, and the castellated Rhine! What names of poets and orators; of architects and sculptors; of columns, vases, urns, friezes; of satyrs, nymphs, and dryads; of cymbals, trumpets, harps; of "breathless cups and chirping mirth;" of graceful youth, and happy age; of heroes, prophets, gods; of all that makes the antique world "a thing of beauty, and a joy for ever;" and, united with all that is noble and sacred in the history of man!

"O for a draught of vintage, that hath been
Cooled a long age in the deep-dell'd earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country-green,
Dance, and Provencal song, and sun-burnt
mirth!
O, for a beaker full of the warm south,
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
With bearded bubbles winking at the brim,
And purple stain'd mouth;
That I might drink, and leave the world, unseen,
And with thee fade away into the forest dim."

So sings Keats to the Nightingale, so may we sing, and haply not in vain.

As a source of national prosperity, the cultivation of the vine can have no rival. By its wonderful productiveness in the most sterile soils, the ease with which it is attended, its not requiring the use of fertilizers or manures, and its suitability to nearly every climate, it supersedes, in

value, the most profitable staples in the vegetable kingdom.

Buchanan, in the preface to the fifth edition of his work "on grape culture and wine making," says:

"The year 1853 (in Ohio) was the most favorable since 1848, and the yield unusually large, averaging about 650 gallons to the acre, from the best cultivated vineyards, and from a few, 800 to 900 gallons. The writer obtained from five acres 4236 gallons, or 847 gallons per acre. In some parts of the country, the crop was shortened by 'the rot,' and in many vineyards by careless cultivation; so that the average yield for the whole country did not exceed 400 gallons to the acre."

Think of it! and wine worth one dollar per gallon at the press!

A gentleman in Midway, Kentucky, a cultivator of the vine, writes us:—

"Wine can be made as cheap in Kentucky as it is in France or Germany; it can be made as cheap as cider, and at fifteen cents per gallon it will pay better than any of our staple productions. And now for the proof—say that an acre of vines will average 400 gallons.

"400 gallons of wine, at 15c., is \$60.

"An acre of our best land in hemp will average six hundred weight.

"600 weight of hemp, at \$5, is \$30.

"Leaving a balance in favor of the vineyard \$30 or 100 per cent.

"One acre of corn will average fifty bushels, worth thirty cents per bushel.

"50 bushels, at thirty cents, is \$15.

"Leaving balance in favor of the vineyard \$45.

"The expenses of establishing a vineyard will be balanced by the cost of seeds of hemp and corn sown annually, making all things equal in that respect. The tillage of the vineyard, and making wine, is not so laborious, nor near so expensive per acre, as the tillage and labor of securing the products of an acre of corn or hemp. If we could get one dollar per gallon for wine when ready for market, or fifty cents per gallon from the press, what a source of wealth it would be! Set it down at half these figures, and the gold mines of California would be poor in comparison. Only to think that 100 acres in vineyard, the products at fifty cents per gallon, amounts to \$20,000 per annum! A man having five acres, which he could manage himself, would find them more profitable than a Kentucky farm of two hundred acres, with three negroes to cultivate it."

Let us turn from these pleasing prospects for Kentucky, and look at the annual income France derives from the poorest and (for other purposes) the most worthless of her lands.

The actual returns from the departments of France, show a grand total of about 924,000,000 of gallons, as the yearly produce, of which, in round numbers, about 24,000,000 of gallons are exported. It is impossible to estimate the value of these wines, so various are the qualities and prices; the vintage of a favorite year, in some districts, will command double and triple the price of those preceding or succeeding. Estimating the entire crop at 15 cents the gallon, however, we find the net amount reaches the not inconsiderable total of \$188,600,000. One hundred and thirty-eight millions, six hundred thousand dollars! And this from wine at five cents a bottle! A sum more than sufficient to pay off our national debt, or purchase Cuba, or buy a large piece of South America, perhaps enough to include the Amazon; and all in a single year. Here, in a country of such vast extent, embracing every climate, with hillsides and plains favorable for the cultivation of the grape, and native vines overspreading the forests and marshes, in almost every state; we, professing to be a great agricultural people, so far, have closed our eyes to these great facts, and, except in a few instances, neglected to avail ourselves of the most fruitful source of national wealth ever within the reach of man.

Let us look at another fact. We have seen by Mr. Buchanan's report, that the average yield for the whole State of Ohio, was about 400 gallons of wine to the acre, including vineyards ill and well-cultivated. This, also, is the estimate of the probable yield in Kentucky. The mean produce per hectare in France, is 617 gallons; a hectare being little less than two and a half acres (2,471), equivalent to little over two hundred and fifty-nine gallons to the acre. But as we advance southward in the States, we find the vine more luxurious in growth than in Ohio and Kentucky. The famous Scuppernon sometimes covers acres of ground with a single vine, the stalk of which is measured by feet in circumference, and the weight of the grapes by tons. So, too, the Isabella is a most prolific bearer in this neighborhood. A gentleman in the country, within an hour's ride of New York, planted a single acre with the favorite vine, and he estimates the

produce from it at four tons of grapes per annum. In productiveness the American vines will compare with those of France; and as to the quality and value of the wine, let him say, who has tasted our common country wine and the common country wine of France, which is the best. We have ventured to place our wines in comparison, not with the "*Vin du pays*," but with the most famous vintages of Europe, and even then the verdict has resulted usually in favor of the American wine. So that in quantity and quality we may venture to vie with France at least, although the temerity of the act is almost equal to that which once prompted us to cross bayonets with the veterans of King George the Third, of pious memory.

Not alone in the production of wine is this great staple valuable. The seeds of grapes are eaten by birds; and a fine fixed oil, similar to olive oil, is made from them in Parma, Lombardy, and other parts of Italy, suitable either for cooking or burning in lamps. The cuttings of the vines are always salable to propagate new vineyards; the leaves can be used to feed cattle, and they are fond of them. The finest printer's ink is made from the carbon of the charred stalks of old vines. And from the lees of wine we get cream of tartar, which no family should be without. And then the raisins! whether it be from the enormous crop of children raised annually in our States, or from some other unknown reason, we import more raisins than all the rest of the world put together! Three times as many as England, seven and a half times as many as France, thirteen times as many as Germany, fourteen times as many as Holland, twenty-one and a quarter times as many as Italy, and two hundred and fifty times as many as his majesty the Ozar. To the rising generation, or citizens in the pod, this is of more consequence than all the rest. We might refer to the energy and activity that would be given to certain mechanical trades by this new element in home productions. Before the introduction of Croton water in New York, a dozen plumbers would have been sufficient for all the city,—now plumbing is a leading profession, and plumbers are as plenty as rogues. So, too, if vine culture take a prominent place in America, must glasshouses flourish, and coopers increase and multiply; tanners will find employment in making bungs; and a lively trade spring up in live-oak staves

for barrels, and hoop-poles for hoops. Oaisers will have to be grown for baskets, and a thousand new wants arise to employ thousands of hands. So much for the vine as a source of natural prosperity.

It may be as well to refer here to another fact in political economy. In non-vine-growing countries, where the use of wine is interdicted by extravagant duties, the consumption of spirits increases in an alarming degree. England, with a population of 24,000,000, consumes 28,000,000 gallons of spirits (exclusive of porter, ale and beer), while France, with a population of 33,000,000, consumes but 15,000,000 of her own brandies, and of these a large proportion is used in manufactures, in fortifying wines for shipment, and in the preparation of fruits and confections, made only in her own territories. We have seen that the manufacture of whisky, spirits, and ale, for home consumption in the United States, amounts to 86,000,000 of gallons. This is *exclusive* of exports! A pretty formidable nut to be cracked by the Carson League, or any other. Our extravagant duties on wines heretofore, have done more to encourage intemperance than the most cunning device that could be invented by the Father of Mischief. In regard to the high duties of England, Redding says:

"The enormity of the duty is the cause of the diminished consumption of

wine. A gallon of foreign brandy will be diluted in drinking with three gallons of water, in all four gallons, paying 15s. duty, worth, with the cost of the article, about 20s. Four gallons of wine pay 23s. 6d. duty, worth, at prime cost, from 8s. 6d. to 20s. the gallon, as the case may be. Now the wine of the highest price will not contain more than ten or twelve per cent. of brandy, nor any wine of more than sixteen or seventeen. The stimulant powers of the spirit and water are, therefore, much greater, at a rate vastly cheaper, even with the enormous duty on foreign brandy. How much more is this the case with whisky and home-made spirit, at half the duty of the foreign! An *ad valorem* duty on wine is not possible in practice, therefore the duty should be reduced one-half at least. We profess a high regard for public morals, we talk about improving the circumstances of the people; yet in typhus, which ravages England so fearfully, wine, the main remedy, is shut out from the poor, while its liberal administration is necessary. So with the fevers of our marshy districts; wine and bark are the sole dependence, yet the last is forbidden by the price, which is a positive cruelty. The people are encouraged to drink ardent spirit in consequence—but then the revenue profits?

The consumption of wine in England for the undermentioned years was in proportion to the population:

Year.	Population.	Gallons.	
1700	5,475,000	5,922,504	French, Spanish, Portuguese, and German only.
1750	6,467,000	3,594,912	Ditto. Duties being raised.
1801	8,873,980	7,006,310	Of all kinds. Imperial Gallons.
1811	1,068,676	5,840,374	Ditto. Ditto.
1821	11,976,375	5,016,569	Ditto. Ditto.
1831	13,869,675	6,286,637	Ditto. Ditto.
1841	15,911,735	6,134,960	Ditto. Ditto.
1851	17,923,763	6,443,517	Ditto. Ditto.

Scotland for three periods:

Year.	Population.	Gallons.
1801	1,599,066	817,283
1811	1,805,688	840,247
1821	2,096,456	890,900

The duty in 1801 was £1,922,987, and in 1821, £1,797,491, with an increase of population in the latter year of 2,399,696. In 1841 the duty was only £1,800,127. It is clear the people of England drank in 1700 three times as much wine in proportion as they do now. The natural consequence has been the increased consumption of spirits. From 1730 to 1830, the consumption of British made spirits

increased from 873,840 gallons to 7,732,101, keeping pace with the increase of crime; as if not only the temperature of the atmosphere, but the amount of misery, poverty, and crime, were to be gauged by alcohol. Ireland, in 1821, paid duty only on 2,649,170 imperial gallons of home made spirits, but in 1823 on no less than 9,004,539 imperial gallons. In 1849 the amount was reduced

to 6,973,333 imperial gallons. Scotland, in 1784, distilled but 268,508 common gallons of spirit; in 1833, 5,988,556. Thus there were made in England, in the year ending January 5, 1850, 9,053,676 imperial gallons; Scotland, 6,935,003; Ireland, 6,973,333. The total being 22,962,012 gallons. It is, therefore, a fact, however much of an anomaly it may appear, that inebriety in this country has increased with the diminution of the wine consumption, and morals as well as health have suffered by the same decrease, and the augmented use of ardent spirit."

Experience is, or should be, a lamp to the feet of statesmen, and the statement made by this accomplished writer, that in proportion to the population, three times as much wine was drank in England 150 years ago as now, should not be disregarded. Place wine within the reach of all classes, and King Alcohol will have to bundle off with the Fool and Mad Tom.

If then, supplanting intemperance with temperance, opening new and profitable sources of employment, both to farmer and mechanic, increased revenues, decreased imports, national prosperity, and national happiness, be objects worthy of our warmest desires, surely the subject of this article is entitled to our profoundest consideration.

Let us look at the present condition of the vine in the Old World. It is almost unnecessary to say that there is not an indigenous grape in Europe. The stock is of Asiatic origin, and both history and fable unite in attributing it to the Orient. The Phœnicians introduced its culture on the Islands of the Archipelago, in Greece, in Sicily; lastly in Italy and in the territories of Massalia (Marseilles). Thence it extended over the whole South of France, and the Johnny Grapeau, in the times of Solon and Sappho, had their claret and olives: and probably drank to the health of Nebuchadnezzar when he captured Jerusalem, June 9th, 587 B. C.

The next important event connected with its history was the succession of Domitian, the "cruel and rapacious," who ordered its extirpation as well as the extirpation of Christianity. Two hundred years after, the "wise and valiant" Probus restores to Gallia Antiqua, liberty to plant vines. "The remem-

brance of that culture, and of the great advantage procured by it, was not yet all gone from the memory of men; tradition had kept even the details most necessary in the art of vine-dressing. The vines, brought again from Sicily, Greece, the Archipelago, and Africa, became the origin of those innumerable species of grapes that now cover France. It was a charming and grand spectacle, to see crowds of men, women and children, spontaneously and eagerly devoting themselves with enthusiasm to that grand and sublime restoration of liberty—to replant vineyards. Effectually, all could take part in it—for the culture of grape vines has that peculiar to itself, that in details it offers occupation to suit the strength of both sexes of all ages."

To Helicon, a blacksmith of Helvetia, is ascribed the honor of first introducing the vine in Switzerland. This was in the days of Julius Cæsar. The slips came from Italy. Germany gives the paternity of the Rhine grape to the Asiatic Bacchus. Spain and Portugal furnish no history of the introduction of the vine in their prolific territories, but the earliest mention of the wines of Hispania and Lusitania does not antedate the Christian era. Martial, himself a native of Bibrax, on the Spanish river Iberus, praises the wines of Tarragona (Ep. XIII.) and so does Silius Italicus. Some etymologists have even ventured to assert that Xeres is but a corruption of the name of the place in Persia from whence all the vines in Europe are derived—"Shiraz." At all events there is not an indigenous grape in Europe. The vines have been propagated by cuttings and layers, year after year, century after century. The "*malleoli*" (cuttings) or "*mergi*" (layers) afforded the means by which the Roman husbandmen of the Augustan age planted new vineyards: precisely the modern method of culture. If we could replace the pieces on the parent vines, we might have a chronological plant, running through many thousands of years back to its wild ancestor on the mountains of Ferdistan.

Differences of soil and climate effect important alterations in the grape, yet doubtless there were many different species among the wild vines of Persia. Thus, in the variety of wines we still discover a family likeness in the Johannesberger of the Rhine; the Amontillado of Spain, and the Sercial of Madeira: es-

essentially different in flavor, yet alike in the peculiar properties of dryness, delicacy and superior value over all other wines of their respective countries. So, too, we may trace the Burgundy grape in the Collares (of the little parish of that name, near Cintra, in Portugal), the Tinto of Madeira, and the Aasmannshäuser of the Rhine; while the Muscadine furnishes examples in the Malvasia, or Malmsey of Madeira, the Malvasia of Italy, the sweet wines of Malaga, and the Constantia of the Cape of Good Hope. That these varieties sprang from stocks of different species among the wild grapes, is not unreasonable. Our native vines afford a wonderful assortment of flavors, from the excessively sweet Muscadines of Georgia, to the dryest of all wines, "the Herbemont," of North Carolina.

"Let us look at the present condition of the vine in Europe," we have said; and the reader, by this time, naturally inquires what all this has to do with it. Very much, good reader, lend us still a little patience, and we will get along bravely.

A few years ago there appeared a disease among the vines of Madeira, which, up to the present time, has not ceased; and so extensive have been its ravages that entire districts have been completely stripped, not only of the grapes, but of the vines themselves. The disease first manifests itself upon the berries and leaves, then extends to the branches, and finally attacks the body of the vine itself, which speedily dies. Singularly enough, the disease was first observed in the graperies of an English gentleman, Mr. Tucker, from whom it is named the "*Oidium Tuckeri*." Simultaneously, the vines on the Duoro were affected; the grapes of Medoc; on the Charente (whence we get our fine Cognacs); in the south of Spain; in Italy, and, in fact, more or less throughout the wine countries of the Old World. The more hardy vines of the north, in Burgundy, on the Rhine, and in the Champagne district, appear less susceptible of its effects; but there is no doubt but that the famous wines of the south, in the course of a few years, will be no more. In Madeira, the grape-vines are rooted up and cast out from the most celebrated vineyards; the old established wine-houses are winding

up their affairs as speedily as possible; commerce has ceased almost entirely; and this once famous island presents as cheerless an aspect as the shop of a bankrupt, with its empty shelves, its dusty desk, its old, mouldy ledgers, and the discolored space where once the sign stood, in all its gilded glory. Not less fatal has been its appearance in Portugal; the "Old Port" which Englishmen were wont to praise, is no longer yielded by the generous grape of the Douro. In Italy, the Orvieto and the Monte Fiascone will soon be historical wines only—wines of traditional excellence, like the famous Chian and Falernian, of Horatian memory; and France, proud France, has yet to see her dreariest days. "Not a working-man in France is now able to have his customary bottle of wine," is the information conveyed in a letter from a gentleman whose extensive information in regard to the wines of his native country may not be disputed.* If, then, we call to mind that all the wines of Europe are of one stock, derived, mainly, from the wild grape of Persia, that these have been propagated by one method only, layers or cuttings, through many centuries,—that this is opposed to the method by which nature reproduces its kinds, and that one common, fatal disorder has attacked these vines at the same time—a disorder whose end is certain extermination, we must incline to the belief that some general cause must have produced so general an effect. It cannot be in the climate, for climates vary; it cannot be in the soil, for soils vary; it cannot be in the culture, for cultures vary; nor can it be in the species, for species vary. What if it be in the method of propagation? What, if cutting after cutting, have, at last, exhausted the reproductive powers of nature, even in the vine, the most hardy of her children? This is not unworthy of consideration. The potato, subjected to the same treatment, yields up its Irish ghost in less than three centuries; and why not the vine, in more than twenty? Europe may have to return to the wild grapes of Ferdistan for her future vineyards, or she may supplant her Chateau Margaux and Sercials, with the Catawbas and Souppernongs of America.†

The average produce of the vineyards

* M. G. F. Guestière, of Bordeaux, Peer of France, but better known as a member of the house of Barton and Guestière, owners of the estates of Langon, Leoville, Beycheville, and Batallilly.

† Very many American vines have already been planted in Madeira. They, also, are subject to the "*Oidium*," we understand; probably from sympathy. The "*Isabella*," appears in the catalogue of grapes, of Messrs. Audibert Frères, Tonello, Department of Bouches du Rhone, France.

of the old world, heretofore, has been over two thousand millions of gallons of wine annually, an amount almost beyond the limits of finite comprehension. Whither this mighty revenue will drift, as the oriental vine bows before time, fate, and circumstance, is the question? Here, where the soil and climate unite to produce the largest yield, and the spontaneous growth of the grape is without a parallel, here seems to open a golden opportunity. What if we neglect it? What if we embrace it?

The earliest discoverers of America, the Northmen, landed at the island where now Newport stands, and christened the new world "Vineland." "I am not surprised that the Northmen should have called this 'Vineland,'" says an old gentleman of our acquaintance, who was born and bred at Newport; "I can remember, when a boy, seeing the wild grapes growing all over the banks, down to the water's edge."

Sir John Hawkins, who was knighted by Elizabeth, for his services in the action with the Spanish Armada, still better known as the Englishman who introduced the slave-trade, speaks of drinking a wine from American grapes in Florida, in the year 1564—memorable as the birth-year of Shakespeare. "Landonnière says, writing the history of his voyage to Florida in 1562, that the trees were environed about with vines bearing grapes, so that the number would suffice to make the place habitable."* Master Ralph Sone, in 1585, commends the grapes of Virginia—"grapes of such greatness, yet wilde, as France, Spaine, nor Italie have no greater." Vineyards were established in Virginia as early as 1620. Beauchamp Plantagenet, in 1648, commends the wine of Delaware (Uvedale) for its intoxicating qualities. "A

second draught," he quaintly says, "four months old, will ~~size~~^{be} a reasonable pate." William Penn, in 1683, and Andrew Dore, in 1685, attempted to establish vineyards near Philadelphia; Kaskaskia, on the Mississippi, still earlier, had its vineyards planted by the Jesuits; Fort Du Quesne, now Pittsburgh, produced its vines and wines under the French, prior to the year 1758. Volney, who visited America in the year 1796, speaks of drinking an American wine at Gallipolis, Ohio; Dufour, in 1796, speaks of a Frenchman at Marietta, on the Ohio, who was making several barrels a year out of the wild grapes, known by the name of sand grapes. "I drank some of the wine when about four months old, and found it like the wine produced in the vicinity of Paris, in France, if not better." In the beginning of the present century, the vineyards at Spring Mill, near Philadelphia, and the Swiss settlement at Vevay, Indiana (in 1805), were established. At Spring Mill, a variety of foreign grapes were tried and abandoned, but a native vine, "The Schuylkill," an abundant bearer, succeeded well as a wine grape. This, under the name of "the Cape grape," was transplanted to Vevay, Ia., where it flourished many years. It produces a coarse, red wine, of tolerable quality only, not to compare with the wine of the Catawba and Isabella. These two vines, hereafter, may form the great arterial branches through which the future prosperity of the Northern States shall flow. In the next number of the Monthly, we shall pursue the subject. Meanwhile, reader, think of it. Think of the effects of this terrible oïdium in Europe! Think of the thirsty world, minus ten thousand millions bottles of wine, and America the only country able to supply it!

* Redding.

† "Pine," intoxicate.

(To be continued.)

THE STORY OF AN OPERA SINGER.

[From the French of Scudo.]

ON a beautiful day in the month of August, 1826, a young man passed with a dreamy air and a smile of perfect happiness, through a street of the peaceable faubourg Saint Germain. A little girl, about twelve years old, paddling in the dirty water which ran along the gutter, sang this popular refrain:

"A la barrière du Maine,
On mange de bons gâteaux—bon!"

and in letting out this last syllable, she sounded a glorious soprano *la*, which startled the practised ear of the passenger. The young man stopped, looked at the little girl, and said, "So you love to sing, my pretty child?" "Yes, sometimes, sir." "And you are right; for you have a beautiful voice." "You think so?" answered the girl, bridleing prettily. "Do you understand music?" "No, sir." "Would you like to learn?" "Yes; but I am not rich, as you see." "There are schools where they teach for nothing; and if you wish—" "Ah! I do wish, indeed." "Do you live far from here?" "Two steps." "Then lead me there."

The young man followed the little girl, who gambolled before him, and they arrived thus in a gloomy corridor leading to a room, the misery and squalor of which I will refrain from describing. The mother was at work in a corner. The young man saluted her respectfully, and learned from her that, not counting the girl whom he had encountered in the street, she had four children, of whom she was the sole support. He consulted this poor mother upon the precocious talent for music exhibited by her daughter. But to all his questions the mother constantly replied, "You see, sir, that I am too poor to give my daughter the instruction necessary;" so that, finally, the stranger said to her, that if she would consent to abandon a part of her authority over the child, he would undertake to obtain admission for her in a vocal school. "I can but bless you a thousand times." The stranger and the girl, who laughed in merry peals, went away together.

Among the secondary institutions which owed their existence to the munificence of the Restoration, one of the most remarkable, without a doubt, was

the school of classic music founded by Alexander Choron. Called into being in 1816, it disappeared in 1880 with the government which had created it. In spite of its short existence, it had an important influence upon the musical movement of that epoch; and, hereafter, I will tell all that it has done for the propagation of the true principles of the art. At the time when this story commences, Choron was fifty years old. He was a rotund little fellow, almost entirely bald, with a wrinkled face, fine and delicate features, and a lively, smiling countenance, which expressed a rare benevolence. His little eyes were full of life, spirit, and mischief. He did not walk, he ran, he skipped, singing, whistling, now stopping short to reflect, now resuming his course, and not reaching his destination without ten or a dozen such stoppages. All his movements were abrupt. He spoke rapidly, often slapping his forehead, as if to jerk out more rapidly the idea which he wished to utter. He was a man of great talent, variously and profoundly learned.

He studied at the Polytechnic School at the time of its foundation, and distinguished himself; but, carried away by an irresistible love of music, he abandoned the career for which he was destined, to the great dissatisfaction of his family. He studied music at a late day; for he was at least twenty-five years old when he placed himself under the learned instructions of the Abbé Roza. So, although Choron was one of the first theorists of Europe, he never completely controlled the mechanism of composition. The silence of his study and much reflection were necessary for his comprehension of the simplest harmonic combinations; and even these he handled with timidity. But that which distinguished him and made him stand alone, was an exquisite sensibility, a profound feeling for the tone, erudition of a high order, an uncommon knowledge of the history of the art, and, above all, a perception, the far-seeing penetration of which was truly prophetic. Duprez had yet attained but fourteen years and the feeble voice of childhood, when Choron said to him, "Mind me, you will be the first singer of your day."

Both from his constitutional organization and his musical studies, Choron

had an almost exclusive admiration for the old Italian school,—the Scarlattis, the Pergolises, the Porporas, whose works he edited. He initiated his pupils into the knowledge of these great masters: he made them sing those limpid melodies devoid of unmeaning ornaments, but rich with an incomparable beauty. In them the singer is left to his own resources; he must struggle with difficulties the more arduous, because they are all of sentiment.

Thrice a-week all the pupils of Choron, who numbered nearly a hundred, came together in one class, over which the master himself presided. Then strange scenes took place. What pupil of Choron does not remember the beautiful duet of *Roland*, by Piccini, sung by the young Duprez and Mlle. Duperron, now Madame Duprez?

"Médor, vous avez lieu de croire,
Que je m'intéresse à vos jours!"

At these words Choron adjusted his little silken cap, turned up the cuffs of his coat, struck one hand into the other, and cried, "It is not so that that recitative should be sung, mademoiselle. Listen to me." Then he coughed, and recommenced with his little sharp voice:

"Médor, vous avez lieu de croire,
Que je m'intéresse à vos jours!"

Mademoiselle Duperron began again in turn,—

"Médor, vous avez lieu de croire.

"But you haven't it yet, my child. What the devil! This is the expression with which you must give it,"—

"Médor—

(His voice quivered,)

vous avez lieu de croire."

(He struck his forehead, he became agitated.)

"Que je m'intéresse à vos jours!"

(He sobbed, he wept silently and then aloud, and his pupils wept with him.)

Choron was not sufficiently master of that precious sensibility without which there is no great artist. An impressible man, he abandoned himself to the emotion of the moment. He gesticulated, he sung, he laughed, he wept as freely

in the salon of a minister as in his own house. Choron was an excellent man, obliging, generous, ready to aid with his purse and his advice all who were in need of them. He loved his pupils much, and was adored by them. He knew how to awaken their enthusiasm, and to direct them in that way for which they were best fitted. No one could be more passionately devoted to his art than he: he gave himself up to it, body and soul; and this last word will not be thought hyperbolical when it is known that he died of grief at the abandonment of his school by the government of July.

He travelled yearly through the provinces in search of fit scholars. He went through the towns and the villages; he entered the colleges, the boarding-schools, all the establishments for public instruction, where he had all the scholars brought before him. First he examined their physical constitution: then he said, "Sing something for me. Let us see, sing me the gamut, *ut, re, mi, fa*." The child, who understood nothing of all this, stood aghast. "What, you rogue, do you know nothing? Sing me, then, *Ah! vous dirai-je, maman?*" The child sang, and then the master said, "Well done; you have a charming voice; you shall go with me; your fortune is made." Choron returned to Paris with a dozen brats in wooden shoes, whom he presented to us, saying, "Here is the hope of France!"

These last words recall to me an interesting incident in his life.

Among those of his pupils who had made an epoch in the school of Choron, there were four whom he loved much, and whom he always brought forward when he wished to give the best idea of his instruction: these were Duprez, of the opera, Boulanger-Kantzé, an excellent professor of singing in Paris, Vachon, who has left Europe, and he who relates this story. Each of these youths, with more or less of talent, had a particular style which the master had been able to discover and help to form. At sixteen years Duprez already possessed that large style, that *canto spianato*, which has won for him his splendid reputation. On account of the promising talents of these pupils, and the high favor which they enjoyed with the head of the institution, they were honored with the style and title of *artists*. Was there a fête, a dinner, a soirée, Choron presented himself, accompanied by his four evangelists. On breaking-up days, when he

had money, which did not always happen, he stole into the refectory, and whispered to some one of us, "Don't cram so much, there will be some sweetmeats." This was as much as to say that we should go to the Rapee to eat a *matelote*. Then indeed our forks lay idle: we turned up our noses at every thing, even at the lard omelette. Madame Choron, who suspected the plan, grumbled in a reproachful under tone. "They are going to the Rapee." "That, indeed," answered Choron. And he escaped, laughing.

One day he arrived at the school, out of breath. He called all four of us, and said, "Messieurs, here is news! The minister of the palace is changed; he is now a M. de Lauriston, so ill-disposed toward us, that he wishes to suppress the school. I have obtained, with difficulty, that before making such a decision as that, he will hear us. We go this evening. Courage, then! Our future depends upon it. You must sing your best: first, each one an air, afterwards two duets. Duprez, come hither, my lad: you will sing, *O des amantes déités tutélaires*: You, Boulanger, *Oh! que je fus bien inspirée*! You, Vachon, simply that you are, *Di piacer mi balza il cor*: do you understand? *Di piacer mi balza il cor*: and you, my charming Venetian, *Non piu andrai farfallone amoroso*. Ah! Monsieur de Lauriston, so you would bid us good by—*O des amants—Di piacer—Non inandrai*,—he cannot resist: no, no and the conservatoire would be in despair." Saying this, he danced, he laughed, he sung. "All will go well," he added, "very well. Go and brush your coats and your boots, rub up your buttons: be brilliant, dazzling. Above all, eat little: d'ye hear? You shall have a drop of Medoc to elevate your imaginations."

After having dined as sparingly as he had recommended us to do, and covered ourselves with immense chapeaus, which formed a part of our uniform, we left the corner of the Rue Mont Parnasse, and followed the Boulevards. It was a beautiful July evening. The moon flung her lovely light upon the tops of the trees which waved their dense foliage above us. We walked in silence, each charged with a roll of music, following our master, who went on with his head bowed and speechless. We practised under breath, diminishing a tone, venturing upon a roulade, contriving a cadenza. We arrived thus at the Hotel of

the Minister of the Palace, Rue de Grenelle Saint Germain. A terrible thumping of our hearts seized us when the huisier announced—"Monsieur Choron and his pupils."

We entered a vast saloon, where we found a dozen persons. A commanding voice said to Choron, "Are these all your scholars?" "No, your Excellence, they are my best: they are the expectancy of France." "The devil they are!" laughed Lauriston. "Your Excellence shall judge," replied Choron. Then making us all approach, and taking each, in turn, by the hand, "This is the lover," said he, presenting the broad-chested Duprez; "Boulanger, the *demi-caractère*: Vachon, the graceful; and *il signor buffo cantante*." "It seems that you have in your school all styles and all varieties of talent," said the minister, smiling. "Yes, your Excellence, all styles. Duprez, Scudo, sing your beautiful duet from *Bella Nica*." We approached the piano-forte with some lack of confidence, but resolved to make the best of it. Pauseron, who accompanied us, struck a few chords to give us breathing time. At last we began. There was a dead silence: all eyes were bent on us. Ten measures and an approving murmur arose to swell our bosoms. Our voices vibrated, rung—our style became elevated—they covered us with applause. "Charming," we heard on all sides. "Yes, yes, it is charming, it is ravishing," said Choron, his eyes full of tears. "Begin again, my lads; all goes well. The country is saved," he whispered to us. The evening finished as happily as it had begun. We left the hotel of the minister dancing like fools, and throwing our chapeaus above the tops of the trees on the boulevards. The school was sustained, and when we went to the opera the men in office said, as we passed, "There goes the hope of France!"

Such was the school into which the young girl whose story I am relating was about to enter. Her name was Rose Niva. Mademoiselle Rose Niva was not what is usually called a pretty girl. She was too large for her age, meagre, and wanted that grace of manner which is the result of good breeding. But she had a little foot, a charming figure, a face full of character and vivacity, eyes black and gleaming, and a mouth somewhat large, it is true, but made lovely by a smile quite adorable. She had talent, much talent, but no culture. She must needs be unmade and remade.

Lively, fickle, and unaccustomed to restraint, she was difficult to manage. Happily, a rare aptitude and an exquisite sensibility caused great hopes to be entertained of her. Niva's character interested M. Ramier, an intelligent young man, then a professor in the school of Choron. His generous soul was touched at seeing such a beautiful soul crushed by hard fortune. He tendered her a friendly hand, and from that moment he considered it his duty to open for this young girl a way to a happier future.

At first it was but a natural pride in his waif which caused Ramier to present Madlle. Niva to Choron; but this sentiment soon changed and manifested itself in a way which astonished even him.

Mademoiselle Niva was admitted to Choron's school and confided to the particular care of Ramier. His class was composed of men, children, and young girls. It was conducted with the most perfect order; not a word was ever heard to shock propriety. The severity of Ramier was so great in this regard that he was the butt of the pleasantry of his comrades.

The first lessons which Madlle. Niva received from Ramier were original enough. After having presented her to her class-mates, he called her to him, and said, "Mademoiselle Niva; they doubtless speak very ill of me to you, do they not? Own it frankly. They tell you that I am a grumbler, harsh, and hard to please." Niva responded to this question by a mischievous smile. "Well, well," said Ramier, "but you will see that they have calumniated me; for to-morrow I will set you no other task than to wash your face, and after that we will see." A general laugh followed the speech of the professor. On the morrow Niva presented herself in a somewhat better plight. "Now," said Ramier, "you will devote yourself to your hands; and I give you a week for that important ablution." In a week the metamorphosis was complete; the beautiful teeth of Madlle. Niva were as white as ivory, her collar was adjusted with more taste, her hair well combed, her dress in better keeping with her pretty figure; in a word, there was an entirely new aspect in affairs, and the feminine instinct had been aroused.

Ramier then devoted himself to her musical education. Having entire control over her, he watched her with a severe eye, marked out her hours of study, and

made her give him a minute account of her time. Every action of this young girl was under his control; no one could seduce him from his solicitous task, and neither her mother nor Choron ever opposed the will of Ramier.

Little by little Niva's voice, becoming controllable by numerous and well graduated exercises, acquired a remarkable sonority. Enchanted by the progress of his pupil, Ramier no longer confined his instructions to music. The intelligence of Niva was ready for everything; but it was not without much trouble on his part and many tears on hers that it was brought under control. The use of rigorous means was also necessary to bring her into habits of obedience and regular labor. There were many attempts at revolt, many threats of returning to native freedom. But Ramier was immovable: he kept her constantly under the yoke of his will. In other respects Ramier was extremely kind to Niva. He gave her all his time; he neglected his private affairs to watch over her education; he provided for a part of her needs—in a word, he became her providence.

Thus Niva grew under the instructions of Ramier. She was no longer the poor little girl whom he found in the street; she had become a charming person, with a slender figure, refined and distinguished manners, conversing with ease. He could not look at her without pride; he could not hear her praised without saying to himself—"It is I who have made her what she is." When it was whispered around him, "What a charming person! what wit! what talent!" his heart bounded with joy.

During her lessons, when she sung at his side, and her voice broke forth in sad and plaintive strains, his eyes were constantly fixed on her. He looked at her with delight; he breathed with difficulty, so much did he fear to lose one of those accents, the utterance of which he had been able to teach her. It was because Niva was the work of his hands, the echo of his soul. Entrancing sight! to look upon the unfolding of an intelligence which owes its existence to you. Ramier, who had devoted three precious years of his life to the education of this young girl, to bend her to his slightest will, to accustom her to a passive obedience, now that he had obtained what he desired, now that he had made her a perfectly charming creature, was afflicted at the perfection of his work. This

obedience, this docility, this unclouded sweetness, chagrined him and made him unhappy. He would have had a little mutiny, some caprices. He wished that Niva did not believe herself obliged to obey without uttering complaint. He would have seen her a woman, and his equal. This will be understood. Ramier loved Niva. The poor girl whom he had educated with so much severity, whom but now he had treated with so little consideration, was mistress of his heart. He was kneeling before the work of his own hands. It was a passion the more profound because he dared not manifest it. The question was how to pass the gulf which separated him from Niva—how to lay aside the semblance of an almost paternal authority in order to avow the tender sentiments with which she had inspired him—how to abandon the severe and dignified character which he had sustained till then, that he might bow himself before a girl who trembled before him? Niva, who owed everything to Ramier, who feared as much as she respected him, how would she receive the avowal of a sentiment which she was far from supposing to exist in her benefactor. Love is a jealous god, who will have independence. On the other side, the character of Ramier was too high-toned, he was too deeply penetrated with the noble mission which had fallen to his lot, to abuse for a moment the boundless confidence with which he had inspired his youthful pupil.

Meanwhile, Niva made progress daily: She had surpassed the highest hopes of Ramier. Her aptitude at appreciating the most delicate shades of expression was surprising. Her beautiful voice, her striking figure, her large and vigorous style, were the astonishment of all who heard her. Whenever she sung in Ramier's class there was no end to the stamping and applause. In the world her success was yet greater. She was overwhelmed with presents and kind attentions: then, with tearful eyes, she would say to Ramier, "My master, it is to you that I owe all this."

Niva had been three years in Choron's school, before she was heard by any other person except the pupils of Ramier. One day Choron said to Ramier, "When shall we hear your prodigy?" This malicious question showed that Choron had allowed himself to be prejudiced against Niva by the wounded self-love of her companions, who were jealous of

the preference of Ramier, and the particular care he bestowed upon her. A day was fixed on which Niva should be heard. This sort of presentation had always taken place at formal lessons, over which Choron presided. It was an imposing sight. Each professor, with his class, defiled before the head of the establishment, who approved or censured. It was not Choron whom the scholars feared the most, but the criticism of their comrades. A smile, a murmur made them tremble, and utterly confused them. It was on a Saturday, in the year 1829, that Niva was to make her debut before all the pupils of Choron's school. The ban and arrière-ban had been summoned. There were also some strange ladies, who, knowing the romantic story of the young artist, had expressed a desire to hear her. The curiosity was general. All were eager to observe the result of three years of study; every person had come with feelings more or less favorably disposed towards the débutante.

Choron says to Ramier, "My good fellow, we are ready." Conducted by her teacher, Niva advanced upon the platform. She trembles, her breast heaves with effort. Ramier is at the piano-forte, his heart oppressed with agitation. He strikes a few chords, and whispers to Niva, "Courage!" Niva then commences to sing that beautiful air of Nicolini's,—

"Or che son vicino a te,
Stanza son di palpitare,"

which Madame Pasta gave with such grand magnificence of style. When Niva reached the touching passage,—

"Tanto amore e tanta fe."

a storm of applause overwhelms her voice. Choron springs upon the platform, weeping like a child, and throwing himself upon Niva's neck, covers her with kisses, unable to utter a word. All the pupils rise spontaneously. Ramier, leaning his head upon the instrument, endeavors to master his emotion: at the sight of him, Niva disengages herself from the arms of Choron and springs towards her benefactor: "*Bravo, bravo!*" on all sides. It was a thrilling scene, the brightest day of Ramier.

Some time previous Choron had enriched the class of Ramier with a new pupil,—a young man of attractive exterior. He called himself Rifaut. The

first time that he saw and heard Niva he was struck with admiration. From that moment he did not lose sight of her. Assiduously attentive to her, he never lost an opportunity to pay her a compliment. Ramier did not long remain ignorant of this bit of romance. He took it as a sore affliction. He essayed to crush this budding attachment; but, as almost always happens in such cases, the remedy aggravated the evil.

One Sunday in the month of May, 1880, Ramier and Niva were to dine at the house of some person of rank, who had taken an interest in the prospects of the young singer. Niva excused herself on the ground of indisposition. Ramier went alone; but, anxious about the health of his pupil, he slipped out immediately after dinner and went from the Chausée d'Antin to the Rue Baby-lone, where Niva lived. As the weather was beautiful, he followed the Boulevard des Invalides. It was, perhaps, eight o'clock, in the evening. Bearing an enormous bouquet for Niva, his heart was in one of those perfectly happy moods which are so rarely enjoyed in this life, when he saw two persons approaching him. At once his eyes swam, his knees bent and trembled: he endeavored to walk, but in vain: he was obliged to lean against a tree: he had recognized Niva on the arm of Rifaut! Dumb with astonishment, the sweat stood in great drops upon the face of Ramier: his grief was of that kind which cannot find relief in tears. After a few silent moments, Ramier, summoning all his self-possession, went on his way without a word, leaving Niva in utter consternation. For him, all was over. He never alluded to the occurrence with his pupil, never addressed a reproach to her: he continued his care as if nothing had altered the sentiments which he had for her. Some months afterwards the revolution of July occurred, which put an end to the school of Ohoron. A fortnight after this event Ramier quitted Paris.

He had lived six months at the town of —, when there arrived a young *cantatrice* who was the subject of high eulogy. She was about to give a concert. Upon the appointed day the large saloon of the Hotel de Ville was thronged: all the best society of the place was present. Ramier was among the first there, and placed himself just in front of the piano-forte. After an overture, played by the amateurs of the town, the *prima donna* appeared. The programme announced an air by Nicolini. The young vocalist approached the piano-forte with confidence, and, without appearing in the least disconcerted by her numerous audience, she began with much sweetness that beautiful *adagio*,—

" Or che son vicino a te:—

then she stopped short. Her voice trembled, her visage paled. She endeavored to recommence; but it was impossible! Her eyes filled with tears. Seeing her about to swoon, Ramier sprang to her aid, placed her in a chair, took the music from her hands, and stepped forward to sing in her place:

" Or che son vicino a te,
Stanza son di palpitar!—

with an accent and an expression which thrilled the whole assembly. The evening was broken up; the concert could not go on. Niva, for it was she, had recognized Ramier, who, after singing the air, went out and left the town on the next day.

Ten years after the event just related, they gave an opera at the Royal Academy of Music which attracted all Paris. A *prima donna* beloved by the public achieved a great success. In the fourth act, during one of the most dramatic scenes in the composition, sobs were heard from an obscure corner of the orchestra: it was Ramier, who wept hot tears at recognizing Niva in the person of the favorite *prima donna*, who calls herself now-a-days, ROSINA STOLTZ.

COSAS DE ESPAÑA.

(Continued from page 22.)

IV.

ADIEU, BARCELONA!

AND now, in the midst of all thy gaieties, adieu, Barcelona—fairest of the towns of Spain! I leave thy Rambla and thy sea-washed walk, thy green-swarded ramparts and thy Catalonian towers, thy vine-hills and thy mountain tops of snow. Softer, they tell me, are the maids of Andalusia, and milder the airs of the Murcian shore. But thy Pyrenean skies have been a heaven to me, and the grace of thy veiled daughters has held my roving heart captive for ninety days!

Now then, *vamos!* Already I see before me, rising up out of the southern sea, and beckoning me on, the minarets and the palm-trees of Valencia.

XVI.

TO VALENCIA.

THE starting of the Valencian Dili-gencia from the great square of Barcelona is a spectacle for men and boys, if not for angels. The huge, ponderous vehicle is itself a piece of joinery which, if exhibited as a curiosity in any of our States, not too far south or west, would bring a shilling per head quick. It has the air of an old stager, indeed. Yet, though on its last spokes, it, like all veterans, dies hard. Its well-patched appearance indicates that it has passed through many hair-breadth escapes, and accidents by flood and field. But no turning of somersets, no getting stuck in the mud, no involuntary voyages down the mountain torrents, have ever succeeded in dislocating its original timbers. There it stands—its leathern top clouted like old shoes—its body as unwashed as the great body of the Spanish people—and its interior crammed full of men, women and babies, every one of the former of whom, before taking his place, has made his last will and testament, and got an insurance on his ribs for double their value.

For the last hour, all have been packed, passengers and luggage. But there is bad luck in starting in a hurry in Spain. *No corre prisa.* The postilions

are mounted; let them have their nap out. The mules, too, the whole eight of them, are asleep, each on his three legs. All—passengers, postilions and mules—are waiting for the conductor, with his mail-bags.

Here he comes. One leap, and he is on his box. The tail of his cap reaches the small of his back; and his moustache mounts, scarcely less than the length of his cap, in the air. A volley of preparatory oaths and sacramentals clears the road of boys, beggars and by-standers. And now, *vamos!* Crack your whip, cocheró;—go it, ropes! The conductor swears and shouts at the top of his voice; the postilions put the spurs into the poor brutes' sides; and a runner, keeping pace with the cantering caravan, plays the lash most dexterously about backs and bellies. The whole affair sweeps down the avenue "like mad." And, possibly, before they are well off the pavement, as uneven, in many parts of the town, as the rolling sea, a movement will take place in the stomachs of some of the travellers, analogous to that experienced by the passengers of a Dover and Calais steam-packet, on leaving the quay. A couple of heads, maybe, are seen dangling out of each window, in such a state of wretchedness, as must throw the most compassionate and decorous of observers into an uncontrollable fit of laughter. So they go out of the town-gates—the passengers cascading—the postilions cracking their whips—the exhausted runner laying on his last blows—the conductor still calling upon the saints, and uttering over his poor brutes' heads half the imprecations contained in the vernacular.

Once on the queen's highway, the whole concern would soon be lost sight of; for it goes down in the holes of the road like a ship in the troughs of the sea. You think they have all descended into the pit which has no bottom—mules, riders and diligence. But, anon, you see them slowly staggering up the next summit of the billowy road, all tight and right. Therein lies the great peculiarity of the Spanish stage-coach, that when it goes into the mire deep enough to bring it to a complete standstill, everything about the machine *gives*, nothing *breaks*. The ropes stretch a

point; they don't part. The braces settle; but the superincumbent body does not come to the ground. Anywhere out of Spain, a single screw left loose will bring a fall to the best-contrived vehicle, as well as the most upright-standing man or woman; but, here, nothing is more common, at least, in the case of diligences, than for them to have all their screws loose at once. Then they go the fastest. The matter may not be quite comprehensible—'tis a Cosa de España.

Of course, I did not myself go to Valencia in the diligencia. By no means. I waited a week, and went by my good ship, the *Barcino*. I was desirous of making one more voyage in company with my friend, the Don. And there, sure enough, he still was, doing battle on the panel with the pig-skins; and there was Sancho Panza, standing aghast, alike at the fury of his master, and the loss of the liquor. The good knight, now that I had become familiar with him and his trusty squire, in the streets of Barcelona, seemed to me more like life—Spanish life—than ever. This was true also of the inn-keeper, and the inn-keeper's two princesses, and the half-dozen fellows who had tossed Sancho Panza in the blanket. Accordingly, we were at once "hale fellow well met."

After the other passengers had retired for the night, the cloth was laid for our supper. The Don came down from his door, and was placed at the head of the table, though in his shirt-tails. An Ostende rabbit had been ordered to be stewed expressly for Sancho Panza, as the best thing to stop his mouth, and put an end to his proverbs. Sancho at sea, by the way, proved to be a good deal of a Jonah, and would inevitably have sunk the ship from the exceeding weight of his sayings, had not his attention been adroitly turned to something he relished even better than his own puns. The inn-keeper, after placing his damsels each on one side of the worshipful, though somewhat disconcerted knight of La Mancha, set himself down as my right-hand man; and the way in which we all drew on the only remaining skin of his well-preserved Benicarlos, was worthy of the very best days of Spanish history. I must do mine host the justice to say—and I do it most cheerfully—that excepting myself, of course, he was the last of the party to go under the table; while Sancho Panza, I regret to add, led the way, falling off with a half-

finished proverb on his lips, and in a manner highly derogatory to the dignity of a personage who was one day to be the governor of an island. The Don disappeared from the table soon after the ladies; and it is not known what became of him. Not a little nettled he seemed, as I thought, towards the close of the sitting, that nobody would believe a word of what he repeatedly affirmed respecting the beautiful foot of Dulcinea del Toboso. Very likely, he went back before morning to his panel. I can simply say, that when I arose from my seat at the supper-table, neither he, nor any other of the guests was there to wish me *buenas tardes*; and that on awaking next morning, the only thing I noticed was the fact that the *Barcino* was dropping anchor in the roadstead of Valencia.

XVII.

SPANISH BREAKERS.

It was blowing a small gale of wind; for the Mediterranean is a moody sea, changing sometimes very quickly from smiles to frowns. A gale of wind, and no harbor at Valencia, or within a hundred miles of it;—such is the inhospitality of this rock-bound, though beautiful coast. Therefore, I had my choice between continuing on to Alicante, with a chance of meeting no better luck, and being obliged to go even to Cartagena, and the extremest south, or of landing in an open boat in the breakers. I had much more time for reflection than was needed for deciding a question which had for me, in fact, but one side to it. Yet, hour after hour passed away; and no boat was seen pushing off from the shore. No good comes from hurrying in Spain. *El que se apresura se muere; y el que no, tam bien*. He who hurries, dies; and he who does not, dies too. The sea was running so high on the beach, that the boatmen had a good excuse for their dilatoriness, and kept us waiting full half a day.

At length, just as I was making up my mind that they would not come at all, off they shoved. It was a good-sized barge, with a dozen or twenty lusty fellows, in red caps, at the oars. We were lying almost three-quarters of a mile from the shore; and the boat, now tossed to the top of the waves, and now completely lost to view in the hollow, took,

as it seemed to our impatience, a small fraction of eternity to get to us. The rowers were, doubtless, taking it fair and easy, and husbanding their strength for the final pull among the breakers, on their return. At last, they got alongside, when began the labor of letting down the ship's sides, into the uneasy barge below, the luggage and the ladies. The former was badly thumped, and the latter worse frightened. It took the Spanish brown out of a good many cheeks,—making one or two, in particular, as white as if they had been washed in good soap and water.

Everything, at last, was tumbled into the boat, and stowed away,—men, women, trunks, boxes, bags and umbrellas. I was so seated as to have one of the latter articles, belonging to a very nervous native, playing, at intervals, the amusing part of a catapult against my right flank. But to distract my attention from these attacks, I had, on the side nearest my heart, the most graceful little Valenciana I ever came in contact with. At the very first pitch of the boat, after leaving the steamer, she began to cling to me as for dear life. Another pitch—and if it had been for dear love, she could not have grasped my arm tighter. One more—O, frailty, thy name is woman—the left leg of my trousers was ruined forever! Cloak, trousers, and boot, all deluged by a cascade from lips which, a moment before, seemed to have been made only for kissing! My interest in a damsel, the loveliest in a land where all are fair, in an instant of time completely “swamped;” and my left leg worse than water-logged!

It is said to be one of the virtues of a travelled man to take things as they come. So did I take this. Had all my best china ware come down at a crash, I could not have received the shock with more *sang froid*. The most critical observer would not have known, by any twitch of my face-muscles, that the avalanche of so great a misfortune had fallen upon me. I knew that my left trousers leg was inevitably ruined, but I made no sign. I simply held myself the firmer up under the weight of the leaning beauty, who was thus making me the recipient of a shower of favors I had not solicited. However, some little relief was destined to come speedily.

The barge was now nearing the shore. We were getting into the breakers. “Pull, boys, pull!” cried half a dozen helmsmen, at once. “Now indeed is your

time,—the roaring wave is close upon us,—another instant, and we shall all be whelmed in the deep. Pull right! pull left! pull, for the love of God, pull!”

We escaped. Just the curving crest of the heavy billow broke over the boat's stern, as Tam O'Shanter's mare saved herself from the carlin with loss of her tail.

But it was in the stern that I sat with my fair burden; and, as the good sea-nymph would have it, there was sufficient brine thrown over me to wash well my soiled garments. I had, in fact, a lapful of it. But I never in my life was more in need of a ducking; and took it, under the circumstances, as a special favor of the naiad charged with doing the washing of the Mediterranean.

Safe, at length, from the perils of the sea, and the perils of beauty, I set my foot on the Valencian shore, a grateful, though thoroughly drenched man. To tell the truth, I planted my foot on the *terra caliente* with something analogous to a shiver. There was no help for me. At least, there was none on the beach, where I had to fight my way through the ranks of almost as bad a set of beggars as those who made the attack on me at the port of Barcelona. But this time, I contended with the desperation of a man having his lap full of cold sea-water. I put the whole legion to route with simply my umbrella; and pitching into the first cart which offered itself, I cried out to the cochero to let loose his leader.

Vain attempt to hurry a native-born Iberian! *El que se apresura se muere; y el que no, tam bien*. Besides, the road which led to the city was so shockingly bad, and the cart in which I was conveyed thither so destitute of springs, that to drive at any other pace than a walk, would have been probable death both to horse and passenger. Yet, the stranger is told that this is the favorite summer-promenade of the fashion of Valencia. Everybody, then, goes to the Grao, to bathe in the blue, now mud-colored, waters of the sea. The ladies hold their court in the pellucid waves; and a revelry is kept up in the cooling element equal to any gambolling of the ancient nymphs and sea-gods. But my case was different. My bath had been an involuntary one, and had been taken at an altogether too low a temperature to be agreeable. As I sat in my cart, wet and dripping, the way seemed to me anything but a pleasure-drive; and as I passed through the gates of this heaven of the Moors, my bones shook like those

of a poor soul entering a polar purgatory. What happened to Cæsar, "when he was in Spain," happened likewise to me.

"Tis true this god did shake.

The Fonda del Oid received and restored me. No blazing fire, indeed, welcomed me to a hospitable hearth; nor any register let in upon me a drying summer gale. But a simple change of raiment set me up; and a Spanish dinner, washed down by a bottle of French wine, made me as brave as the Oid, and twice as merry. I retired that night as good-natured a man as if I had not been dipped in cold sea-water in the course of the morning; and lay cheerfully down to dream of the gorgeous days when the Moor here held his gilded court, mid flowers and fountains, and finally passed hence by an easy transit to the *houris* who beckoned to him from the walls of their overhanging heaven. "For," saith the record, "the Moors did locate their Paradise on the Valencian shore, which was a fragment fallen from the Paradise in the sky."

XVIII.

THE HUERTA AND THE ALAMEDA.

GLORIOUS dawn after showers! Now, as I awoke for the first time in Valencia, the rising sun streamed in at my eastern windows, gilding whatever it touched, and lighting up with the full blaze of the southern morning, both house and town. On my balcony of flowers, the rose leaves and the carnation cups were hung with drops as with diamonds. The fresh air had the sweet perfume of orange orchards and mountain violets. The firmament was transparent azure. It was my welcome to Valencia by the *houris*, returned in the chariot of the rising sun, from the distant skies, whither they had gone to a revel on the day of my arrival.

Though not given to steeple-chasing, I went, without loss of time, to the top of the Cathedral, to get a view of the town and surrounding country. Imagine a large, semicircular plain, the circumference of which is hedged in by mountains, and the diameter formed by the sea. A radius drawn from the town to the mountains would be from fifteen to twenty miles in length, while the distance to the shore is from two to three. Valencia, accordingly, is situated in an

immense level garden, or *huerta*, sheltered on the north and west by a mountain range, and having a southeastern exposure to the Mediterranean. This whole *huerta* is irrigated by a network of canals, which are connected with the upper springs and torrents,—the work of the Moors. Hereby, every foot of land is supplied with abundant moisture, and, being acted upon by the rays of an almost tropical sun, scarcely yields in productiveness to the banks of the Nile.

When I saw the *huerta*, it being in early spring, a large proportion of that part of it lying in the immediate neighborhood of the town, was waving with deep green wheat, about two feet in height. No fences divided the fields, but simply rows of mulberry and olive trees, with here and there a rose or cactus hedge. The straight, tapering stems of the palm tree, towered up out of many isolated groves, and hung out their tufted crowns over the city walls. Villas, villages and towns, were thickly scattered over the plain; while, at the southern extremity, stretched out the broad lake of Albufera.

Nor was the city itself less picturesque. The flat roofs, and the movement on the house-tops, gave it an Oriental aspect. Its gilded domes and minarets, piercing with a hundred points the sky, showed that it had once been the city of the Moor, who had left traces of his taste, as well as of his blood, behind him. The hum of business was scarcely loud enough to reach the cathedral's top; but chimes of bells, calling to prayer, rang sweetly out of many a spire upon the sunny air. The scene, comprising town, plain, mountains, and the sea—remains one of the pleasantest of those daguerreotypied on my memory in Spain.

Soon after my descent, the clock struck five,—the hour for going to the Alameda. In Valencia, the world of fashion goes out of town to promenade on the banks of the Turia every day in the year, between the hours of five and six. A *tartana* is awaiting at the inn door, to take you thither. Indeed, there is always one waiting for you. Even after a whole morning spent in strolling, you will be accosted with the question, If your honor does not wish for a *tartana*? In other countries, one is solicited to take a coach on going out of his hotel; here, when coming into it. For the promenade to the Turia you accept the *tartana*, for it is not the *ton* to go on foot. All the gentle folks of Valencia keep car-

riages for the afternoon airing, and all of this particular species.

But what, pray, is a *tartana*? It is no more nor less than a covered, two-wheeled cart. Without springs, or with but apologies for them, with a polished leather top, a seat on either side, a window in front, and a door behind, it is the *araba* of the Orientals; or, if you will, an omnibus on two wheels, less the side windows. No vehicle can well be conceived of, more ugly or inconvenient. Only the two persons sitting by the front windows have any chance of seeing or being seen,—excepting such as may be contented to sit by the door, and survey the world from behind. Of the half-a-dozen seats, therefore, the two forward ones are the places of honor. Here are always placed the prettiest and most presentable ladies of the party. The plainer or inferior personages occupy the places next below; and by the door sit the domestics and *duennas*. In this cart the city belles promenade daily on the Alameda, and never at any faster gait than a walk.

But the Valencianas, if not fast, are fair. They sit half hid behind their cart windows, and half concealed in their dark mantillas; but they never fail of recognizing all their acquaintances, or of showing themselves to all their admirers. From their convenient ambush, they let fly their tiny, but fatal shafts, right and left. Their eyes are reckoned among the most dangerous in all the Spains. They are, indeed, the fit portals of Love, whence winged messengers fly out, bearing invisible torches to inflame men's hearts. In the *terra caliente*, hearts burn like stubble in the fields. Before a man's span of life has half run out, his left breast is like an exhausted crater—a mere receptacle for ashes. Nor even then—at least, if he comes to the Alameda—will the lovely cease from troubling him. They will inflame his very cinders. Kindled by a spark from their vestal orbs, the merest ash-heap of a bosom glows like a furnace. Nor is there any relief in sighing; it only blows the fire. As for tears, they cannot be shed in Spain—they are so hot, they pass off in vapors ere they get half the length of your nose. The only effectual remedy I ever heard of, is to run the country, and even that will sometimes fail.

As I was saying, the Alameda lies on the banks of the Turia. In the narrow streets of the town—as closely packed

as it was in the days of the Moors, and now containing upwards of a hundred thousand inhabitants—there would be no room for the promenade. Hence the necessity for the *tartanas*, to take you through the unpaved streets, out of the gate of la Glorieta, and over the bridge del Mar, to the pleasant river-bank. Here, within sight of the picturesque towers of Valencia's walls of tapia, you pass up and down the long avenues, in one of a hundred carriages. The willow's graceful tresses droop by the wayside; the tall pine spreads over head its deep green foliage; the silver poplars uncurl their leaves among the earliest of the spring; the bamboo shoots up its slender form; and the palm, bearing on its head the glory of a hundred seasons, towers high above all.

Or, leaving your carriage, you walk through the beautiful grounds and gardens, between rose and lemon hedges, beneath the fruit and flowers of the orange trees, mid beds of pinks and poppies, mid geraniums, cactuses, and honeysuckles. Here, with the setting sun pouring its glowing rays into bower and arbor, gilding the city domes, turning the mountain tops to purple, and the sea to gold,—how fair the scene of the Valencian promenade! A walk in this sylvan retreat, is very different from going down Broadway a-shopping.

As to this New York alameda, it has now become to such a degree a thoroughfare for business, that the most graceful lady cannot pass along it without having the air of walking for a bargain. With one eye on the beaux, she has the other on the shop windows. She is evidently bent on spending her pin-money. Her pockets are full of ribbons; and her boddice is stuffed—for aught you know—with unpaid shop-keeper's bills. If she passes you without notice, do not deem it a slight,—she is thinking of a purchase of laces. If the smile of her greeting wear not its customary sweetness—ten to one 'tis not because you have not called to pay your respects within the last fortnight, but merely because a silk she had set her heart upon has been sold to another. A lady's face in Broadway is no certain index to the state of her affections, but is always liable to change its expression with the fluctuations of the markets.

But the Valencian alameda has nothing of the market-place about it, save its greetings. The news of the day is told, the pleasures of the evening are agreed

upon. Here is society without ceremony, and entertainment without expense. Within a few minutes' drive, there is a pleasant change of air. The town is left behind, with its cares and confinement; and the country receives you to groves and gardens. Beautiful Alameda! would that similar retreats could be planted in the neighborhood of our American towns, where a lady might take her daily airing without being covered with the dust of the streets, or having her sweet face clouded with cares financial.

XXX.

COCK-FIGHTING AND PIGEON SHOOTING.

In Valencia, it is *comme il faut* to go to the cock-pit. This is a handsome little theatre on the banks of the Turia, where, on two days in the week, particularly if they happen to be saints' days, the stranger may be entertained or disgusted with this very Spanish amusement. Cock-fighting here is second only to bull-fighting, to which all things are second. It makes the blood run; and your Iberian is a lover of it, even though it be chicken's blood.

Attached to the theatre is a large penery, where clipped roosters are kept to fight against each other, and all comers. The John Bulls are esteemed the most pugnacious; being fed on roast beef and plum pudding, probably. There being no Yankees in the roost, the Britisher is warranted to lick any cocks, Christian or Infidel, that may presume to crow at him. He is understood to beat the Gallic cocks, out and out, except it be in crowing. His own neck he rarely deigns to use for this purpose on more than two occasions,—first, when he goes into the ring, and last, when, having struck his antagonist the fatal blow, he goes out of it.

The process of cock-fighting being a feat at arms which has delighted every boy who has ever seen a barn-yard, needs no description. The only difference is, that what at the farm-house is done according to nature, is done in the pit on scientific principles, and after the rules laid down in the books. The champions must be duly and shockingly clipped. Particularly, their tail feathers must be cut off short. All their beautiful plumage must be sacrificed on the altar of Mars, before they are deemed worthy to fight his battles. They are not even allowed combs, crowns, or top-knots. The

wretched plight they have been reduced to before entering the arena, takes away well-nigh all the beholder's pity for them. Such hideous-looking brutes might fight till doomsday; and all Spanish eyes, at least, would retain their constitutional dryness. Should the contest last so long as a quarter of an hour, or more, there will be so much the more time for betting; and at the end of it the *duros* will be tossed across the pit, from loser to winner, as thick and fast as hailstones. There are judges present, sitting in seats of authority, to decide all nice points. But the well-practised eyes of the audience rarely make a mistake, and quickly detect any attempt at foul play. All is done decently and in order. The birds are either killed outright, or are withdrawn when disabled. In a drawn game they are parted; and they are hooted out of the pit when they decline taking part in the performances. This, however, rarely happens. For cocks in Spain are always as mad as March hares. They will fight, and crow, as long as they can stand, and often much longer than they can see. Poor things! their little life was not given them to be thus sported away; they were made to have their heads cut off at a single blow. But 'tis partly their own fault—if they will keep such dreadful tempers!

Whoever may not fancy going to the cockfight, may go down to the dip of the Turia, to witness the pigeon-shooting. 'Tis more humane, and is done in no theatre's walls, but in the open face of day. Of a holiday afternoon, all the world is there, looking on. The river's bed is dry and grassy; for it is only at a season of unusual rains, that the slender mountain torrent rises sufficiently high to fill its banks. Here, below the bridge *del Mar*, is a broad, open space, well suited to the game of *el tiro de las palomas*.

The birds are thrown up into the air by their owner, and whoever has a gun and pesetas may have a shot at them. The person who has the privilege of firing first, and has the advantage of a position nearest the thrower, pays a fee of a peseta, provided his shot proves a successful one. In that case, he is also entitled to the pigeon. If he misses his mark, he pays nothing and gets nothing. Thereupon, as many persons as choose to give a couple of reals for the privilege of a shot, may fire as fast as they like, until the poor bird either falls or gets away. If killed, it belongs to the successful

marksman, and is brought in by small boys, aided by dogs, whose share of the sport is by no means the least. As half-a-dozen guns may be let off the same moment, there is a judge present to decide all disputed claims among the sportsmen. His interference, however, is rarely necessary; for the boys, and even the dogs, seem always to know, as if by instinct, to which one of the guns belongs the honor of the victory, and the prize. Most birds which get off out of the range of the guns in the bed of the river, are brought down by the peasants, who lie in wait under the neighboring trees, for chance shots, and who are allowed to fire at any fugitive coming within their limits. Occasionally, a fortunate pigeon soars high in the air, above the reach of all missiles, and, after describing a few circles in mid-heaven, shapes its course to its well-remembered home, on some house-top in the city. 'Tis so much clear

gain to the owner, besides a life saved to the poor bird.

This game of pigeon-shooting is a favorite diversion with the Valencians. The marksmen vie with each other in showing their skill, and the best shot carries off a load of popular honors, besides birds enough to make a stew-pie. A holiday, at the same time, is made for hundreds, and even thousands, of spectators, who cover the river-bed, the quays, and the bridges.

So idle, so easily amused, are the dwellers on these happy shores. With trifling toil, the earth yields them its increase. Their wants are few and simple. They think not of the morrow. Grant them, then, but an occasional pigeon-shooting or a bull-fight, a procession of priests, or a parade of soldiers, the sight of a prince, or even of an elephant and monkeys, and their happy, heedless hearts, will want no more to render life a perpetual merry-making.

AMERICAN DESPOTISMS.

WE remember, in crossing the British Channel once, that we had taken with us an odd number of *Punch*, to while away the tediousness of the passage. On landing at Boulogne, it was crammed into a side pocket, for safety, but the gendarme, who inspected travellers' luggage, seeing the paper, tore it into a thousand pieces before our face, looking as fierce as a pandour all the time, and repeating, "*Il est defendu, monsieur!* it is forbidden!" It seems that *Punch* had been in the habit of drawing a small man with a big nose, which Louis Napoleon took for himself—this was before he and Victoria shook hands and kissed—and he avenged the indignity by excluding *Punch* from the republic. Subsequently, on entering Vienna, we had a *London Morning Chronicle* sequestered in the same manner because it contained some account of the progress of Kossuth in the United States; and a friend of ours, not long after, crossing the Po, from Austrian Italy into the Estates of the Church, had his Bible taken away, though copies of Voltaire's *Candide*, and Byron's *Don Juan*, were left untouched in his carpet-bag.

These were specimens of European despotism, and we thanked God that no

such petty interferences with the rights of men were permitted in our own dear native land beyond the sea. A man, we said to ourselves proudly, may read what he pleases there, never saying, "by your leave," to any emperor, priest, or catchpoll of them all. The press is free, opinion is free, locomotion is free; and the wayfarer, though a stranger, may think his own thoughts, say his own say, and be happy, or miserable, as he likes, without let or molestation from his neighbors, or the government. Hail Columbia! we exclaimed, in a fit of patriotic enthusiasm; home of the exile, asylum of the oppressed, refuge of the gagged and persecuted, etc., etc., etc. "Where the free spirit of mankind, at length, throws its last fetters off;" where a boundless field is open for every seed of truth to germinate; where an unlimited career is proffered to the excursions of the mind; where no tyrant, no creed, no church lays its heavy interdict upon the growth of human thought! Hail, thou latest born of Time; mighty in thy youth; chainless and unchained; "gleaming in the blaze of sunrise when earth is wrapped in gloom." Oh, mayest thou long be proud and worthy of thy glorious dower!

But calmer reflection taught us to inquire, after a time, whether our patriotism, taking the bit in its mouth, was not running away with our reason. Is it true that there is no despotism in America? Have we no authorities, which take the control of opinion, and assume to be infallible? Are there no institutions, no tribunals, no self-constituted judges, which impose injurious restraints upon the freedom of thought? Have we extinguished the spirit and habit of persecution along with its outward symbols, the rack, the stake, the dungeon, and the prison-house? We answered ourselves in this wise: We do not, it must be confessed, resort to the same compulsory methods against the human understandings, as obtained in former ages, and still obtains in some countries. We do not stretch the limbs of men on instruments of torture, because they refuse to conform to this or that standard in respect to the most incomprehensible dogmas,—we do not pillory our poor De Foes, for the political crime of writing candidly on public affairs, nor imprison our humble Bunyans for proclaiming the gospel in the streets; we do not bury our statesmen under the sea as they do in Naples,—we do not banish our most illustrious artists and poets, because they are liberals, to the wild swamps of Cayenne, as they do in France,—all this must be confessed, and it must be confessed, too, that these are noble advantages to have achieved over the spirit of intolerance. We cannot too highly estimate their worth and glory. They are priceless victories won from the old empire of darkness and intolerance. They lift us into a security and elevation which baffles for ever the malice of a whole infernal brood of serpents, who may now hiss about the rock of our retreat, but cannot sting us to death. Their fangs are extracted, and the poison-bags, with which their malignant heads are still sometimes swollen, serve only to inflict themselves when they distend with a disarmed and impotent rage.

Yet, if the advanced civilization of our age and country rejects the grosser applications of force by which opinion was wont to be controlled, there are others, it seems to us, which are not entirely discontinued. A less barbarous, a more refined tyranny is still compatible with the general sense of propriety and justice. There are chains which men forge for their fellows, which fret and cut their

souls, if they do not canker their bodies. There are inquisitions of obloquy and hatred which succeed to the inquisitions of the faggot and flame. There is a moral coventry almost as humiliating and oppressive as the stern solitude of the dungeon. The spirit of bigotry may survive the destruction of its carnal weapons; despotism may retain its instincts, and give vigorous signs of vitality, long after the sword shall have been wrenched from its grasp; and the fires will burn in the eyes of bigotry when they have already ceased to burn upon its altars. For what is the essential and distinctive characteristic of despotism? Not its outward instruments,—its Bastiles,* its gibbets, its bayonets, its knouts, and its thumb-screws,—but its animating purpose. It is the disposition to suppress the free formation and publication of opinion, by other means than those by which the mind is logically moved,—by other influences than motives addressed to the understanding, the reason, and the better feelings of the heart. Wherever a man's bread is taken away because he votes with this party or that, wherever he is denounced to public odium because of the heterodoxy of his honest sentiments, wherever moral turpitude is imputed to him on account of his speculative errors, wherever he is in terror of the mob on any account—wherever the inveteracy of public prejudice compels him to remain silent altogether, or to live a life of perpetual hypocrisy, wherever his sincere conviction can not be disclosed and promulged for fear of personal discomfort and annoyance, wherever even a limit is fixed to the progress of research, there despotism flourishes, with more or less strength,—and only needs the concurrence of circumstances to be nursed into muscular violence and fury.

Now, as we have said, it seems to us that, tried by this test, we have despotisms in the United States, just as they have elsewhere, and, that with all our advances in liberality of which we justly boast, we come short in practice of the brilliant ideal of our institutions. We have not attained to a genuine and universal liberty,—(we will not say *tolerance*, because that word is borrowed from an age when freedom was supposed to be a boon and not a right.)—and we fail not in one or two, but in many respects. In the Church, in the State, in the popular auditorium, and in the more private relations of society, we surround

ourselves with needless barriers, we build walls of separation between ourselves and the great realms of intelligence yet unexplored, and we paralyze those intellectual energies which are our only instruments for exploring them, the only tools for working the golden mines of truth.

In the first place, we cannot but consider a large number of our ecclesiastical organizations as so many restraints upon the freedom of the mind. Founded upon creeds which admit of no possibility of truth beyond their own formulas, they discourage inquiry in the largest and most important domains of thought. We agree with Kant, the great German philosopher, who, in one of his valuable minor writings, discussing the question whether any association is justified in binding itself to certain immutable articles of faith, in order to exercise a perpetual and supreme guardianship over its members, and indirectly through them over the people, contends that a compact of this kind, entered into, not as a simple bond of union for the interchange of common sentiments, but with a view to conclude the human race from further enlightenment, is a crime against humanity, whose highest destination consists emphatically in intellectual progress. "A combination," says he, "to maintain an unalterable religious system, which no man is permitted to call in doubt, would, even for the term of one man's life, be wholly intolerable. It would be, as it were, to blot out one generation in the progress of the human species towards a better condition; to render it barren and hence noxious to posterity." This conduct, in the religious world, proceeds upon the assumption that our knowledge of divine things cannot advance like our knowledge of natural things: that the first investigators of the Scriptures exhausted their contents, and that nothing is left for those that come after them, but, as Johnson says of the followers of Shakespeare, to new-name their characters and repeat their phrases. But does this view do justice to the sacred word? Granting that its leading principles may be easily discerned,—a thing difficult to grant in the face of two hundred conflicting sects, each of which finds its support and nutriment in the same pages; for, as Sir William Hamilton is fond of quoting,

"This is the book where each his dogma seeks,
And this the book where each his dogma finds,"

—we must still suppose, that a revelation from the Infinite will contain infinite resources of truth. Neither its alleged origin, which is from the perfect God, nor its alleged destiny, which is the final redemption of mankind from error, will allow us for a moment to treat it as an ordinary message, soon told and as speedily comprehended. It must conceal inexhaustible riches, or not be what it purports; while to suppose it to be what it purports, and yet to attempt to inclose its treasures in the frail and rickety caskets of words which men devise, is an enterprise for pouring the ocean into a quart-pot, or for bottling the air of the whole heavens in one's private cellar. Nor is the attempt less pernicious than it is absurd: for it erects each little consistory into a separate popedom, issuing its infallible decrees and denouncing its interdicts with all the arrogance of its Roman prototype. As an inevitable consequence, two things result justly, that the supreme control of the religious sentiment of nations falls into the hands of the priesthood, who are conservative by position and training,—and, secondly, that the energies of the churches are absorbed in controversy or sectarian propagation, at the expense of a free and earnest inquiry after new truth, and the culture of genial hopeful feelings. The history of our American sects, for instance, is an almost unbroken record of fierce and bigoted disputes. New England has been a kind of theological Golgotha, and the fields are covered with battered skulls. The clergy have been the ruling powers, too, not only there but everywhere; and the people have dared to laugh only with the consent of the deacons. We are aware that this aspect of things has materially changed of late years; we know, also, what inappreciable services the churches have otherwise rendered to society; but we must not forget, in the midst of our ready gratitude for these, how many of them by means of their creeds, and the terrors of their excommunications, as well as the power of their social influences,—still hang as an incubus upon the minds and consciences of their adherents. Nor upon them alone, but many others—even those who do not professedly wear their colors. They too often terrify the ardent refor-

* "Hic liber est in quo querit sua dogmata quisque
Invenit, et pariter dogmata quisque sua."

mer, whose bright hopes they change by the magic of fear into dread spectres; they too often arrest the uplifted arm of science when it would strike from the rock or open out from the bowels of the earth some precious fountain of use;—and they too often array themselves on the side of effete traditions and mouldy abuses, when they should be pressing forward under the ever-living inspirations of hope and freedom. It is said that Justinian, when he had completed the compilation of his Institutes, issued a decree that no comment should be written upon them, which aimed at more than a sketch of their contents or a transcription of their titles;—well, the sects are apt to copy this imperial and arbitrary example,—they impose on others, as exclusively right and authoritative, their own slender selections out of the vast complexity of truths, the few pearls they have fished out of the measureless sea, fancying that they have banished error, when they have only extinguished the independence of thought. Indeed, it is scarcely too much to say, appropriating the figure of Mirabeau, where he compares truth to the status of Isis covered by many veils, that they teach their followers to lift a single one, whilst they fling their clubs and battle-axes at the heads of all who would remove the others. "*Procul, oh! procul, est Profani!*" rings the chorus, and the poor audacious "infidel"—as every dissentient is sure to be called,—is handed over to an everlasting contempt. Now, what chance truth has in such a hubbub it is needless to say.

We recognize, secondly, an oppressive exercise of despotic power, in the conduct of political parties, both in respect to the violence, and bitterness of their hatreds, and the relentless proscriptions which crown their victories. The former is, perhaps, not to be avoided in the present imperfect state of enlightenment, and Christianity; but the second is wholly indefensible anywhere, and especially in a republican society. The primary, essential, distinctive right of man, in a free state, which rests upon popular choice, is the right of election, and to assail that right, by direct or indirect means, by force of arms, or the abstraction of one's subsistence, is treason against the fundamental principles of democracy—*lèse majesté* done to the people. Yet, every one of our political parties justify themselves in a wholesale political slaughter of their opponents, whenever they come

into power. There are tribes in Africa, which sacrifice a hundred or two of men every time a new prince ascends the throne; but then they confine the immolation to the leaders only of their enemies; our whigs and democrats, less discriminating than the Africans, on the occasion of their advent to power, butcher all the opposing chiefs, and all the subordinate functionaries, down to the drill-sergeant or the sutler. Like William the Norman, when he conquered England, they distribute all the lands, and messuages of the vanquished, to their own set. A regular Domesday-book is opened, and the fiefs and holdings are parcelled out with a coolness of effrontery, which almost persuades us that the perpetrators of the outrage are unconscious of its monstrous meanness. It is an injustice which, however, works the usual effects of despotism. It degrades the character of all who are concerned in it; reducing political life into the sheerest scramble for spoils, and bringing the suspicion of mercenariness upon every man who takes office. In either aspect, the practice is signally disastrous. By debasing the standard of official eligibility, it places in high position men of corrupting and pernicious example, and by relaxing the tone of public controversy, it saps and undermines the private integrity of the people. No service which government renders to society is more important than its influence in preserving a sense of the general good as superior to individual interests. Indeed, this may be regarded as one of its finest functions—the education of the masses, into a perception of the supremacy of the general over particular ends. Our natural impulses, our family ties, our necessities of business, tend perpetually towards the development of a selfish egotism, which our participation in public affairs tends as perpetually to counteract. But, if that participation, instead of being animated by a sense of devotion to the public good, is converted into an intense struggle for the accomplishment of individual purposes, we lose one of the most salutary restraints, one of the noblest inspirations of the civilized state. We resolve society into what Hobbs contended was its original condition—a state of war. We confirm the multitude in their narrow and low ambitions; and we restrict their actions to the petty circle of their own private and individual concerns. Again; the examples of really great statesmen are among the most pre-

cious and indestructible inheritances of a nation. No matter how great their services in averting dangers from the commonwealth, or in achieving advantages for it, by the direct exercise of their faculties, these cannot be compared with their indirect utility, in presenting to the people a high, manly, dignified, and heroic ideal of devotion to the public weal. Their life-long abnegation of self; their cautious wisdom; their moderation of temper; the spectacle of their constant preference of a broad and ultimate good to local expedients and temporal triumphs, habituate the general mind to the contemplation of lofty ends, and models of excellence in conduct. Thus, the characters of Washington, of Franklin, of Marshall, of Madison, etc., are infinitely more valuable to us Americans than the immediate effects of any battles they may have won in the field, or the forum, because they have filled our histories with pictures of a disinterested virtue. But are such characters possible in public life, when that life is no longer a contest of great minds for great ends, but a pot-house squabble—when the despotism of party machinery excludes from public service every man who is not sufficiently base to stoop to its arts, and to roll in its ordure? Do we not, by our party intolerance, by the proscriptions which tread upon the heels of every success, rob the community of a twofold guaranty of its progress, of the services of its best men, and of a high moral tone of public sentiment?

But this leads us to the third species of despotism which we think it important to note, and which, instigated by the bad examples of both church and state, may be described as that of popular opinion. We do not agree with those foreign writers who represent the tyranny of the majority in this country as absolutely terrific: they have exaggerated its effects; but their criticisms are not without a tincture of truth. Compared with the older nations, there is a larger freedom of opinion, on most subjects, in this country, than anywhere else on the globe,—but, compared with our own standards, or the ideals of our institutions, we are on manifold subjects lamentably deficient. It is natural in a society whose stability depends as much upon opinion as upon law, and more upon opinion than force, that opinion, like other powers, should occasionally play the despot; but what we complain of is not the habitual watch-

fulness of the public mind over public interest, and the chronic tendency to rectify abuses or to avert evil by the instant insurrection of opinion, but the excessive resentment of that opinion when provoked. It is that unwillingness to be corrected which makes it rather a prejudice than an opinion,—that tenacity with which it clings to its customary formulas,—and the severity with which it often resists even the slightest departures from them. We complain of it because it erects the majority into an idol, a monarch, a tyrant, and begets a deference to it which is almost as bad as any savage superstition or loyal sycophancy. It weakens the very springs of character in men, and then lords it over their weakness with an irresponsible violence and outrage. Take, for instance, the pro-slavery sentiment of this country as it prevailed a few years ago,—how arbitrary, ferocious, and overwhelming it was! Not merely in the South, where the vast interests involved and the peace and security of society itself justify an extraordinary sensitiveness towards all impertinent interference, but throughout the nation, where no such exigencies of danger can be alleged. In the most secluded districts of New England even, where a black slave was never seen, and thousands of miles away from where they are, the expression of anti-slavery views has been almost a courting of martyrdom. The feeling dominated the church, the senate, the popular assembly, and the private saloon. Let a preacher plead the cause of the negroes, and his salary was stopped; let a newspaper attempt the discussion of the subject, and it lost its subscribers; let a representative broach it in Congress, and he was gagged and excluded from the Committees, or politely invited to fight a duel. Public meetings called to consider it were dispersed by the mob; petitions to the Federal Legislature against it were indignantly trampled under foot; the United States mails were feloniously invaded in its behalf,—while the agents of anti-slavery societies were coated with tar and feathers, or mutilated, or hung upon a tree. It is true that all this has been since changed, but by means of what sufferings, what struggles, what strenuous and long-continued combats! Even at this time, the pro-slavery sentiment is so largely in the ascendant, that no man of the most moderate anti-slavery convictions can hold office under

the Federal Government,—though that government represents, or ought to represent, not a faction or a locality, but the whole people.

De Tocqueville makes it an accusation against democratic societies, that they substitute a many-headed tyranny for that of a single man or of a single class, and the history of the anti-slavery controversy in this country, to our shame be it said, forces us to confess that, in this respect at least, his remarks are well grounded. "Fetters and headmen," he exclaims, "were the coarse instruments which tyranny formerly employed; but the civilization of our age has refined the arts of despotism, which seemed, however, to be sufficiently protected before; the excesses of monarchical power have devised a variety of physical means of oppression; the democratic republics of the present day have rendered it as entirely an affair of the mind, as that will which it is intended to coerce. Under the absolute sway of an individual despot, the body was attacked in order to subdue the soul; and the soul escaped the blows which were directed against it, and rose superior to the attempt; but such is not the course adopted by the tyranny in democratic republics; there the body is left free and the soul is enslaved. The sovereign can no longer say, "You shall think as I do on pain of death," but he says, "You are free to think differently from me and retain your life, your property, and all that you possess; but if such be your determination, you are henceforth an alien amongst your people: you may retain your civil rights, but they will be useless to you, for you will never be chosen by your fellow-citizens, if you solicit their suffrages; and they will affect to scorn you if you solicit their esteem. You will remain among men, but you will be deprived of the rights of mankind. Your fellow-citizens will shun you like an impure being; and those who are most persuaded of your innocence will abandon you too, lest they should be shunned in their turn. Go in peace! I have given you your life, but it is an existence incomparably worse than death." There are, however, two fallacies in this,—first, in supposing that the social proscription alluded to could subsist without passing over into muscular violence, and, second, in the implication that the soul is less likely to rise superior to moral than to physical persecutions. The experience of this country has

proved the contrary of both. It has shown how the virulence of prejudice soon runs into lynchings and mob-law, whence its peculiar dangers; and it has shown, at the same time, by the reactions of the last few years, how effectively the most overbearing majorities may be resisted. Yet, as we have already acknowledged, there is a basis of truth in De Tocqueville's animated charges, as might be amply demonstrated from the long, arrogant, insulting, and rancorous preponderance of the pro-slavery sentiment.

But, this sentiment has grown out of the existence of slavery itself, the last kind of despotism to which we shall allude. It is needless to remark upon its character as such, beyond the statement of the simple fact that four millions of human beings are held as property, a fact settling that point with an emphasis. From its very nature, it is a despotism of force, of law, and of opinion combined,—partially mitigated in practice by humane personal considerations, but in theory absolute. It is administered, for the most part, by the whip; it is sanctioned by legislation; and it admits of no scrutiny or discussion. The master and the slave, therefore, are alike dominated by the system. All that can be said of it, in the regions where it prevails, even by those most deeply interested in its results, must be said in its favor, on pain of peremptory banishment or assassination. Indeed the illusions as to its benefits and the sensitiveness as to its dangers, are both so extreme, that many a slaveholder allows himself to read no book nor to hear any conversation in which his positive, unqualified, eternal right is disputed. What a pitiable and insane extravagance! And, if he were consistent, to what a total intellectual solitude would he be reduced, in the present state of the civilized world. He would cut himself off from all the literature, and science, and politics of mankind. He could read no magazine, foreign or domestic: the best works of genius would be closed to him; the investigations of science seem infectious; and the debates of Congress intolerable. In fact there would be no recourse for the class who institute this moral quarantine, but to imitate the habits of the chigo, as it is described by Sydney Smith, where he says that each one sets up its separate ulcer, and has his own private portion of pus. One would suppose that under the tremendous responsibilities of its condi-

tion, and the embarrassing perplexity of the problem it is called to solve, it would welcome every honest suggestion likely to throw light upon the case, and even court that collision of opinion out of which the truth is gradually struck. But it does no such thing: it repels every approach as an insolence and an invasion of its rights; and blindly surrenders itself to the darkness of fate. It is fortunate that all slaveholders are not of the same temper, that there are men among them too liberal and intelligent to fall into such unreasoning bigotry, who, on the contrary, study with an intense solicitude the bearings of their social structure, and eagerly seize upon every view of it which may afford them hope for the future. It is to them that we look for the wise management of their fearful trusts, and the eventual extinction of what they must confess to be a most undesirable relation. They are as yet sadly overborne by the pressure of opinions instigated by interest, but will soon acquire a strength which will place the control of events in their hands.

Now, in respect to the several forms of despotism which we have briefly enumerated, we shall not dwell upon their radical inconsistency with the life and spirit of our entire polity; for this consideration is too obvious to require pressing. Nor is there any occasion, now, to show the inherent weakness of any cause, or position, which shrinks from the fullest and fairest examination. But we cannot forbear remarking upon the deep and abiding injury which every man, who is unwilling to bring his actions or his sentiments to the test of scrutiny, does to himself, and the rest of mankind. He shuts himself and society out from the only means of correcting error and attaining knowledge. We know of no method of arriving at the true relations of a subject, but the frank and candid discussion of it in every aspect. The time is past for believing in the existence of any infallible authority, whether pope or king, whose decrees are to be considered the final arbitrament of truth. There is no class or rank of men to whom we may look for a fixed and irrevocable standard of what it is right to think or proper to do. Our individual judgments are contracted, uncertain, warped by prejudices; and the more profoundly we have penetrated into the complex problems of life which solicit solution, the more familiar we become

with the vast extent and variety of human error, the more distrustful we grow of the authenticity and correctness of our own decisions. Yet, in the midst of the almost overwhelming multiplicity of crude and preposterous speculations, in the wild chaos of conflicting beliefs which storm around us, we do discover that the general mind is slowly eliminating one truth after another: the immense laboratory of seething and fermenting thought is ever turning up some valuable and brilliant product; and keen research and grappling argument secure us substantial conquests from the realms of ancient Night. Discussion—free, open, manly, patient discussion—is the key which opens the treasure-chambers of nature and revelation, and the deep human soul. Like the cradles of the Californians, it sifts the golden metal from the common filth and dust. Summoning every variety of intellectual instruments to its aid, contemplating things in all their aspects, exposing falsehood, detecting fraud, baffling selfishness, overwhelming ignorance, and rectifying hallucination, it opens the way for the slow but majestic and beneficent march of the human intellect towards the mastery of the world.

No sensible man will now dispute the gigantic advances which the civilized races have made in the various departments of mathematical and physical science, since they were committed to the hands of free inquirers, nor wish to revert to those political institutions and religious scruples by which their progress was so long fettered. But it would be no less absurd to despair of the speedy success of the moral and political sciences, once emancipated from the despotisms by which they are checked. The very triumphs of the former sciences are a ground of hope for the rapid and extensive improvement of the latter, when these shall have adopted the methods, and be prosecuted in the spirit of those. "The practice of rejecting mere gratuitous hypotheses," says the able author of "The Letters of an Egyptian Kafir," "of demanding facts, of requiring every step of reasoning to be clearly exhibited, of looking with perfect precision to the use of terms, of discarding rhetorical illusions, and mere phrases, of scouting pretensions to infallibility, or exemption from rigorous scrutiny, are all required as indispensable in physical research, but cannot possibly be confined to the department of material philosophy. They

will necessarily be extended to moral inquiries; and, supposing that, in consequence of social proscription, or priestly or political tyranny, these latter subjects were totally abandoned, received no direct examination, were exposed to no discussion for even a long period, were withheld (if we can conceive it possible), from the very thoughts of men, for half a century, yet the influence of physical investigation upon them could not, in the end, be prevented. All the correct principles of reasoning, all the improved methods of research, all the habits of comparison and discrimination, all the love of truth, which the pursuit of any science has a tendency to establish or engender, all the impatience of vagueness, and obscurity, and assumption, which the prosecution of inquiry superinduces in the spirit of men, would gather round the prohibited subjects, ready, like hungry lions, to rush on what they had been withheld from, by the bars and chains, and bolts of social or political despotism." With the frequent admonitions of that paragraph, which we commend to all in the United States, who wish to obstruct the advances of opinion, on any subject, we dismiss our theme.

Before quitting it entirely, however, let us add that we have been drawn to it by criticisms that we have seen, from time to time, passed upon the conduct of this magazine. A feeling of surprise has sometimes been expressed that we should mingle with our lighter entertainments, grave and thoughtful considerations of the leading political, social, scientific and religious topics of the day. But, surely they who express that feeling can neither have studied our course from the beginning, nor have thoroughly digested in their own minds the proper aims and duties of a first-class periodical. It was never our intention to issue a monthly exclusively for the milliners; we had no ambition to institute a monopoly manufacture of love-tales and sing-song verses; and, if we had, we should have despaired of success amid the brilliant successes already achieved in that line. No! we had other conceptions of the variety, the importance, the dignity, and the destiny of literature. Our thought, in establishing this enterprise, was, and it still is, that literature is the full and free expression of the nation's mind, not in *belles-lettres* alone, nor in art alone, nor in science alone, but in all these, combined with politics and religion. It seemed to us, that the cultivated men, the literary

men of a nation, are among its best instructors, and that they feebly discharge their function, if they are not free to utter their wisest thoughts, their most beautiful inspirations, on every subject which concerns the interests, the sensibilities, and the hopes of our humanity. Whether they pour forth their sense of beauty, grace and gentleness in strains of poetry, or enlarge our knowledge of man in sketches of travel, or bring nearer to us the countless charms of our landscapes by natural descriptions, or help us to a clearer conception of great characters in biographic notices, or lift the disposition into cheerfulness and buoyancy by outpourings of humor, or refine our views of life and happiness by ideal portraiture, or snub pretension, and arrogance, and folly, by caustic satire, or unfold the magnificent vistas of science, or canvass the movements of parties and the measures of government in the light of great general principles,—they still belong to that higher priesthood, whose ministrations emancipate us from the care and littleness of daily life, who enkindle in us the love of the loveliest things, who reveal the depths of our spirits, and "whose voices come down from the kingdom of God." But in order to the true manifestation of this exalted character, a free scope must be given to the action of their genius; and such we trust they will ever find in the pages of this Monthly.

Figaro said that he once conceived the project of setting up a journal, and that when he applied to the government for the necessary permit, they accepted his scheme with the warmest applause. "It will be a capital, excellent thing," said they; "and provided you never touch upon religion, nor politics, nor private society, nor the affairs of the opera, and submit each article to the decision of three censors, it shall receive our heartiest concurrence!"

Whereupon, adds Figaro, "finding that the best name for it would be *Le Journal Inutile*, I concluded to drop the enterprise." As for ourselves, we have no desire to publish a "useless journal," and if we cannot "say our say" of what is passing, or, if we must cultivate the wonderful art by which politicians talk for a month without saying anything, we shall imitate the discretion of Figaro, and hasten to other fields, and leave journalism for those who either have no opinions of their own, or have the amiability to say one thing while they think another.

BATHING AND BODIES.

A DISSERTATION.

No swan-soft woman, rubbed with lucid oils,
The gift of an enamored god, more fair."

BROWNING.

WE shall not set out from Damascus—we shall not leave the Pearl of the Orient to glimmer through the seas of foliage wherein it lies buried—without consecrating a day to the Bath, that material agent of peace and goodwill unto men. We have bathed in the Jordan, like Naaman, and been made clean; let us now see whether Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, are better than the waters of Israel.

The Bath is the "peculiar institution" of the East. Coffee has become colonized in France and America; the Pipe is a cosmopolite, and his blue, joyous breath congeals under the Arctic Circle, or melts languidly into the soft air of the Polynesian Isles; but the Bath, that sensuous elysium which cradled the dreams of Plato, and the visions of Zoroaster, and the solemn meditations of Mahomet, is only to be found under an Oriental sky. The naked natives of the torrid zone are amphibious; they do not bathe, they live in the water. The European and Anglo-American wash themselves, and think they have bathed; they shudder under cold showers and perform laborious antics with coarse towels. As for the Hydropathist—the Genius of the Bath, whose dwelling is in Damascus, would be convulsed with scornful laughter, could he behold that aqueous Diogenes sitting in his tub, or stretched out in his wet wrappings, like a sodden mummy, in a catacomb of blankets and feather beds. As the rose in the East has a rarer perfume than in other lands, so does the Bath bestow a superior purification and impart a more profound enjoyment.

Listen not unto the lamentations of travellers, who complain of the heat, and the steam, and the dislocation of their joints. They belong to the stiff-necked generation, who resist the processes, whereunto the Oriental yields himself body and soul. He who is bathed in Damascus, must be as clay in the hands of a potter. The Syrians marvel how the Franks can walk, so difficult is it to bend their joints. Moreover, they know the difference between him who comes to the Bath out of a

mere idle curiosity, and him who has tasted its delight and holds it in due honor. Only the latter is permitted to know all its mysteries. The former is carelessly hurried through the ordinary forms of bathing, and, if any trace of the cockney remain in him, is quite as likely to be disgusted as pleased. Again, there are many second and third-rate baths, whither cheating dragomen conduct their victims, in consideration of a division of the spoils with the bath-keeper. Hence it is, that the Bath has received but partial justice at the hands of tourists in the East. If any one doubts this, let him clothe himself with Oriental passiveness and resignation, go to the Hamman el-Khyateen, at Damascus, or the bath of Mahmoud Pasha, at Constantinople, and demand that he be perfectly bathed.

Come with me, and I will show you the mysteries of the perfect bath. Here is the entrance, a heavy Saracenic arch, opening upon the crowded bazaar. We descend a few steps to the marble pavement of a lofty octagonal hall, lighted by a dome. There is a jet of sparkling water in the centre, falling into a heavy stone basin. A platform about five feet in height runs around the hall, and on this are ranged a number of narrow couches, with their heads to the wall, like the pallets in a hospital ward. The platform is covered with straw matting, and from the wooden gallery which rises above it are suspended towels, with blue and crimson borders. The master of the bath receives us courteously, and conducts us to one of the vacant couches. We kick off our red slippers below, and mount the steps to the platform. Yonder traveller, in Frank dress, who has just entered, goes up with his boots on, and we know, from that fact, what sort of a bath he will get.

As the work of disrobing proceeds, a dark-eyed boy appears with a napkin, which he holds before us, ready to bind it about the waist, as soon as we regain our primitive form. Another attendant throws a napkin over our shoulders and wraps a third around our head, turban

wise. He then thrusts a pair of wooden clogs upon our feet, and, taking us by the arm, steadies our tottering and clattering steps, as we pass through a low door and a warm ante-chamber into the first hall of the bath. The light, falling dimly through a cluster of bulls'-eyes in the domed ceiling, shows, first, a silver thread of water, playing in a steamy atmosphere; next, some dark motionless objects, stretched out on a low central platform of marble. The attendant spreads a linen sheet in one of the vacant places, places a pillow at one end, takes off our clogs, deposits us gently on our back, and leaves us. The pavement is warm beneath us, and the first breath we draw gives us a sense of suffocation. But a bit of burning aloe-wood has just been carried through the hall, and the steam is permeated with fragrance. The dark-eyed boy appears with a narghileh, which he places beside us, offering the amber mouth-piece to our submissive lips. The smoke we inhale has an odor of roses; and as the pipe bubbles with our breathing, we feel that the dew of sweat gather heavily upon us. The attendant now reappears, kneels beside us, and gently kneads us with dexterous hands. Although no anatomist, he knows every muscle and sinew whose suppleness gives ease to the body, and so moulds and manipulates them that we lose the rigidity of our mechanism and become plastic in his hands. He turns us upon our face, repeats the same process upon the back, and leaves us a little longer to lie there passively, glistening in our own dew.

We are aroused from a reverie about nothing by a dark-brown shape, who replaces the clogs, puts his arm around our waist and leads us into an inner hall, with a steaming tank in the centre. Here he slips us off the brink, and we collapse over head and ears in the fiery fluid. Once—twice—we dip into the delicious heat, and then are led into a marble alcove, and seated flat upon the floor. The attendant stands behind us, and we now perceive that his hands are encased in dark hair-gloves. He pounces upon an arm, which he rubs until, like a serpent, we slough the worn-out skin, and resume our infantile smoothness and fairness. No man can be called clean, until he has bathed in the East. Let him walk directly from his accustomed bath and self-friction with towels to the Hammam-el-Khyateen, and the

attendant will exclaim, as he shakes out his hair-gloves: "O Frank! it is a long time since you have bathed." The other arm follows, the back, the breast, the legs, until the work is complete, and we know precisely how a horse feels after he has been curried.

Now the attendant turns two cocks at the back of the alcove, and holding a basin alternately under the cold and hot streams, floods us at first with a fiery dash, that sends a delicious warm shiver through every nerve; then, with milder applications, lessening the temperature of the water by semi-tones, until, from the highest key of heat which we can bear, we glide rapturously down the gamut until we reach the lowest bass of coolness. The skin has by this time attained an exquisite sensibility, and answers to these changes of temperature with thrills of the purest physical pleasure. In fact, the whole frame seems purged of its earthy nature and transformed into something of a finer and more delicate texture.

After a pause, the attendant makes his appearance with a large wooden bowl, a piece of soap, and a bunch of palm fibres. He squats down beside the bowl, and speedily creates a mass of snowy lather, which grows up to a pyramid and topples over the edge. Seizing us by the crown-tuft of hair upon our shaven head, he plants the foamy bunch of fibres full in our face. The world vanishes; sight, hearing, smell, taste (unless we open our mouth), and breathing, are cut off; we have become nebulous. Although our eyes are shut, we seem to see a blank whiteness; and, feeling nothing but a soft fleeciness, we doubt whether we be not the Olympian cloud which visited Io. But the cloud clears away before strangulation begins, and the velvety mass descends upon the body. Twice we are thus "slushed" from head to foot, and made more slippery than the anointed wrestlers of the Greek games. Then the basin comes again into play, and we glide once more musically through the scale of temperature.

The brown sculptor has now nearly completed his task. The figure of clay which entered the bath is transformed into polished marble. He turns the body from side to side, and lifts the limbs to see whether the workmanship is adequate to his conception. His satisfied gaze proclaims his success. A skilful bath-attendant has a certain æsthetic

pleasure in his occupation. The bodies he polishes become to some extent his own workmanship, and he feels responsible for their symmetry or deformity. He experiences a degree of triumph in contemplating a beautiful form, which has grown more airily light and beautiful under his hands. He is a great connoisseur of bodies, and could pick you out the finest specimens with as ready an eye as an artist.

I envy those old Greek bathers, into whose hands were delivered Pericles, and Alcibiades, and the perfect models of Phidias. They had daily before their eyes the highest types of beauty which the world has ever produced; for of all things that are beautiful, the human body is the crown. Now, since the delusion of artists has been overthrown, and we know that Grecian Art is but the simple reflex of Nature—that the old masterpieces of sculpture were no miraculous embodiments of a *beau idéal*, but copies of living forms—we must admit that in no other age of the world has the physical Man been so perfectly developed. The nearest approach I have ever seen to the symmetry of ancient sculpture was among the Arab tribes of Ethiopia. Our Saxon race can supply the athlete, but not the Apollo.

Oriental life is too full of repose, and the Ottoman race has become too degenerate through indulgence, to exhibit many striking specimens of physical beauty. The face is generally fine, but the body is apt to be lank, and with imperfect muscular development. The best forms I saw in the baths were those of laborers, who, with a good deal of rugged strength, showed some grace and harmony of proportion. It may be received as a general rule, that the physical development of the European is superior to that of the Oriental, with the exception of the Circassians and Georgians, whose beauty well entitles them to the distinction of giving their name to our race.

So far as female beauty is concerned, the Circassian women have no superiors. They have preserved in their mountain home the purity of the Grecian models, and still display the perfect physical loveliness, whose type has descended to us in the Venus de Medici. The Frank, who is addicted to wandering about the streets of Oriental cities, can hardly fail to be favored with a sight of the faces of these beauties. More than once it has happened to me, in meeting a veiled lady, sailing along in her balloon-like

feridjee, that she has allowed the veil to drop by a skilful accident, as she passed, and has startled me with the vision of her beauty, recalling the line of the Persian poet: "Astondishment! is this the dawn of the glorious sun, or is it the full moon?" The Circassian face is a pure oval; the forehead is low and fair, "an excellent thing in woman," and the skin of an ivory whiteness, except the faint pink of the cheeks, and the ripe, roseate stain of the lips. The hair is dark, glossy, and luxuriant, exquisitely outlined on the temples; the eyebrows slightly arched, and drawn with a delicate pencil; while lashes, like "rays of darkness," shade the large, dark, humid orbs below them. The alabaster of the face, so pure as scarcely to show the blue branching of the veins on the temples, is lighted by those superb eyes—

"Shining eyes, like antique jewels set in Persian statue-stone,"

—whose wells are so dark and deep, that you are cheated into the belief that a glorious soul looks out of them.

Once, by an unforeseen chance, I beheld the Circassian form in its most beautiful development. I was on board an Austrian steamer in the harbor of Smyrna, when the harem of a Turkish pasha came out in a boat to embark for Alexandria. The sea was rather rough, and nearly all the officers of the steamer were ashore. There were six veiled and swaddled women, with a black eunuch as guard, in the boat, which lay tossing for some time at the foot of the gangway ladder, before the frightened passengers could summon courage to step out. At last the youngest of them—a Circassian girl of not more than fifteen or sixteen years of age—ventured upon the ladder, clasping the hand-rail with one hand, while with the other she held together the folds of her cumbersome feridjee. I was standing in the gangway, watching her, when a slight lurch of the steamer caused her to loose her hold of the garment, which, fastened at the neck, was blown back from her shoulders, leaving her body screened but by a single robe of light gauzy silk. Through this, the marble whiteness of her skin, the roundness, the glorious symmetry of her form, flashed upon me, as a vision of Aphrodite, seen

"Through leagues of shimmering water, like a star."

It was but a momentary glimpse; yet that moment convinced me that forms of

Phidian perfection are still nurtured in the vales of Caucasus.

The necessary disguise of dress hides from us much of the beauty and dignity of Humanity. I have seen men who appeared heroic in the freedom of nakedness, shrink almost into absolute vulgarity, when clothed. The soul not only sits at the windows of the eyes, and hangs upon the gateway of the lips; she speaks as well in the intricate, yet harmonious lines of the body, and the ever-varying play of the limbs. Look at the torso of Ilioneus, the son of Niobe, and see what an agony of terror and supplication cries out from that headless and limbless trunk! Decapitate Laocöon, and his knotted muscles will still express the same dreadful suffering and resistance. None knew this better than the ancient sculptors; and hence it was that we find many of their statues of distinguished men wholly or partly undraped. Such a view of art would be considered transcendental now-a-days, when our dress, our costumes, and our modes of speech either ignore the existence of our bodies, or treat them with little of that reverence which is their due.

But, while we have been thinking these thoughts, the attendant has been waiting to give us a final plunge into the seething tank. Again, we slide down to the eyes in the fluid heat, which wraps us closely about until we tingle with exquisite hot shiverings. Now comes the graceful boy, with clean, cool, laven-dered napkins, which he folds around our waist and wraps softly about the head. The pattens are put upon our feet, and the brown arm steadies us gently through the sweating-room and ante-chamber into the outer hall, where we mount to our couch. We sink gently upon the cool linen, and the boy covers us with a perfumed sheet. Then, kneeling beside the couch, he presses the folds of the sheet around us, that it may absorb the lingering moisture and the limpid perspiration shed by the departing heat. As fast as the linen becomes damp, he replaces it with fresh, pressing the folds about us as tenderly as a mother arranges the drapery of her sleeping babe; for we, though of the stature of a man, are now infantile in our helpless happiness. Then he takes our passive hand and warms its palm by the soft friction of his own; after which, moving to the end of the couch, he takes our feet upon his lap, and repeats the friction upon their soles, until the blood comes

back to the surface of the body with a misty glow, like that which steepes the clouds of a summer afternoon.

We have but one more process to undergo, and the attendant already stands at the head of our couch. This is the course of passive gymnastics, which excites so much alarm and resistance in the ignorant Franks. It is only resistance that is dangerous, completely neutralizing the enjoyment of the process. Give yourself with a blind submission into the arms of the brown Fate, and he will lead you to new chambers of delight. He lifts us to a sitting posture, places himself behind us, and folds his arms around our body, alternately tightening and relaxing his clasp, as if to test the elasticity of the ribs. Then seizing one arm, he draws it across the opposite shoulder, until the joint cracks like a percussion-cap. The shoulder-blades, the elbows, the wrists, and the finger-joints are all made to fire off their muffled volleys; and then, placing one knee between our shoulders, and clasping both hands upon our forehead, he draws our head back until we feel a great snap of the vertebral column. Now he descends to the hip-joints, knees, ankles, and feet, forcing each and all to discharge a *salvo de joie*. The slight langour left from the bath is gone, and airy, delicate exhilaration, befitting the winged Mercury, takes its place.

The boy kneeling, presents us with a *finjan* of foamy coffee, followed by a glass of sherbet cooled with the snows of Lebanon. He presently returns with a narghileh, which we smoke by the effortless inhalation of the lungs. Thus we lie in perfect repose, soothed by the fragrant weed, and idly watching the silent Orientals, who are undressing for the bath or reposing like ourselves. Through the arched entrance, we see a picture of the Bazaars: a shadowy painting of merchants seated amid their silks and spices, dotted here and there with golden drops and splashes of sunshine, which have trickled through the roof. The scene paints itself upon our eyes, yet wakes no slightest stir of thought. The brain is a becalmed sea, without a ripple on its shores. Mind and body are drowned in delicious rest; and we no longer remember what we are. We only know that there is an Existence somewhere in the air, and that wherever it is, and whatever it may be, it is happy.

More and more dim grows the picture.

The colors fade and blend into each other, and finally merge into a bed of rosy clouds, flooded with the radiance of some unseen sun. Gentlier than "tired eyelids upon tired eyes," sleep lies upon our senses:—a half-conscious sleep, wherein we know that we behold light and inhale fragrance. As gently, the clouds dissipate into air, and we are born again into the world. The Bath is

at an end. We arise and put on our garments, and walk forth into the sunny streets of Damascus. But as we go homewards, we involuntarily look down to see whether we are really treading upon the earth, wondering, perhaps, that we should be content to do so, when it would be so easy to soar above the house-tops.

VESPERS.

I SIT beneath the oriel porch
That looketh towards the western sky,
And watch, while Eve the shepherdess
Her white flocks hurries by:
And watch the truant cloudlets stray
Far off upon the azure deeps,
To lose themselves amid the stars
That troop adown the steeps,—
Poor little lambkins of the air,
White-fleeced like Innocence below.
That yearning still for brighter paths,
Too oft astray will go.

The blessed night comes down to me,
And nun-like chants her solemn prayers;
The stars she counteth as her beads,
The moon upon her bosom bears,—
A white and holy scapular—
Beneath whose crescent rim afar
The azure secret of the skies
In wondrous quiet lies.
O moon! O stars! O silent night!
My teachers, as my theme, are ye—
Fair missals for my faith to read—
My hope's dear rosary.

THE THREE GANNETS.

ON a wrinkled rock in a distant sea
Three white gannets sat in the sun;
They shook the brine from their feathers so fine
And lazily one by one,
They sunnily slept while the tempest crept!

In a painted boat on a distant sea
Three fowlers sailed merrily on,
And each took aim as he came near the game,
And the gannets fell one by one,
And fluttered and died while the tempest sighed!

Then a cloud came over the distant sea,
A darkness came over the sun;
And a storm-wind smote on the painted boat,
And the fowlers sank one by one,
Down, down with their craft, while the tempest laughed!

CAUSES AND CONSEQUENCES OF THE RUSSIAN WAR.

PRESENT AND FUTURE.

IN a previous article* we have spoken of RUSSIA, PAST AND PRESENT. We have traced the rise and growth of that vast empire, and spoken of the relations which it has sustained to other nations, particularly to the Turks on the one hand (including their co-religionists and *kinemen*—if we may so call them—the Mongolians and Crim-Tartars), and the Poles on the other. We have shown the origin of the deadly hatred that has for ages subsisted between the Russians and these races, which, like themselves, are Asiatic in their character and manners, and the last-named, a branch also of the great Slavonic family of nations. We proceed now to speak of RUSSIA, PRESENT AND FUTURE.

And here, at the outset, we will enter without further remark, upon the consideration of the present war between Russia and Turkey, which has already involved France and England, and may involve, before it is ended, all the great powers of Europe. The history of its origin and progress is in the highest degree interesting. To understand the real, though latent, causes which have led to this war, we must look back into the middle ages for a moment.

Those of our readers who are familiar with history need not be told that the successors of Mohammed, at an early day, commenced the struggle between the Crescent and the Cross, which has lasted, with various fortunes, for nearly twelve centuries. From the nature of the case, the Eastern or Greek Empire was the first portion of Christendom that felt the scymitar of the Impostor of Arabia.† That empire embraced, in the seventh century, nearly all the countries of Western Asia which had belonged to the Roman Empire in its palmiest day. It included, also, a portion of Northern Africa, the southern part of Italy, and the islands in the Levant. As might be expected, Palestine, or the "Holy Land," the birth-place of Christianity, was one of the first of the pro-

vinces of that empire, to fall under Mohammedan dominion. This occasioned deepest grief throughout the Christian world. The tomb of the Saviour was in the hands of the Infidels! Many were the insults and sufferings which Christian pilgrims suffered at those hands for three centuries. At length the Crusades commenced, and from the end of the eleventh to the end of the thirteenth centuries, those astonishing movements by which Western Europe precipitated masses of men, who professed to be followers of Christ, on Western Asia—for the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre. It was emphatically a Roman Catholic movement—the Greek Church taking but little heartfelt interest in it. The intense hatred between the Greek or Eastern Church, and the Latin or Western Church, from the year A. D. 860, accounts for this fact. The Crusaders held Jerusalem from 1099 till 1187, when Saladin, the Caliph of Egypt, took it.

In the succeeding century, the Crusades ceased; but the cause which had led to their being undertaken, did not cease to be felt. In the century following, Palestine, as well as almost the entire of the Greek Empire, fell beneath the victorious arms of the Turks. In one century more, Constantinople fell, and the Greek Empire was no more!

When that event occurred, the Christians in the East were left for two or three centuries without the protection of any Christian prince or government. At length France, who had taken the lead in the Crusades, began to advocate their cause by making treaties with the Sublime Porte, in which there were stipulations in favor of Christians residing in, or visiting, the Holy Land. But these treaties contemplated mainly, or rather only, the rights, privileges, and protection of Christians of the Latin or Western Church. France cared little for the millions of the "schismatical" Greek Church. She has for eleven centuries

* Putnam's Monthly for October, pages 422—423.

† In the eighth century, Moslem zeal and fury carried the Standard of the Prophet across the entire northern end of Africa, and planted it in Spain, and for a time even in France. That standard was planted for a while in Southern Italy and the Mediterranean Isles in the century following. In the thirteenth century, the Mongols and Tartars carried the sword of Mohammed into all southern and eastern Russia, and finally, Mohammedanism took up its abode, in the fifteenth century, in what is now called Turkey.

considered herself as at the head of the Roman Catholic nations, and the protector, as well as champion, of the Roman Catholic or Latin Church. As to the members of the Greek Church, and the five other Oriental Churches—the Armenian, Nestorian, Syrian, Coptic, and Abyssinian—inasmuch as they acknowledged not the Bishop of Rome, but looked up to their own Patriarchs, they were left by France, the Emperor of Germany, and the other Roman Catholic governments, to the tender mercies of the Sultan of Turkey and his confederates. Centuries of oppression, cruel injustice, and persecution in one form and another, passed away.

But at length God raised up an Avenger in the Czars of Russia. That great country, as we have stated in our former article, received its Christianity and its civilization from Byzantium, or Constantinople, as it has been called since the fourth century. It was to missionaries from the Greek Church, that she was indebted for the Scriptures, and the institutions of the Gospel. The most intimate relations sprung up between the Churches of Russia and those of the Greek or Eastern Empire. The Greek Patriarch of Constantinople was the acknowledged head of the Russo-Greek Church. This state of things lasted more than a thousand years. Even the conquest of the entire southern part of Russia by the Tartars and Poles (the former Mohammedans, the latter Roman Catholics, and both bitter enemies of the Greek Church), did not destroy the sympathy of the Russian Church for that of the Greek Empire—although it rendered much intercourse between them impossible. And when Constantinople fell under the dominion of the Turks, four centuries ago, and with it the whole of the Eastern Empire, the official connection between the churches of the two countries ceased, but not their sympathy. About that time, one of the Patriarchs of Constantinople (of the Greek Church) fled to Moscow. Thus the Patriarchate of that city commenced,* and with it the independent existence of the Russo-Greek Church. At this period, and for several centuries afterwards, the Czars of Russia were too weak to do anything whatever in behalf of the oppressed people of the Greek Church in the

Turkish dominions. But in process of time, the scale turned the other way. The progress of civilization and the arts,—a progress for which Russia is indebted to Christianity—gradually raised up that great country from the feeble condition in which it had so long been, during which, it was a prey to the Mongols, the Tartars, the Poles, Livonians, the Lithuanians, and even the Swedes. In the year 1672, the Russians, for the first time, began to measure swords with the Turks, of whom they had lived in dread for two centuries. In a little more than a century after that, the Tartars were entirely conquered, and the Turks were driven to the southwest—almost to the frontier of the empire. In 1812, Russia extended her boundary to the Pruth, and even to the Danube, from the mouth of the Pruth to the Black Sea. Even before the treaty of that year, the Russian czars had begun to demand protection for their "brethren" of the Greek Church in the Turkish dominions. Nor has the present emperor been indifferent to this subject; on the contrary, he has gone farther than any of his predecessors. It is not easy for us to conceive the intense interest with which all the Christians in the Turkish Empire, excepting the Roman Catholics, have watched the growing power of Russia for the last century or two. From that quarter they began to hope for deliverance. There has been abundant proof, since the commencement of the present war, of the strong sympathy which subsists between the Christians of the Greek Church in Turkey and the kingdom of Greece, and the people of Russia. Not only has Russia demanded protection for the Greek Church in Turkey, which is the chief church in that country, and embraces twelve millions of souls (this is the estimate of the Emperor Nicholas); she has also interfered for the protection of the residents and pilgrims of the Greek faith in the Holy Land. On this subject we must say a few words, inasmuch as it is in some degree connected with the origin of the present war.

There are in Palestine certain buildings and places which are called the "Holy Places," and sometimes, but not very accurately, especially by the French diplomatists who have figured in the

* The Patriarchate of Moscow continued till the year 1700, when it ceased. Peter the Great substituted the "Holy synod" for it. The synod has cognisance of doctrines and discipline; the Emperor is at the head of the Church in relation to secular affairs, but has less power over it than the Queen of England has over the Established Church of that land.

present contest, the "Sacred Shrines." We believe there are eight or ten of such places. One of them (the site of the temple and the localities connected with it), the Mohammedan governments which have ruled that country for almost twelve centuries have never allowed Christians to visit. Sometimes even the Christian pilgrims have not been allowed to go down to the river of Jordan, and bathe in its sacred water. It has often been dangerous for them to visit the "Mount of Transfiguration," in the northern part of the country. But they have had access, more or less unrestricted, for a long time, to the two places which are, probably, the most sacred in the thoughts and feelings of those who have desired to make pilgrimages to the land where the Saviour lived, which was trodden by his blessed feet, and bedewed by his tears and his blood. One of these is the "Church of the Nativity," at Bethlehem. According to tradition, it stands on the very spot where the stable stood in which the Saviour was born. A silver star, suspended by a cord from the ceiling, hangs over the spot where the "manger" stood, in which the "Infant Christ" was laid by his blessed mother. The other is the "Church of the Holy Sepulchre," at Jerusalem, which is built over the supposed Tomb of our Lord. The tomb is a small building in the centre of the church.

Every year these churches are visited by all the pilgrims who flock to the Holy Land, and by other Christians who may be in the country. It is difficult to say whether the Roman Catholics, or the Greek, and other oriental Christians take the deeper interest in, and attach the greater importance to, these "Sacred Shrines." It would seem as if they were, for the most part, about equally influenced by an ignorant and debasing superstition, which had its origin in the wants and the demands of an unenlightened heart, and a smitten and oppressed conscience. The epochs of greatest concourse are Easter and Christmas. It is the testimony of every traveller who visits Palestine at these seasons, that the churches in question are crowded at those times by pilgrims, most of whom belong to the Latin and Greek communities. As the hatred of these churches is reciprocal and intense, scenes of shock-

ing disorder and violence often occur, even within their sacred walls. To such lengths do matters often go, that the soldiers of Islam have to be called in to make the "Christian dogs," as they contemptuously call them, cease from their strife. The cause of the quarrel has often been: Who shall have the precedence, the Latin or the Greek Christians, on these occasions? For a long time the Latins bore off the palm. They were allowed to have the keys of the churches; and, of course, they did very much as they pleased. Often the Greeks could scarcely gain admittance at all, without many and most violent efforts.

For three hundred years* France has stood up for the Latin, or Roman Catholic, Christians, and maintained by treaty their claims,—not only to *protection*, but also to *precedence*. For a long time she had the field to herself. There was no nation which professed the Greek faith that was strong enough to say a word in behalf of the claims of the Greek Church. The Protestant nations took little or no interest in the matter, as may well be supposed. They regarded with pity, if not contempt, the miserable superstition of both the corrupted and degenerated churches which were prominent in the dispute.

But Russia at length appeared on the scene, and began to make her influence felt in behalf of the Greeks, as France had made hers felt in behalf of the Latins. She, too, made the question a subject of diplomacy at the court of the Sultan. Nor did she toil in vain. She gained, a few years ago, some advantages which were deemed important for the followers of the Greek faith. This provoked the jealousy of France, and Louis Philippe (in 1847) directed his ambassador to negotiate with the Sublime Porte. Certainly the annals of diplomacy do not furnish the names of many men who were less fit for such a delicate and difficult mission, than M. de Lavalette, who was the French ambassador at Constantinople at that time. This gentleman—long known in the salons of Paris as an accomplished and fashionable man, and at length as the husband of the widow of an eminent American banker—who had had no diplomatic experience excepting what he had acquired as the French consul general in Egypt, betrayed an impetuosity

* Her first treaty in favor of the "Franks," or Latin Christians, was made in 1268.

† The late Mr. Wells of Boston, of the firm of Wells, Green & Co. at Paris.

of temper, and a degree of imprudence even, which came well-nigh occasioning the most serious trouble. Arriving at Constantinople the second time, in a 90 gun steamship (contrary to the treaties of the Porte with foreign powers), he demanded certain things in behalf of the Latin Christians who visit the "Holy Places." The affrighted government of Turkey yielded. Instantly Russia intervened, and made new demands for the Greek Christians; and Turkey yielded in turn to her; for she did not dare to refuse. This led France to reiterate her demands, to the astounded and, we may add, confounded Porte. Reschid Pasha, the Grand Vizier, knew not which way to turn. He had made engagements to France and Russia which were utterly irreconcilable. Fortunately the Emperor of France recalled M. de Lavalette, and sent M. de la Cour, a man of prudence and moderation, who pursued a conciliatory course, and effected an arrangement of the difficulty. In this affair Russia, on the whole, came off victorious. Much credit is due to Louis Napoleon, who had succeeded Louis Philippe, as ruler of France. It is probable also, that the influence of England was not without avail in the case, through her excellent ambassador, Sir Stafford Canning*. We know not upon what principle the difficulty respecting the "Holy Places" was arranged in all cases, but we suppose that it was mainly on that of equal occupancy, but at different hours of the days, and probably also on that of alternation.—

But however that may be, the affair was settled peacefully, happily, to the joy of all good men; for many fears had been entertained lest war between Russia and Turkey, involving France, if not other countries, might grow out of it. This was the state of things at the commencement of last year. Alas, the prospect soon became overcast by clouds of doubt and fear. Difficulty sprang up suddenly,—from another and distinct cause. To the surprise of all the world, the Emperor of Russia sent down to Constantinople Prince Menshicoff, one of his ministers, with a large suite, or staff rather, of officers civil and military, in a war steamer. The high position which this extraordinary ambassador occupied in the government of Russia shows the estimation in which the mission was held

by the emperor. Prince Menshicoff arrived at Constantinople on the 28th of February, 1853, and on the 16th of March he presented to the Porte his first communication, in which the ministers of the Sultan are charged with having violated the firmans issued in favor of the Greeks, of having wounded the religious convictions of the emperor, and of having been wanting in respect to his person. It concluded with asking an effectual redress of these grievances, and an arrangement which would put an end to the dissatisfaction of the Greek subjects of the Sultan, and give them sure guarantees for the future. The Porte was alarmed by this note, and Col. Rose, the English Chargé d'Affaires (in the absence of Lord Stratford) summoned the British fleet in the Mediterranean to approach the waters of the Dardanelles. On the 19th of April, Prince Menshicoff addressed a note to the Minister of Foreign Affairs, in which he stated in rather arrogant and unusual terms, that he was instructed to demand: "1. A firman concerning the key of the Church of Bethlehem, the Silver Star,† and the possession of certain Sanctuaries; 2. An order for the repair of the Dome and other parts of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre; and 3. A *Sened*, or convention, guaranteeing the strict *status quo* of the privileges of the Catholic Greco-Russian Faith of the Eastern Church, and of the sanctuaries which are in the possession of that Faith, exclusively or in participation with other sects at Jerusalem."

These demands were substantially granted, through the influence of Lord Stratford and M. de la Cour, the ambassadors of England and France, who had returned to Constantinople some days before. The *firmans* were delivered to Prince Menshicoff on the 5th of May; and though the convention referred to in the latter part of the prince's note had not been conceded or even discussed, it was hoped that there would be no difficulty in arranging everything amicably. This was the state of the case on the morning of the day just named. But that evening, Prince Menshicoff sent another note to the minister of Foreign Affairs, which was of the nature of an *ultimatum*. It demanded the immediate conclusion of a *Sened*,—or convention, having the force of a treaty. A draft of such a convention accompanied

* Now Lord Stratford de Redcliffe.

† This Star had been stolen, and the Latin Christians charged the Greeks with having committed the theft! This happened a few years since, and was one of the causes of trouble.

the note, which the Porte was required to agree to, without negotiation! and only five days were allowed for the consideration of the matter.

When the contents of this note were made known to the English and French ambassadors, they dispatched, each, a war steamer that night, bearing the news to their respective governments. The demands made in the proposed *Sened* or convention were two, which we give in a literal translation from the original French:—

"1st. There shall be no changes made in the rights, privileges, and immunities which the Churches, the Institutions of Piety, and the Orthodox Clergy (of the Greek Church) have enjoyed; or are in possession of *ab antiquo*, in the States of the Sublime Ottoman Porte, which has been pleased to grant them for ever, on the base of the *statu quo*, which exists this day.

"2d. The rights and advantages which may be conceded by the Ottoman Government in future, to other Christian sects (*cultes*), by treaties, conventions, or special grants, shall be considered as belonging also to the Orthodox Church."

These demands were deemed by the Turkish Government, under the advice of England and France, it is believed, to be wholly inadmissible; and Prince Menschicoff was so informed on the 10th of May. On the 21st of that month the prince left Constantinople. At the moment of his departure, he sent a final note to the Minister of Foreign Affairs, in which he reiterated the demands of his master in stronger terms, requiring even that if at any time any advantages should be granted by special favor to the foreign legations accredited to the Sublime Porte, these advantages should also be accorded to the Orthodox (*alias* Greek) Church in the Turkish dominions. According to this demand the Porte could grant no special permission for religious services in connection with any of the foreign legations, which would not equally, and of right, belong to the Greek Church. On the 31st of May, Count Nesselrode, the Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs, addressed a note to the Porte, in which the threat was made, that in a few weeks the Russian troops would receive orders to cross the Ottoman frontier, not to make war, but to obtain a material guarantee as a security for the rights claimed by the emperor, unless the Turkish Government would promptly accept, without any change

whatever, the note delivered by Prince Menschicoff before his departure.

We have in these few paragraphs given as full a notice of the cause of the present war between Russia and Turkey, as the nature of this article either demands or allows. It cannot be denied that the conduct of Russia in this affair, has been summary, overbearing, and insolent, especially in the second stages of it. Even in the first, the discussions concerning the sacred places, the emperor resorted to the extraordinary course of addressing an autograph letter to the Sultan, in which he charged the Turkish Government with acting in bad faith. And in the second stage, Prince Menschicoff's conduct at Constantinople was outrageous, in refusing to call on the Minister (Fuad Effendi) of Foreign Affairs, and insisting on a personal interview with the Sultan; and this, contrary to the usages of the court, on Friday, the Mussulman's Sabbath. This gave great offence to the Sultan and his ministers.

Of subsequent negotiations we need not say much. The Sultan, contemplating the storm that was gathering and preparing to burst on his country, invoked the interposition of France and England, and they endeavored to induce Austria and Prussia to join them in sustaining the cause of the weak against the strong. Russia invaded and took possession of the trans-Danubian Principalities of Wallachia and Moldavia. At first, the pretext was the desire to have a "material guarantee" that Turkey would comply with her demands; afterwards the ordering of their respective fleets to the waters of Constantinople, by England and France, was the pretext for this high-handed measure. Indeed, the entire diplomatic correspondence of Russia, including the proclamations, even of the emperor addressed to his own people, during the summer and autumn of 1853, is degraded and disgraced by an unparalleled amount of base shuffling, insupportable arrogance, unworthy dissimulation, and open and downright falsehood. In this respect, the contrast between it and that of Lord Clarendon, M. Drouyn de Lhuys, and Reschid Pasha, the three ministers of England, France, and Turkey, for Foreign Affairs, is very remarkable. The four powers made many efforts, through their ambassadors at Vienna, to prevent resort to the sword; but it was all in vain. At one time the desired object seemed to be on

the point of being accomplished. But Turkey would only engage to allow the Orthodox (Greek) Church* to participate in the advantages accorded to other Christian communions, *also subjects of the Porte*. Just *here* turned the whole difficulty.

And *here* we cannot but think there was something deeper than what meets the eye. That Turkey should deny to Russia all right to interfere in what concerns the internal administration of her affairs, was legitimate enough. But we are not able to see why, if the Turkish Government allows France and Austria to interfere in behalf of the Roman Catholic or Latin Christians† residing in her dominions, as she certainly has done, she should not allow Russia to interfere to the same extent, in behalf of the members of the Greek Church, in similar circumstances. And if the Porte grants special immunities and privileges to communities, convents, &c., of Latin or other Christians, who are not *her subjects*, we do not see that Russia is to be blamed for demanding that these same immunities and privileges should be granted to Greek Christians who are subjects of the Porte, and tenfold more numerous than its Latin subjects. This point France has fully comprehended; and *here*, we think we see her hand, and that of Rome, too. France knows, and the Pope knows, that if the Sultan should grant what Russia has demanded, there would be an end for ever to all "special favors," in behalf of the Roman Catholic Church in the Turkish dominions! Hence the promptitude and zeal with which France espoused the cause of the Sublime Porte

in this affair. Hence, too, the zeal in behalf of the cause of Turkey, manifested by the Roman Catholic archbishops of Paris, Lyons, Quebec, and their dioceses in all parts of the world. They call it a "Holy war," a war against a "Schismatical Church," in their *mandemens* or circulars to their clergy, in which they exhort them to pray for its success. The Pope is, doubtless, pleased to see Protestant England engaged in that war, by the side of Roman Catholic France; and would be still better pleased if he could see Prussia, Sweden, and every other protestant country engaged in *weakening*, if not *destroying*, a schismatical church and nation, who have no sympathy with Rome.

Well, at length Turkey declared war against Russia; and certainly her achievements in the valley of the Danube have been worthy of her ancient renown. In Asia she has been less fortunate. After months of negotiation and delay, England and France also declared war against Russia; but up to this time their deeds are far from corresponding to the hopes to which their preparations and their promises gave rise. After the unfortunate affair at Sinope, the combined fleet took possession of the Black Sea; but with the exception of an attack on Odessa, and some less important places, it has done nothing worthy of note.

There are five things which ought to be done, and must one day be done, if Russia is to be disarmed of her tremendous power to do evil by influences from without. 1. The reestablishment of Poland, with something like her ancient limits—giving her a population of

* It is remarkable that Count Nesselrode repeatedly asserts in his correspondence, that all the rights and privileges claimed by Russia, in behalf of the Greek Church in Turkey, are fully guaranteed by previous treaties, particularly those of Kainardji and Adrianople. Then why demand a *second* or convention, sanctioned by a new treaty, unless it be to seek occasion for a quarrel with Turkey? It is worthy of remark, that in the treaty of Kainardji, the Porte engages to protect the *Christian* (not the Greek) religion and its churches; and permitted the Russian ambassador to make a plea in behalf of a specified *Greek* Church, and its attendants. The treaty of Adrianople (1829) merely confirms the articles of the previous treaty. No mention is made of the *Greek*, or any particular community or sect.

One of the most remarkable things in Menschicoff's first communications with the Porte, when envoy-extraordinary at Constantinople, was the fact of his employing the expression, "privileges of the *Catholic Greco-Russian Faith*," to designate the Greek Church in Turkey—thus seeking in a covert way, to identify that church with Russia, a country with which it has no real connection, and never had. Much was said in France as well as in England against the recent demand of Russia, in regard to the Christians of the Greek Faith. It was pronounced to be a demand for a *protectorate*, and utterly inconsistent with the rights of an independent State. The demand was declared to be outrageous, and wholly inadmissible. Be it so. We have no doubt that it was inconsistent with all proper independence of the Turkish Government. But it differed in nothing from what France and Austria have demanded in regard to Roman Catholics residing in Turkey. The proof of this was furnished even in the midst of the discussions in question. It was thus:—The Turkish Government ordered the subjects of the King of Greece, residing as merchants, artisans, &c., in Constantinople, and we believe other cities of the empire, to quit the country, on account of their supposed complicity with the recent Greek insurrection in Epirus, Thessaly, and other parts. But what did the French ambassador at Constantinople (Baron Baraguay d'Hilliers) do in the case? He instantly, and with threats, demanded that "Greek Catholics," that is Greeks who were members of the Roman Catholic Church, should not be included in this peremptory and ruinous order. Here was a *protectorate* with a witness, as Sir Stratford de Redcliffe justly maintained. And what was the result? Baraguay d'Hilliers was recalled by the Emperor of France to be punished, by being appointed to command the French troops sent to the Baltic, and with the *baton* of a *Marshal of France*! And the "Catholic Greeks" have remained undisturbed at Constantinople.

20,000,000. 2. The reëstablishment of Hungary, giving her the entire valley of the Danube to the Black Sea, which would make her population at least 25,000,000. 3. The union of all Germany, with her 42,000,000 of people, under one effective but liberal government, probably a federal republic. 4. The consolidation of Italy under one good government. 5. The bringing of the Scandinavian countries—Sweden, Finland, Denmark, and Norway—under one government, with Copenhagen for its capital. But when will the world see all these things brought about? Perhaps sooner than any one now supposes, good reader. The tendency in Europe has long been towards the reconstruction of governments on the basis of nationality—the only true exponent of which is LANGUAGE.

But let us return to Russia. The present war will do nothing to diminish her territory; perhaps little or nothing to diminish her power. What, then, is to be her future? This is a great question; let us look at it.

It is clear to our minds that Russia is destined to be, perhaps for centuries, one of the great powers of the world. Indeed it is evident, we think, that her power will increase until she will be by far the strongest country, not only in Europe, but in the Old World. She is now very powerful—in fact, unconquerable. The Tartars, the Turks, the Poles, the Swedes, and the French (with the "greatest captain of twelve centuries at their head"), all failed to conquer her. And yet Russia, save in the last instance, was nothing in comparison with what she is now. Let a few facts be borne in mind.

1. Russia is a country of vast extent, as we have shown in our former article. Leaving out of view the Asiatic portion (as well as the American), as being comparatively of little account, excepting as a *point d'appui* in regard to central and eastern Asia, and having only something like *five millions* of inhabitants at present, notwithstanding its almost boundless dimensions, we must not forget that Russia in Europe embraces 2,025,000 square miles, and is much larger than all the rest of that continent; and although much of its northern, and some of its southern, and especially its southeastern portions, are incapable of sustaining a great population, the resources of the great central region—Great Russia, or Muscovy—and the western, embracing

the modern kingdom of Poland, have immense resources, which are as yet but partially developed. Even now there is a large interior trade carried on on her southern rivers (the Wolga, the Don, the Dnieper, and the Dneister), as well as on her northern (the Vistula, the Niemen, the Duna, the Neva, the Dwina, and even the far distant Petchora or Ijma, (misprinted *Lima* in our former article.) The head streams of several of these southern and northern rivers almost interlock on the great table lands in the centre of the country, and are, in fact, connected by a system of canals, commenced by Peter the Great. By means of these channels of communication in the summer, and by roads in the winter, an immense quantity of products, natural and manufactured, make their way to the great cities and seaports, either directly, or through the fairs of Nishni-Novgorod (on the Wolga, 250 miles east of Moscow), and some twenty other places in the empire. The amount of business done at these fairs does not fall much short of one hundred millions of our dollars per annum, and is steadily increasing.

2. The population of Russia in Europe may be safely stated to be *sixty-three millions* at the present time, and that of the entire empire at *seventy millions*. No other government in Europe has in one country, or in many contiguous countries, so large a number of souls under its sway. And yet the population of Russia must, in the lapse of half a century, much exceed one hundred millions, for it now increases at the rate of *one and a half per cent.* annually. In the early and middle centuries of the Christian era, it was not possible that the population of Russia could be either great or increase rapidly. The inhabitants were but very partially civilized, and many of them pursued a nomadic life, which is inconsistent with rapid increase. The various tribes of men that roamed over its vast plains were often at war with each other; and, as if that were not enough, the incursions of Asiatic hordes on the one hand, and the invasions of the Lithuanians, the Poles, and the Swedes on the other, attended often by wide-spread and long-continued desolations—villages and towns sacked and destroyed, and human beings, as well as herds and flocks, swept away—often concurred to complete the picture of misery. It was not possible that the population of the country should in-

crease. In the early part of the eighteenth century, Peter the Great caused the first census to be taken. It included little more than Great Russia, or Muscovy, which then had only *nine millions* of people; now it has *thirty-four or thirty-five millions*.—The increase of the entire empire is gradual but steady; that of the European part may be said to be rapid, and increasingly so. And what must the population of that country be one hundred years hence? What will it be, in all probability, two hundred years hence? It would be a very low estimate to say that it will be two or three hundred millions. Certainly, the country is abundantly capable of sustaining three or four times its present population.

Compared with Russia, what are the prospects of the other countries of Europe? Probably every one is increasing in population, some of them slowly, and some of them with considerable rapidity. But can France, and Germany, and England, and Spain, and Italy, and the Scandinavian countries be expected to have any such increase as Russia must long continue to have? When will they see their respective populations doubled? And if they should see that fact, how will they stand *individually* considered, in this respect, in comparison with Russia?

3. But what is most of all worthy of remark is the fact that Russia is evidently destined to attain vast power through the *homogeneity* of her population. Even now, this state of things is apparent and striking. The great and dominant portion of her inhabitants belong to Slavonic race. That race is estimated to embrace eighty millions of souls, of whom fifty-six or fifty-eight millions live in Russia. The Slavi of Russia in Europe constitute the great trunk of that race. Muscovy may be considered the home, or birth-place rather, of that race. There the language is spoken in its native simplicity and purity,—even in many cases, by the peasants and other laboring people.

This subject has been well treated by Count A. de Gurowski in his able and invaluable work entitled *Russia as It Is*.^{*} According to this excellent authority, the Slavi of Russia have little or no difficulty in conversing with any of the branches of the great Slavic family, a fact which shows that they speak the "mother tongue" of the race, and that

variations and differences formed among these and smaller portions of the race are dialects. Hence the inhabitants of Muscovy and all Central Russia converse with readiness with the Slavonic races in Poland, in Bohemia, in Moravia, in Hungary, and in the northern parts of Turkey, and in Northern Asia, even to the mouths of the Amour. Fifty-six or fifty-eight millions, out of seventy millions of the population of Russia, speaking the same language! What a fact! and what a mighty bearing it must have on the destinies of that nation and of Europe! Never has the Old World seen anything like it, out of China,—if indeed that country constitutes an exception. In our own great country there is a parallel to it. The English language is evidently destined to be the common language spoken over our vast country, and possibly, one day, that of the entire of North America. At all events, so far as the United States and the countries north of them are concerned, the English language will unquestionably absorb every other language which may come in its way. So will it be with the Slavonic language in Russia. In process of time the other languages and dialects of that great empire will be merged in it. The true policy of the government will concur with other and obvious causes to bring about this result.

But, what a bearing this great fact, we repeat it, must have on the destinies of Russia, and perhaps of Europe entire! Nothing can be more natural than that the offshoots of the Slavonic stem, where they are numerous enough to constitute a decided majority of the population, should, in process of time, be absorbed into the great race residing in Russia. Should that be the case, the limits of Russia may extend still further to the west and southwest; especially if it should prove true that the small remnants of former nations and tribes still existing between the great Slavonic race in Russia and the Teutonic race in Germany, have a greater affinity, through the medium of language, or religion, with the former than with the latter. However this may be, it is easy to see an amazing expansion or growth rather of the Slavic race in Eastern Europe and Northern Asia. The day must come when the Slavi will have an overshadowing influence in the Eastern Hemisphere, especially in the northern portions of it. Shall that in-

^{*} Published a few months ago by D. Appleton & Co.

fluence be for good? Or shall it be for evil? These are momentous questions. We are not sanguine, but our hopes preponderate over our fears. We will give our reasons.

If the state of the world were what it was four centuries ago, our opinions would be very different from what they are. At that period the civilization of Europe, Western as well as Eastern, was exceedingly low. Brute force had much more influence on the destinies of mankind than it has now. Knowledge was possessed by the few; the masses were ignorant, and had no share in the government of the nations. It is far otherwise now. Civilization has advanced greatly in all Christendom. The arts and sciences have made astonishing progress. The masses live in greater comfort, are far better educated, and have more knowledge of their rights, and of the duties as well as the nature of civil government. The opinion,—the conviction rather,—that the people have their just influence and share in the government,—inasmuch as the State ought to be, and may be, as important and as dear to one man as to another, to the poor man as to the rich man, to the unlearned as to the learned,—has gained ground most extensively in all the civilized countries, especially those in which the protestant religion prevails. These sentiments are gaining ground in the world every year, and indeed every day. It is not in the power of any government to exclude them long from the sphere of its action and control. The great Reformation of the sixteenth century gave birth to these opinions, and has done much to propagate them.—The press, with all its powers; the common school; the popular meeting, however small; the railroad; the steamboat; the electric telegraph, are all contributing, more or less directly, to make men think, inquire, reflect, and resolve. It is not possible that any government can very long endure in these times, in which the people do not possess in a good degree, their civil and religious rights.

In every part of Christendom these influences are at work, with more or less activity. Even the great Slavie race are beginning to feel them, and in this case, contrary to what has been the progress of moral as well as the natural light,—from east to west,—the truth is spreading from west to east. The Slavi who have penetrated furthest westward in Europe, and taken up their abode in

Eastern Prussia, in Bohemia, in Moravia; and in Hungary, have advanced most in civilization, and in the knowledge of their civil and religious rights, and will, at no very distant day, be prepared to vindicate them.

The true light is penetrating further east. The Poles in Austria and Russia, and the Slavie Christians in Turkey in Europe, feel its influence. Still more: it is felt even in Russia, the very seat and home of the Slavi. The progress may be slow for a time. Be it so; nevertheless there is progress, and that is a fact which is full of hope. It is the "day of small things," which is not to be despised.

There is a great disposition in certain quarters,—partly through ignorance, and partly through prejudice,—to underrate the progress of things in Russia. Proper allowance has not been made for the fact that it is only within a century and a half that Russia has begun to be in any sense an European country. It is still more Asiatic, so far as the masses are concerned, than European. And because this is so; because they do not find there the civilization of Great Britain, of France, of Germany—in a word, of western Europe—there are men who affect a contempt that is unworthy of them, for everything in Russia. Many forget that Russia is in a *transition state*; they forget how many ages have marked the gradual progress of civilization and civil and religious liberty in Western Europe, even in the countries most advanced; they forget—even Englishmen forget—that the *Magna Charta* was given by King John in the year 1215, that is 639 years ago. There are among ourselves not only Americans, but also Germans, Frenchmen, Poles, and Italians, who have come hither from countries where scarcely a particle of liberty, civil or religious, is to be found, who, nevertheless, most vociferously rail at the despotism, the ignorance, and the low state of civilization of Russia. Such men are wholly incapable of appreciating what has been done—what is now doing—in that great country. Certainly such men should lay no claim to the possession of philosophical and Christian spirit. Let us look at what is going on in that great country, as well as what has been done within the last century and a half. As we called the attention of the reader to this subject in the latter part of our former article, we shall give it nothing more than a *coup d'œil* at present.

The education and manners of the

higher classes have greatly improved; this cannot be denied, however much there is still to desire.

Manufactures, agriculture, and commerce have advanced greatly within that period. Russia had no commerce worth speaking of when Peter the Great came to the throne. She had not a port except Archangel on the White Sea; her manufactures were rude and Asiatic, and her agriculture was little better than that of the savage state. The government is doing much for the interests of their great national industries.

There was not a good road in Russia when Peter the Great ascended the throne. A good deal has been done, and much has been commenced in this direction. Several railroads have been made in Poland, one has been made from St. Petersburg to Moscow, and another is making from St. Petersburg to Warsaw. The day will come when Russia will be covered with railroads.

The education of the middle classes, as well as of the lower—especially the serfs of the Crown—has made much progress, however much remains to be attempted. One of the best of the ministers of the emperor, M. Ouwaroff—a scholar and a gentleman—is at the head of this department. At the same time universities have been founded, and the interests of literature have been not a little promoted.

However rigorous the government may be in punishing offences,—civil, political and criminal,—there have been great ameliorations in the laws within the last 150 years. The administration of the courts is bad enough still; nevertheless there has been progress here also, as we could easily show.

The term of service in the army and navy has been considerably abridged, and that service is much improved. Excellent military and naval schools have been established, as we have shown in our former article.*

The relations of the serf to his master, as well as his rights and duties, are better defined, and his position is greatly ameliorated.

There are ninety-five newspapers in Russia, and sixty-six magazines and periodicals, devoted to the proceedings of learned societies. Of these, seventy-six newspapers and forty-eight magazines are in the Russian language. The

rest are in the German, French, English, Polish, Latin (one newspaper), Georgian and Lettish. We are not sure that there was one newspaper published in the empire when Peter the Great took the helm of state into his own hands, in 1689,—one hundred and sixty-five years ago.

There has been a good deal done to diffuse the sacred Scriptures in Russia, and much to circulate religious tracts since 1812, and not in vain. The great fairs furnish admirable opportunities for scattering the truth far and wide.

The laws of Russia, consisting of the ukases of the czars, have been codified within a few years, and made more intelligible; and a law-school has recently been opened in St. Petersburg, the first ever seen in Russia.

Although the censorship of the press has, probably, not become less rigorous, yet it is better regulated than it was. With the exception of works on political subjects, and such as advance opinions on the subject of religion hostile to the Greek Church, there is but little difficulty in getting anything through the censorship. However rigid the censorship may be, a vast amount of important knowledge on almost all subjects is annually published in Russia. The Tract Society publishes nearly two hundred different tracts, in many languages, which set forth clearly the great doctrines of salvation, without attacking any form of faith or worship.

The "Holy Synod," in matters concerning the National Church (the Greco-Russian) and the "Senate," exerts an intermediate and important influence in the affairs of the government. And there is far more independent action on the part of the "communes," or townships, and larger civil "districts," in the management of local affairs than most foreigners have any idea of. These communes will one day be the *normal schools* of real liberty in Russia.

We might enumerate, if necessary, many other subjects of great moment relating to the state of things in Russia, and in regard to which there has been much progress within a comparatively short period. We have stated enough to show that there is progress, and that, too, in the right direction. The next hundred and fifty years will, probably, see a far greater progress than the last

* Through some confusion, the military school at Tsarsko-Séio was spoken of in our former article as a naval school; the naval school referred to is at Peterhoff, near Cronstadt. There are five naval, and seven-teen military academies in Russia.

have done. Russia is becoming more and more an European country.

A mighty change is going on silently and gradually. Her Asiatic despotism, her *Ceasarianism*,* or that peculiar autocracy of the emperor, which seems to have come from an imitation of the Tartar Princes of Kasan and Astrakan, and the Khans of the Crimea, will give place to a constitutional monarchy—or else to a Republic! Nor is the day of this great change as far distant as many suppose. The “*Czarovitch*,” or heir-apparent, is an enlightened and amiable man, and much resembles his uncle, the late Emperor Alexander, after whom he has been named. He was born in April, 1818, and consequently is 36 years of age. Should he survive his father, he will come to the throne at a mature age, and having considerable experience, and not as his father, who was called to the throne unexpectedly to himself (his older brother, Constantine, refusing to take it, in obedience to a compact made with his brother Alexander, three years before the death of the latter), at the age of 29, and with scarcely any experience in public affairs. Good men in Russia have for years entertained great expectations from him. His character is amiable, and his mind well-informed, though not remarkable for strength. He is a lover of peace, and of the arts of peace. He is the author of some of the best measures going forward in Russia, one of which is the railroad enterprise. We have heard him deplore, with much simplicity and earnestness, the backward state of Russia with regard to civilization. It is reported that he is opposed to the present war, and that he, on this account, is not on the best terms with his father. It is known that he has interceded with his father in behalf of distinguished men exiled to Siberia for political offences. It is hoped that he will turn his attention promptly, and with energy, to four great subjects of

reform:—1st. The breaking up of the whisky (or brandy, as they call it), monopoly, which is spreading ruin over the empire; for the government, in order to raise a revenue, farms out the right to make and sell brandy (rye-whisky) in all the provinces; and so raises at least \$26,000,000, which is about the fifth part of the entire revenue of the empire. 2d. The abolition of slavery or serfage. This his father seemed bent upon doing some fourteen years ago, but he has relinquished the project. He has, however, taken some good preparatory steps, by recommending to his nobles to liberate their serfs for a pecuniary consideration. 3d. The reorganization of the public establishments of education, and the introduction of a popular school-system of universal operation. 4th. The granting a full and equal measure of religious liberty, and thus opening the door to unobstructed religious effort. These great measures we deem fundamental, and absolutely necessary to secure a good constitutional government, founded on the basis of a proper amount of liberty. Nor are we without hope that something like this will be attempted if this prince should come to the throne. We have ceased to expect anything of the sort from his father, whose grand errors have been an inordinate passion for military affairs—for having an immense army, and, even a large navy, far larger than the commerce of Russia demands; too great a fondness for governing; and too great an attachment for both routine and display; and a great neglect of the true moral wants of the nation.

As to the Emperor Nicholas, now in the 59th year of his age, and still in the vigor of his life, it is not easy to speak of him in terms which will satisfy either his warm admirers or his bitter enemies. By the former he is lauded as if he were an ANGEL, and by the latter he is denounced as if he were a DEMON. Tall and well-formed in person, possessing

* The word *Czar*, in Russian, is spelt *Csar*, and is not derived from *Cæsar*, or *Kaiser* (the German form of *Cæsar*, and now signifying *emperor*), as many have supposed. The same word occurs in several Assyrian names mentioned in the Bible—such as Nebuchadnezzar, Belshazzar, and others which terminate in *-sar*, which signifies *prince*, or *ecclesiast*. *Cæsarism* has been employed to signify that peculiar and emphatically Asiatic authority which the emperors of Russia have acquired, and which appears to partake of the nature of the mysterious, and even the superhuman, in the estimation of the masses, especially the *moujik*s or peasants. Some of the emperors have affected this distant and unapproachable authority, which is so intensely Asiatic. After the manner of the ancient kings of Babylon, Persia, and other countries, much more than others, Peter the Great, had, with all his freedom of manners, something of this character. Some of *Jeons* had it, much of it, particularly Ivan the Terrible, whom we have called Ivan II., in our former article. He was the second *Jeon Vaschietech*, but is commonly called, in his tongue, Ivan IV. According to this enumeration, the half-brother of Peter the Great was Ivan V., and the successor of the Empress Anne was Ivan VI., instead of Ivan III. in the former case, and Ivan IV. in the latter, as represented in our former article. There is a good deal of confusion in the Russian histories in relation to these names.

large blue eyes and features of great beauty, wearing whiskers and a short moustache, and carrying himself with great dignity, he is, physically considered, the beau-ideal of a prince. In disposition he is said to be naturally amiable; and for a long time his character was believed to be free from the stain of immorality. But a change has been going on for years. Possessing great determination of mind, and an iron will, his temperament has, in the lapse of almost thirty years spent in wielding a power by many deemed absolute, been greatly and even sadly affected by daily collisions, resistance, and disappointment. His countenance, which in younger years often wore a most winning smile, is now become sterner, and often severe and repulsive. Benevolent impulses have often led him to perform generous and noble deeds; but it is equally true that his treatment of political offenders of a high rank—especially in cases aiming at the overthrow of his throne, as, for instance, the attempt at revolution on the day (December 26, 1825) of his ascending that throne,—has often been harsh and unrelenting. The Russians say that the czar ought to have an iron-hand, but that it should be *gloved*! It is certain that the Emperor Nicholas sometimes forgets to put on the glove. As seen promenading in the midst of a thousand courtiers, majestic and stern, he appears to be what he is, the very embodiment of the *esurier* of which we have spoken. "It is not good," said the old and excellent Bernadotte of Sweden, when near his eightieth year, "for kings to become old." This is but too true; for if naturally amiable, they are in danger, in old age, of falling under the influence of favorites, and giving up the reins to them; if decided and firm, they are in danger of becoming obstinate and tyrannical. Nicholas is illustrating the latter of these positions; his brother, Alexander, illustrated the former.

As to the future of Russia, it is easy to foresee that the great Slavic race which constitutes her entire population, with the exception of twelve or fourteen millions, and is destined to *absorb* them, will, as it advances in civilization, become amazingly powerful. Count Gurowski has justly represented that race as naturally inclined to *amalgamate with* and *absorb* other races, instead of *annihilating* them, as the Teutonic nations have done. It has some wonderful

"destiny" to fulfil, but is not yet very "manifest." Hitherto all its instincts have led it to look, so far as its aggressive course is concerned, to the East, or rather to Mohammedan countries, such as Khiva, Persia, and Turkey. There is not a *moujik* in Russia who, if he knows anything at all, does not believe that it is the grand *mission* of Russia to subjugate Mohammedan nations, and destroy Islamism,—to place the Cross above the Crescent,—and this because of the insults and injuries which Christianity, in the persons of the Russians, suffered at the hands of Mohammedan Mongols, and Tartars, and Turks. Any war with Turkey will be popular with the masses of Russia, who belong to the Greek Church.

But it is possible that by coming into contact with Western Europe, they may at length conceive the idea of conquest in that direction—especially in the portions of it in which there are remains of the Slavic race, as in the eastern parts of the Austrian Empire, and the kingdom of Prussia. It may be that there is danger for Western Europe from that quarter. Bonaparte predicted that all Europe will become Cossack or Republican. As to the danger in question—should it arise, it must be met by the united energies of the nations of Western Europe. They are, and long will be, abundantly able to meet and repel that danger, *if they will be united*. It is clear that Russia can have but little hope of success in such an enterprise—even if headed by an Ivan the Terrible, or a Tamerlane—for these fifty or one hundred years, unless the Western nations become infatuated. And long before one hundred years pass away, there will be a Power in Western Europe which will be invincible by all such assaults. It will not be Monarchy, with its feudal institutions and ideas, but *Democracy*.

But czaric despotism will not be in existence in Russia a hundred years from this time, but constitutional monarchy, or better still, a well-established Republic, unless the cause of republicanism is to be retarded other half-centuries by the frightful excesses of vain, conceited, irreligious, and consequently immoral, red-republicans, of the French School of 1793, and 1848. But we hope for better things from the increase of popular education, the diffusion of knowledge, and the progress of a pure Biblical Christianity which is now seen,—slow,

but steady,—not only in Western Europe, but also in Russia itself. We confess to being old-fashioned enough to believe that republican liberty (and there is little else that is worth much) is impossible without virtue, and virtue is impossible without *religion*—the religion of the Saviour, which makes a man feel that he is a man; not superstition, which makes men the tools and slaves of a priest.

As to Russia, there are 48,000,000 of people—who are serfs, and 22,000,000 who are not, of whom about 750,000 are nobles. Subtract both serfs and nobles, and you have more than 21,000,000 merchants and traders, artisans of various classes, peasants and *soldiers*. These millions are advancing in knowledge and civilization. They will constitute the great *basis* on which free institutions must rest. Several millions of these people live in cities, towns and villages. Eight millions are in the Principality of Poland, the Baltic Provinces, and Finland, and Bessarabia. Two millions and a half are *Protestants*. Among these 21,000,000 are to be found all the mercantile activity, most of the enterprise, and much of the wealth of the empire. Nor must we forget the influence of the parish priests of the Greco-Russian Church—a Church which includes 50,000,000 souls, out of 70,000,000 of people, who constitute the entire population. This body of priests is great; and, including their families, they constitute a *caste* of half a million! The priests of the Greek Church in Russia must be married men. They are poor, many of them ignorant and degraded, and some of them intemperate and immoral. We have seen many of them. They are not universally the debased and immoral set which some writers have represented them to be. There are many excellent men among them—virtuous men, intelligent men, and good men. And their influence is immense among the masses. They live among the masses, associate with the masses, sympathize with the masses; and when the day comes, they will throw their mighty influence into the scale of popular rights, and the liberties of the people. They have little sympathy with the nobles and the official myrmidons of the throne. Russia has felt the influence of her priests for good in many an evil hour. She owes

her liberation from the Tartars very much to them. The protestant clergy (chiefly in conquered Finland and the Baltic provinces) will be found in the right place when their help is needed, and so will their people. Nor should we overlook the “Dissenters” in Russia, more than a million in number, who have left the National Church, among whom there are many excellent people—resolute people, who have endured oppression and even persecution. Where will they be in the grand struggle for liberty! The question needs no answer. The freedom of Russia will probably spring from a religious movement. It is to such a movement that England and these United States owe their liberties and their free institutions.*

Nor will the lower classes of the nobles go *en masse* with despotism. Nor will the *serfs*, as they advance in knowledge, as they are certain to do, be wanting to the friends of liberty in the grand and protracted struggle which is drawing near.

So much in the way of speculation on the future of Russia. Our readers will see that we are not disposed to look only at the dark side of the picture. We have some confidence in humanity, but a vast deal more in God, and His great and good purposes in relation to this world,—Russia included. As to the present war, it is not likely to do more than restrain the ambition of the emperor, and save Turkey for a season. Neither Austria nor Prussia will go into it heartily, or at all, if they can help it. France and England and Turkey will have to go on without their *active* aid. Their neutrality is something, especially if Austria keeps Russia out of the “Principalities,” as she seems resolved to do. We had hoped that the war would be a short one; but just now the prospect is not so favorable for peace. But who can tell what may be the contingencies of the coming winter? Europe is in a singular state. The death of the Emperor of Russia, or the Emperor of France, would have an amazing influence on the present position of things.

It was our purpose, in concluding this article, to say something respecting the works which have been written on Russia. A few words must suffice. If any one desires to get a general view of the literature of Russia, and especially of her

* We often wonder that the friends of an Evangelical Faith in this land do so little to spread the Truth in Russia. The door is open for immense efforts in the distribution of religious tracts, and to some extent, the Bible.

authors, let him get and read Professor Otto's excellent work; it has been translated and published in England. Schnitzler's volume on the Universities of Russia is very valuable, as are his other works on that empire. Of recent books of *Travels* in Russia, that of the Marquis de Custine is, perhaps, the most important; but it abounds in French prejudice, enormous exaggerations in regard to the discomforts, *cermin*, and almost everything else with which he met. Nevertheless, M. de C.'s book contains many truly philosophical views, and ought by all means to be read. He has understood the Oriental or Asiatic character of the country better than any other modern writer. His representations of the Greek Church, and its influence, are far from being correct. Indeed, if one may judge from his astounding ignorance of Protestantism, it ought not to appear surprising that he has not done justice to the Greek Church of Russia. M. de Custine is too much of a Roman Catholic to do justice to the religion of Russia. Another Frenchman, M. Marmier, has written a very readable book about Russia, but it is superficial, and abounds in misstatements. As to M. de Lagny's little work (which has been republished in this country) it is a very poor affair. The *Travels in Russia* of our lamented Stephens is a very interesting book, but treats mainly of things which lie on the surface. The work of Mr. Maxwell, entitled, "*The Czar,*

his Court and people," is an excellent one, and contains much valuable information. Of Count A. Gurowski's *Russia as It Is*, we have spoken elsewhere. It is the best of all, on many accounts—the most impartial, philosophical, and *hopeful*. Several works have recently appeared in England relating to Russia. Oliphant's *Russian Shores of the Baltic* may be read with advantage, though it is far from being free from prejudice. As to the Rev. Henry Christmas's "Nicholas I.," it contains considerable information, but it is too much made up of extracts from Marmier, Lagny, Oliphant, and others. It is remarkable that Mr. O., writing this year, should not know that the Grand Duke Michael, the brother and best friend of the emperor, has been dead nearly five years! He is far wrong, in what he says on the subject of religious liberty in Russia. As to the older works on Russia, written by Englishmen, that of Dr. Edward Clarke is most interesting. Archdeacon Cox's work contains much information. Barrow's *Travels in Russia* is a superficial work, and is now of little worth. *Raikes' and Leitch's* works (published some twenty years ago) are worth reading, and so are the two volumes of the Marquis of Londonderry, for they contain much valuable statistical information respecting the trade of Russia with Asia. Among the works written in England, long time ago, we may mention John Milton's *Moscovia*, which is still worth reading.

AT LAST.

IT comes at last! the hour so long awaited,
The hour that weary Hope so long foretold,
It finds the strength of Passion unabated,
It meets a love that ne'er grew faint nor cold;
Forgotten is the dull and aching sadness,
Forgotten all the painful dreary past,
I hear thy words, I see thy glance of gladness,
I press thee, darling, to my heart at last!

I do not know if years have dimmed the splendor
That early passion found within thine eye,
I only feel its lovelight, soft and tender,
Charm, as it charmed me in the days gone by;
I cannot tell what land, what fates await us,
If wealth or want along our way be cast,
I only know, if Fortune bless or hate us,
That heart to heart we live and die at last.

WATERING-PLACE WORRIES.

AFTER withstanding, for these five years, the annual urgency of my wife and daughters for a peep at the seaward border of our great metropolis, during the season when all the world flies about "like thin clouds before a Biscay gale," I promised, in some desperate or happy moment, that the summer of 1854 should not pass away until I had given them a taste of the home ocean breezes, to say nothing of salt water and roasted clams, the proper dainties of such excursions. To tell the truth, I was myself not a little inspired by the animating images called up by the talk of my girls; and I fancied them walking on the beach, with good thick shoes, their fair hair blown back and tendrilling around their sun-bonnets, and their cheeks rosy with health, early hours, and exercise; or sporting in the surf, taking the wave with shouts of innocent laughter, and emerging round-headed and shining, like seals or porpoises, only to plunge again for fresh exhilaration. Who does not love to see his darlings enjoying themselves in the sports proper to their age, that "bring no afterthought of pain," but stores of health and gladness, and the power of cheering others? I consented with a good grace (my wife said, for once), and was as impatient for the day to come as the youngest of the party.

What pleased me, especially, and silenced the last doubt, was the reiterated assurance of wife and daughters, that nobody dressed at Rocky Branch. Not that an altogether Paradisaic state was intimated, but the expression was offered as a type of the utter indifference to outward adornment in which ladies visiting the sea-shore habitually indulge. "Why should they dress," my wife would emphatically ask, "Why should we dress just to run about in the sand, or drive in a country wagon, or go a fishing in a muddy boat?" Why, indeed! it was my own sentiment, exactly. So we were all of one mind, and the third day of July was fixed upon as that of happy escape from the heat and noise of the city, the day commemorative of our national independence being unhappily that now-a-days chosen by the "better classes" (!) to signalize their contempt for the rude pleasures of "the masses." *Quere*, whether this does not appear, to

eyes looking upward, something like "kicking down the ladder?"

But we had no time to philosophize. The business of the moment was to enjoy. The day being decided on, and the plan laid, I went to my office with renewed spirits, visions of rural repose and quiet throwing a golden haze over musty books and o'er-labored pen and ink.

It occasioned some slight shock to the fair fabric that had sprung up in my imagination, to find that the very next morning after the grand decision saw three dress-makers installed in our sewing-room; but as I had not been so silly as to take literally my wife's assertion that no dress was needed for a jaunt to the sea-shore, I made no remark, though I inwardly ejaculated a hope that the sojourn of these *Parcæ* might be short, since much experience has taught me to class mantua-makers (*quæ* man-tormentors?) among the absorbents, in no commendatory sense. A day or two after, coming home to dinner exhausted, and perhaps a little cross, not a lady of the family was to be found, and it was ten minutes past five when Mrs. Q. and the girls came in, like the Miss Flambooroughs, "all blowized and red with walking," but rather silent (for a while), and, to speak within bounds, in not much better humor than myself. This had the effect of what is called at the West a back-fire, which they kindle about the homestead to prevent that which approaches from the forest from becoming too destructive. My ill-humor was chastised and kept under by the evidence of disappointment and displeasure on the faces of my dear ones. I said nothing about having waited dinner, but only asked (mildly, I assure you) what had happened to disturb the newly-arrived.

This brought down a shower of words. All spoke at once, and it was not immediately that I could discover the source of unhappiness. But it resulted in this—Madame F. (celebrated for making loves of caps and darlings of bonnets) "says she cannot possibly get our hats done by the third, because all the Bloomingtons had already bespoken theirs; and the Gossins and the Tarnes theirs, a week ago. That's always the way with us! We leave everything till the last minute, and that's the reason we never can have anything like other people!"

This glanced rather sharply upon me, as my habitual reluctance to undertake expeditions of this nature—a reluctance, let me say, founded on much experience—had been the cause of delay in the present case. But I kept my temper, and took the blame meekly, simply observing that I had supposed in a case where no dress was needed, two weeks would afford ample time for preparation to pass three. This proved an unlucky venture, for my wife's feelings were deeply hurt at what she felt to be an imputation upon her well-known economy. Did I suppose she would buy a single thing for so short a sojourn that would not be useful—nay, necessary—afterwards? And my daughters—were there any girls in town that dressed so plainly, and with so little expense? Had not Caroline had her blue silk turned and made over and new-trimmed, at a cost of barely ten dollars, and Alida worn her mantilla ever since April? There was certainly no pleasure in going anywhere, unless we could look like other people!

Truths like these are never disputed by prudent husbands and papas, and from that time forward till the day of our migration, I never opened my lips on the subject of dress or dresses, nor my ears when bonnets, bracelets, cashmeres or cameos were in question.

My good wife on these occasions is less intent on deceiving me than herself. She desires in her heart to do the thing with little cost, and imagination draws a flattering picture of success which reality fails to fill out, making the forgotten accessories come to ten times as much money as the carefully counted must-have. What right have I to play the master, and try to substitute my wants and wishes for hers? We look at the matter from different points of view, and only the petty domestic tyrant forgets this. Thus I lectured myself, and resolved that no frowns of mine should embitter the taste of rural pleasure we had all promised ourselves.

All I stipulated for was that we should have no cumbrous loads of baggage, cramming our little lodging-rooms, and tormenting waiters and stage-drivers. O! certainly not, a few summer articles could not take much room; we would take a moderate trunk a piece. (I have generally found those single trunks to possess a good many branches.) Bathing-dresses were of course in request; and these it was proposed to make up in va-

rious economical ways, out of old materials; but afterwards my good wife, with her usual foresight, came to the conclusion that when one is getting a thing, it is by far the best economy to have it good; and so she purchased various brilliant stuffs and resplendent borderings for herself and the daughters, and a scarlet and orange outfit for myself; so that when, on the night before our departure, we tried on this "simple" gear, we looked fitter for a dance of witches or a bandit pantomime, than for sober bathers, who desire no spectators with better eyes than the porpoises. But as I was told that "everybody" had such, I had not a word to say. Let me always do as "everybody" does!

The days of preparation completed, we found ourselves in a condition to set out,—comfortably, my wife said,—and the carriage came punctually, and New York waved her fiery sword behind us to chase us away. Two men, perspiring profusely, brought down a trunk about the size and shape of a two-story house, and as they rested it on the door-step, I could not but congratulate myself that my dear Sally, knowing my aversion to the care of a complication of movables, had put the family luggage into so compact a form; for, although bulky and heavy, it was but once, and all was over. The poor fellows could wipe their beaded brows, and go their ways. Alas! this House of Pride was but the advanced guard of an army of baggage—a trunk apiece and one extra—as good tea-makers put in a spoonful for each of the company and one for the pot. O for the days of trunk hose, when a man could carry in his pockets wearables and eatables (if Hudibras is to be trusted), enough for a tolerable campaign! Mrs. Partington didn't wonder that there were 'trunk railways,' nor do I. Our army of trunks was attended by a whole park of flying artillery in the shape of band-boxes. I demurred a little at this; but as each particular piece that I proposed to leave behind, held, as I was assured, something essential to the comfort and respectability of the trip, I was fain to make the best of it, especially as my daughters declared, with one breath, that the array was absolutely nothing compared with what Mrs. — and her two daughters took with them for a single week at Rocky Branch.

After all,—I philosophized to myself, as usual—though we make so much selfish outcry at the trouble occasioned by female

paraphernalia, should we be the gainers if they took us at our word, and left behind and out of use all those delicate and characteristic superfluities that contribute to make more obvious the distinction between man and woman? Should we enjoy travelling and visiting with ladies who carried only a spare suit apiece? Do we covet the companionship of strong-minded women, who delight in broadcloth and leather, or fast women, who go out to tea in riding-habits, and carry switches instead of fans? If there should be a ball at Rocky Branch, and my daughters had to stay at home for want of evening dresses, would the remembrance that we had travelled without hand-boxes console me for their loss of pleasure?

Thus I reasoned after my fashion, and soon found that the seemingly great difficulties were not able to destroy my pleasure, and determined they should not, by my means, interfere with that of others.

I need hardly say that, to a man like myself, tied, from year's end to year's end, to the dull routine of business life, a journey of even twenty miles is no small pleasure. The very crossing of the ferry, to which my ordinary affairs never call me, was a delight. When I gazed upon our lovely bay and its islands, and felt the fresh breeze that had "been out upon the deep at play," I was ready to wonder that anybody should ever wish to go further for health or pleasure. My heart swelled and my eyes overflowed, as I contemplated the splendid aspect of my native town, the evidences of her prosperity, the promise of her future pre-eminence. Even London herself, queen of the world's commerce and intelligence, scarcely reposes on her river-shores with more magnificent effect, though London is the work of two thousand years as New York is of two hundred. No city on earth possesses such unlimited natural advantages as ours, such as no amount of misgovernment and desperate shameless corruption can—

Here my wife whispered me that she hoped I saw the Z— family on board, with new travelling dresses that threw ours completely into the shade; a fact which I was fain to receive on authority, for the most dutiful scrutiny on my part failed to discover the superiority of our neighbors' outfit. I believe Mrs. Z— had one more bow on her bonnet than my wife, and the Misses Z— higher heels

to their little, ugly, brown boots than my daughters to their ditto, but further I could not penetrate. There must have been something, however, for it considerably damped the spirits of our party for some time.

Once seated in the rail-car, after our *impedimenta* had been safely stowed and ticketed, I had leisure to observe the various individuals and groups that were, like ourselves, setting out for the country,—many of them well-dressed merchants and lawyers, to whom a peculiar air of domesticity and kindness was imparted by the various baskets, parcels, and flasks of which many of them were the bearers, as they returned to their expectant families after the labors of the day. My imagination followed them to their rural homes, more or less elegant, and pictured gentle, loving wives and fair daughters, awaiting their return in vine-shaded porches, while the setting sun covered the landscape with a tender glow, like the flush of a sweet welcome. I rejoiced that so many of our men of business provide these pleasant homes for their families, far from the city's noise and dust, and at least somewhat removed from the city's hardening influences. The weariness of some of the faces about me served to enhance the expression of the scene, for it suggested most forcibly the sweetness of repose, and the value and happiness of these country homes. One by one, and group by group, we dropped the home-goers, and at length my pleasant reveries were broken by the sight of a long row of uncouth vehicles drawn up at the side of the platform, and labelled in every variety of lettering and illustration that the taste and means of the painters allowed. I was quite amused with these anomalous carriages and the throng that hurried towards them, but my wife put to flight my quiet thoughts, by an exclamation that we were losing all the best places, and might even find ourselves without any places at all, if we did not make a rush and take care of our rights. So on we dashed, pell-mell, elbowing and elbowed, crowding into seats and being turned out again by somebody's assertion of a prior claim; until, at last, I thought we were finally, if not fairly, squeezed into some very uncomfortable nooks and corners, when it was suggested that all the trunks and handboxes were still standing on the platform, and that I had very much failed in escort duty, in not having seen them properly bestowed

outside before I buried myself in the interior. I tried to do the necessary shouting from a window, but the lady who occupied it remained, as it seemed, totally unconscious of my desire, and I was, after all, obliged to drag myself and my boots through the flounces of two or three others until I reached the scene of the *melée*, when I found the last piece of luggage had just been hoisted to the top. Once more I had to pass the frowning ordeal, amid the crush of skirts and the artillery of indignant eyes, before I could subside into the welcome obscurity of the corner, and take up the thread of my thoughts, wofully frayed by the last rub. Yet I could not help being amused at the impudence that provided and stowed such carriages, and the simplicity that endured them; and after I had sagely asked myself if this was what is called "Pleasure," I more wisely answered the question in the affirmative, since the occupation of my own thoughts with these novel trifles, had already served, I was conscious, to smooth some of the ruts of care, and rub out a few of the wrinkles of application. Counter-irritation is an important agent of medication—of the old school, yet homeopathic—and I acknowledged its good effects. Not so Mrs. Q. and the girls. Jam is not good for ladies' *crinolines*, and the crowded state of the coach certainly threatened the fashionable orbicular contour of skirts too severely not to have some effect upon the brows of the wearers. It was plain that the balm of rural quiet had not yet begun to make itself felt among us. The coach was like the branch of a tree on which bees are swarmed, and the heat and the buzz were worse than Wall street. Green plains, dotted with trees, lay everywhere around us, a perpetual soothing platitude, like some companionships. Here and there would be seen an old-fashioned farm-house, with its grass-plot and honeysuckles, and, perhaps, a maid with a milk-pail; but the landscape had no points more salient than these. The fields grew sandier and more thinly covered as we neared the ocean; the sea-breeze met us with a flurrying welcome, and with it came a cloud that we were not at all disposed to welcome—composed of myriads of mosquitoes that had evidently come a long journey, by the keenness of their appetites. In vain the ladies veiled their faces, and the gentlemen plied their handkerchiefs. Piquant were the attentions of the newcomers, and rather impatient the gestures

with which we attempted to repel them, while it was provokingly suggested by an old stager that if we had only rubbed our faces and hands with camphorated spirits just before we started, we should have been in far less danger of blotches. This might not be true; but it annoyed us to think it might. One of the greatest comforts under misfortune is to think it inevitable; and I have always dreaded those good people who feel it their duty to show you, when it is too late, how easily what ruffles you might have been avoided. Instruction is valuable, but it should be well-timed; one does not care much about the future while suffering from the mosquito-bites of life.

The last expanse of bare sand having been passed, we drew up before a piazza long enough for St. Peter's, the roar of ocean in our ears, and its wind stimulating every nerve. I sprang out of my troglodytish nook with a feeling of delightful relief, and Mrs. Q. and the girls forgot their annoyances, and inhaled the new life with evident pleasure. The breeze was now quite too much for the mosquitoes, who lack the parasitic power to "pursue the triumph, and partake the gale." They disappeared, and we felt with delight that we had only to find our rooms and bestow our movables, and then return to enjoy the evening among the motley company that thronged the piazza, which, to our tired eyes, wore the appearance, at the moment, of a disjointed rainbow, swaying and fluttering in the breeze.

Here, it will be perceived, an important item had been momentarily forgotten—the evening meal, rendered a matter of consequence by the journey and the sea-air, to say nothing of the deplorable labors of the mosquitoes. But of that anon.

We found rooms considerably larger than those recesses in which refractory nuns used to be immured, and most carefully excluded from every sight and sound of the ocean, though not from the odors and din of the kitchen and stables. To the narrowness of our lot we submitted, as we best might, but to the total absence of what we had most particularly come to enjoy, we demurred a little; our remonstrances, however, were at once silenced by the intelligence that we must have these rooms or none, as all the seaward ones were already engaged by "permanent boarders," or for their friends. Indeed, before we got fairly settled, we began to feel quite like

intruders. Everything was pre-engaged by the "permanent boarders."

Our rooms were entirely destitute of wardrobes and bureaux, as the "permanent boarders" had required all that had been provided for us. Even our washing apparatus, wofully scanty at best, had been sifted by the lady on the opposite side of the entry, who had come with seven children and three nurses, for the summer, so that we were fain to borrow and lend sundry articles usually thought indispensable. We rang and rang in vain to have these deficiencies remedied, for as far as we could discover, the "permanent boarders" required all the servants as well as all the furniture of the house.

This was quite a new aspect of hotel life for my experience. I had always considered an inn or boarding-house a place of equal rights—where each inmate, paying his way, had as good a right to whatever his habits required as his neighbor. But my wife and daughters decided that this was always the way at such places, and that to expect anything else only betrayed our want of fashionable habits. The only way, she said, to secure any comfort at Rocky Branch was to take the best apartments for the entire season.

Before we were half settled in our closets, the gong howled, and we hurried down to tea, not, however, quickly enough to find anything but bread and butter upon the table. There had been fruit, as we saw by the plates of our neighbors, but when we desired a share, we were politely told that it was all gone. The lady with seven children had, I should judge, concluded that her first duty was to provide for her family, and, accordingly, divided everything within reach among them. At least I could not help noticing, at the close of the meal, that the little dears had not been able to devour half she had endowed them with. For myself, I wanted specially sea-fare, so I asked for some roasted clams, which I saw much relished by several gentlemen who seemed as hungry as I felt; but alas! I only touched the old string. All the roasted clams had been absorbed by the "permanent boarders," and I was obliged to content myself with a slice of cold ham.

But the fine air that we were to enjoy on the piazza till bed-time soothed our irritation, and made us forget for the time all meaner wants. We promenaded till we were tired, among ladies whose orna-

mentation reminded me of that of ships of the line on gala days, and gentlemen flaming all over with gilt buttons, diamond brooches, and cigars, and then found a corner to sit down, thinking no sight so fine as the rising moon, no music so delightful as the roar of ocean.

We were scarcely seated when a piteous shriek reached my ears, and I jumped up, thinking some unfortunate dog or cat had been trodden upon in the parlor. I found, however, that it was only the beginning of a favorite Italian song, with which a young lady was favoring a circle of her fashionable friends. I looked in at the window for a moment; but the poor girl appeared in such distress that I could not bear to see her contortions of face and person, though I was assured she was only singing in opera style. I thought within myself—"Hic labor, hoc opus est," but I said no such word, believe me; I felt more like knocking down some coarse young men, who were quizzing her unmercifully, as they walked up and down the piazza, looking in at the windows.

By the way, and let me say it here, as I dare say it nowhere else, by what strange perversion of nature and taste is it that music, meant by Almighty Providence for the soothing and sweetening of poor human nature, has become, in our time, a laborious thing—a thing of exhibition and emulation? There is, indeed, a class who must make music a labor—those who practise it as a profession; but why do our young ladies feel it necessary to imitate these people? It seems to me rather humiliating that a few imported opera singers and pianists should have power to effect a domestic revolution in this respect, so that the present object of singing and playing is no longer the pleasure of husbands and fathers, and little brothers and sisters, and the home circle generally; but the imitation of Signora So-and-so and Herr This-or-that, who may happen to have the public by the ears. I have felt sometimes that I should enjoy playing St. Dunstan to some of these sublime gentry, whom I regard with about as much affection as the saint felt for his infernal adversary.

I do not complain that the girls sing Italian songs, or play elegantly, but only that their inducement is a mean and not a generous one; that the excessive labor required by the new standard absorbs much of the interest and attention due to other things, and that it is difficult for

them to condescend to please the vast majority of their hearers, who desire something simpler and more easily comprehended. If one succeeds in obtaining a ballad or a sweet English song, it is so bedevilled with incongruous graces, that it is, after all, no more than a very insipid hybrid, lacking both the home-sweetness we covet and the scientific perfection that the Italian music is so prized for.

I do not pretend to be a connoisseur in music, but I will yield to no man in my appreciation of what makes home happy; and I know, to an absolute certainty, that to sing like a dog whose tail has been trodden on, or even like an indignant or melancholy cat, is not the music of the home circle, though it may obtain white-gloved applause in company, or the envious commendations of those whose organs are less docile. To me, the cold, staring circle that gathers round the fashionable performer looks like a committee employed to test the pretensions of a fire annihilator, or a crowd watching the progress of a dog-fight in the street, with not the least personal interest in the result. Is there not a sad blunder somewhere—in heart or head?

* * * * *

The next morning saw us on the alert for breakfast, determined to be ready at the first sound of the gong, before the "permanent boarders" had had time to make a locust progress over the eatables. But we missed it again; for there was a fixed determination on the part of the waiters not to bring on anything but the commonest fare until the favored class saw fit to descend from their rooms. In vain I asked for oysters and chickens; the first seemed to be in the vasty deep, and the others would not come when I did call for them; so we breakfasted humbly on ham and eggs, with bread by no means sweet, and butter that would have been too much for its parent cow. But we did not mind it much, for we were going to bathe.

Here was a fine day for the surf; the sky a little veiled, but the breeze full of balm, and the numerous guests that dropped in by twos and threes till they filled the tables, promising a gay time. We retired from the field just as the broiled chickens came in, and walked the piazza a while, waiting for the hour at which it was fashionable to go to the beach. Here were polychromatic morning dresses in abundance, and innume-

rable puppies and children, whose gambols occupied pretty much the whole space. I observed that most of the permanents soon disappeared, but thought little of the matter until, on inquiring for places in the vehicle provided for those who wished to go to the beach, I found it had already started, being primarily at command of the favored class, with their *bonnes* and children, dogs and baskets.

"It will soon be back," said my informant, consolingly; "it does not take them more than an hour," but as this hour included the top of the tide, we felt a little put out, especially as we ascertained that the huge old lumbering vehicle had not been quite filled, the permanent ladies not liking to admit strangers.

We got down after a while, however, just as most of the dipping and frolicking was over for the day, and with rather tamed enthusiasm, sought bathing houses in which we might prepare for the water. But not only were most of the bathing-houses "private," but unhappily those who had bathed were now dressing, and we were obliged to walk up and down in the deep sand, under a broiling sun, while one and another of the *habitués* arrayed himself or herself with (as it seemed to us) uncommon deliberation, after which we enjoyed the privilege of bathing alone, with the tide half out and the surf quite subsided.

"What shall we do with our bathing dresses, Papa?" my little Dora called from her sentry-box, the door of which was off its hinges, and had to be lifted bodily every time the occupant of the sentry-box wished to pass.

Here again I was at fault. The knowing ones had packed their wet garments in the wagon which had now gone up for the last time, and I was fain to confide ours to an old sea-dog in red flannel, who professed to assist bathers, though he was reputed always to make for the shore when there was the least alarm. (The next morning when we came down to the beach we had the pleasure of finding all our various and partycolored gowns and trousers made spread eagles of, on the broad-side of a shed under which the ladies and gentlemen were in the habit of reposing and cracking jokes at odd hours.)

But, not to get before my story, at dinner, after our first bath, I observed with no little uneasiness that my wife and daughters, who had professed them-

selves hungry enough to eat even the poor leavings (on the dishes), of the "permanents," touched scarcely anything, and after a few whispers among themselves, sat silent and evidently unhappy. When the dessert came on, I made desperate dives after spoonfuls of various puddings that were passing towards the head of the table, and once came nearly to blows with the waiter, who snatched from my hand a tolerable tart that I had in my secret mind appropriated to my family's wants. But though the war thus resolutely carried on was not without its trophies, in the shape of sundry little spots of sweet things on our plates, no relaxation of the gloom on each side of me was discernible. I inquired in anxious whispers, but the thing was evidently not of a nature to bear talking about. I secured three almonds a piece, and some of the loose raisins that remained in the fruit-dishes after all the bunches had been snatched to load the plates of a row of children, with large bows on their shoulders and their hair excessively bandolined; and very soon after, obeyed my wife's signal of withdrawal, longing to know what unhappy contretemps could have occurred beyond and besides all the petty vexations I had already become cognizant of, only a part of which I have attempted to describe here.

In a remote corner of the great dining room, out of hearing of the "permanents," who already occupied, either in person or by proxy, every window that faced the sea which we had all come to look at, the sad truth came out. It had been discovered that all the stylish people—all who went from home often enough to know what other people did—wore *masks* while bathing, so that we, ignoramuses convict, protected by nothing better than huge *flats* that would blow about—had burned our faces red, while the knowing ones were fair and calm as a summer morning, quite at leisure to stare at our tell-tale ruddiness, and to conjecture that we had emerged from the sub-marine regions of East Broadway or Henry Street, into which, the doings of the New York great world are longer in penetrating, than the original rumors from Paris take in crossing the Atlantic to the happier imitators in Fifth Avenue.

Here was a horror. The thing was done; there was no help for it. No application of oiled silk, or Indian rubber, or even *papier maché*, would now avail.

Nothing could touch us further! Our three weeks would not clean us of the stain. The red would turn brown after a day or two, and the skin must either peel off, like bad stucco, or wait in leathern pertinacity for the slow process of natural wear and tear. My bright Alida, who is always a little brown, declared she should not be fit to be seen all the winter; and when I hinted that I did not think a shade more or less would be noticed in her complexion, she did not seem at all comforted. Caroline, who has light hair and blue eyes, felt that she was a peculiar sufferer, because if a *blonde* is not lily fair, she is nothing. Dora did not mind the matter so much, for she is a lively little gipsy, and can get fun out of anything; but Mrs. Q. was so seriously hurt, that I could not, as a good husband, do less than let her lay all the blame on my shoulders, where, indeed, it generally alights by hook or crook. In truth, I consider this a covert compliment, both to my good nature and to my importance in the family; and the habit of blaming me in private has the advantage of enabling my wife always to be perfectly amiable in company.

All I could propose was, that since the misfortune had happened, we must only make the best of it; and to this end I suggested that the next best thing to being fair was being good-humored and lively, laughing off what was inevitable, and turning our attention to the rural enjoyments, for which we had expressly come. I thought the girls had better dash out and behave as the other young ladies did, *i. e.*, as if there was nobody in the world but themselves.

"Nonsense!" my wife said. The girls were not fast girls, nor couldn't be. It wasn't their style; and besides, they hadn't brought even their riding-habits, or whips or dogs. Caroline had a guitar at home, to be sure, but even if she had it here, she could not muster courage to play unasked, among so many strangers. Elinor had a Fanny-Kemble suit, that she had made for the woods a year or two since, when she went to Uncle John's, in the wilds of Albany county; but what could she do with it on the beach, where the winds were always blowing in that violent, unmeasured sort of way? Dora was naturally a romp; but where was the use, where we didn't know any young men? We never went anywhere—never did as other people did—were really unfitted for good society, &c., &c., &c.

Upon this, the ladies all betook themselves to their rooms, while I, full of regret at their various disappointments, lighted my invariable after-dinner cigar, and walked up and down the piazza for an hour or two, jostled on every hand, but pondering the whole subject of these summer sojourns, and marvelling within myself whether these things must be so, now and for ever.

Can there be no rural retreats for us o'erelaborated citizens, driven from our homes by heat and dust, and natural desire of variety,—wherein may be found comfort, repose, amusement, and wholesome air and food, instead of the poor, ill-managed, partial, scrambling (I had almost said swindling), uncomfortable, and ruinously-expensive abiding-places, which are now denominated fashionable? I know there are farm-houses, so-called, where one can find quiet, but nothing else; neither amusement, nor comfort, nor even country-fare, since every atom of first-rate provisions is sent to the great cities. But these are not what we need. They too often swindle on a small scale, as the greater humbugs do on a large one; that is to say, they take your money without rendering or seeking to render a just and equal return, or planning for anything but the filling of their own pockets, trusting to your patience, and the natural reluctance to "make a fuss," by returning to town before the specified time of endurance has elapsed. The grander take-ins not only give you poor living and uncomfortable lodging, and allow all the comforts and advantages there might still be found to be usurped by certain people, who seem never to reflect that their grasping selfishness amounts to absolute dishonesty; but they are kept in such a way as to encourage a rude and loose, if not vicious tone, especially among the young men who frequent them, till the whole air seems, to the sensitive appre-

hension of the father of a family, unfit for the breathing of wives and daughters.

If it be said that the proprietors and heads of these large establishments cannot be answerable for the manners of their guests, I reply that if the favor of arrogant and overbearing people were not especially courted, the whole state of things would be very different, and quiet and respectable families could enjoy the sea-side without being starved or insulted for the sake of those less scrupulous than themselves. We all know very well that ladies are rather unmanageable—(none better than I!)—but no one should be allowed to usurp the rights of others, and the evil is by no means solely ascribable to the female portion of these partial and ill-conducted households. That this is winked at, if not planned, at many of our so-called fashionable places of summer resort, is past all denial, and hundreds grumble at it every year without thinking of a remedy.

But the question recurs—where are we to go for sea-side recreation?

After much cogitation, as I promenaded the piazza with a hundred others, yet alone, for my dear ones were still pouting up stairs, I thought I would try my unpractised pen on a little sketch of a corner of our vexations, and send it to *Putnam*, as we put an advertisement to the newspaper, trusting that the operation of the well understood law of demand and supply, might, before next summer, induce some of our enterprising citizens to get up a real family hotel, at once elegant and comfortable, where all who pay alike shall be treated alike, and whence every shadow of partiality and exclusiveness shall be carefully excluded. I put my name down first on the list, for a suite of rooms looking on the ocean.

Perhaps I am only wanting a chance to try my own grasping powers!

EDITORIAL NOTES.

LITERATURE.

AMERICAN.—We have a new tract for the times, in a work named *Apocatastasis, or Progress Backwards*, in which the author endeavors to show that the modern spiritual phenomena are not new, but were well known to the ancients, and especially in the latter days of the Roman Republic. Adopting the notion of certain philosophers, that the heavenly bodies and great spheres of the universe pursue a regular circle, and come round to the same relative positions after periods, called the apocatastasis, bringing with them in their return a kind of correspondence in human affairs, he likens the existing age to that of the Roman Republic about the time of Sylla; and, on this basis, constructs a curious parallelism. But his chief object is to prove that the leading phenomena of the Spiritists were largely anticipated in those days, and the philosophy by which they were accounted for was pretty much the same. They had their "fascination," which was a kind of magnetism by the eye, their mesmerism of water, their clairvoyant pythoneses, their divinations, their intercourse with the dead, their writing and speaking mediums, and, in short, all the variety of obsessed or possessed people of which we are accustomed to hear in these days. In those days, too, as in these, some looked upon the whole thing as a fraud, others as a mere physiological effect, others again as the work of evil spirits or demons, while others believed it a true manifestation from Heaven.

Our author has treated the subject in part jocularly, and, on that account, has to some extent defeated his own purpose. The learning he has introduced is extremely interesting, and his earnest protests against the debasing and frivolous character of much of the recent Spiritualism, deeply impressive; but his objects and his arguments have not at all helped art by his art. The latter has the tendency of diverting the mind from the real subject, without enlivening it, or coming in as a relief to the more serious parts. We wish, therefore, that he had treated the whole question in the sedate and eloquent manner of his few concluding chapters. We except, however, from this wish some of his ironical passages, which are conceived in a fine style of humor.

The author sums up the doctrines of the modern spiritists, as a pantheistic theology, identifying God with matter, or a blind sore of the world, a denial of man, sin, and guilt, and of his responsibility to anything but the deified laws of nature, a heaven after death which resembles the sensual oriental paradises, "a linsey-woolsey tissue of ancient and modern sophistry, absurdity and impiety, sugared over with sickly sentimentalism and milk and water morality, with the privilege of perpetual appeal, for its true interpretation, to the re-established pagan oracles."

We do not get from this writer any specific statement of his own philosophy of the manifestations, although he more than suggests that he considers them analogous to the demoniacal possessions of the New Testament. Leaving to science, consequently, the inquiry as to how far physiological causes may be involved in the physical effects, he devotes his attention to the arrogant, and, as he considers, blasphemous pretensions of its teaching. Apart from the latter, the manifestations are of no higher import than the tricks of Signor Blitz; but with them, they acquire a consequence which deserves an indignant exposure. This the author has undertaken in no mincing spirit, and he deals about him with the lusty and strong arm of an enraged Hercules, sometimes knocking down the object of his wrath, and at other, objects that are quite innocent of offence. While we are not surprised, therefore, at his indignation, we do wonder that he should not have discriminated between the genuine disciples of religious progress, and the pretenders he assails, and between (whatever we may think of this system) the large-minded and noble-hearted Swedenborg, and such chaps as Apollonius, Davis, Dexter, &c.

There is another question which the writer ought to have discussed, *i. e.*, how far these "spiritual theories" are a direct out-growth of the prevailing and popular theology, which, though a scheme of *spiritual* truths in the minds of enlightened men, as it is commonly explained and stated, is a gross naturalism, and hardly more respectable than the reveries of Davis or the rest of the revelators. Much of the Christian teaching that we have heard in the conventicles, and which we have read in the so-called religious

newspapers, is as far from any true spiritual perception of Christianity, is as profoundly immersed in a sensuous philosophy, as a great deal which our author condemns in Davis and Edmonds. The only real corrective, consequently, for these later aberrations, will be found, not in intense objuratory paragraphs, nor in denunciations from the pulpit, but in the twofold care, first, of natural science, which will explain much that is now seemingly mysterious; and, secondly, of a truly spiritual Christianity, which will make clear to the commonest apprehension, the eternal distinction between natural truth, which is conditioned in time and space, and revealed truth, which is unlimited and absolute.

—We have been greatly instructed as well as pleased by CAPTAIN CANOT'S *Twenty Years of an African Slave*, prepared for the press by Mr. Brantz Meyer, of Baltimore. When we took it up, we were almost loath to open it, from an apprehension that we were about to be introduced to all the horrors of the slave-trade, which the discussions in England, during the early part of the present century, made us familiar. But we were agreeably disappointed. Captain Canot, or his editor, has had the art of passing over the more repulsive details of the subject, and of giving us, at the same time, all the information that is needed to enable us to draw our own inferences. Canot was an Italian boy, who sailed for a while from the port of Salem, but afterwards being wrecked on one of the West India Islands, got involved in the slave-trade at Havana. He made one or two voyages as a principal man in a slave-trading expedition, and then became a factor on the African coast, where he had plenty of opportunities of studying the manners and customs of the native Africans, as well as the characters of those who are employed in the commerce of men. He made several excursions into the interior of the continent; sometimes as a visitor to the chiefs, and sometimes in quest of slaves; was once or twice captured and imprisoned by either the British or the French; was present at a great many scenes of barbarity, massacre, and cannibalism; and, in short, meets with a thousand novel and surprising adventures, which make his narrative as absorbing as any romance, from the beginning to the end. The stories are told in a lively, pleasant style, and with an air of truthfulness that inspires confidence

in the reader. It does not appear that Canot was much of a monster himself, though he had a great many monsters to deal with, whom he manages with the astuteness and determination which does honor to his sagacity and courage, if not his humanity. He gives us a better glimpse of the economy of African life than any writer that we have read, while he describes his own adventures with the *sang froid* and good nature of a Gil Blas. He makes light of a great many things that would revolt a more refined sensibility; but no one, we are quite sure, would acquire a desire to engage in the nefarious traffic, from the pictures of it that he has drawn. His views of the aboriginal life of Africa are fearful, in the debasement and brutality which they reveal, but they are not utterly hopeless. Many of the tribes have been subdued into a kind of semi-civilization by the spread of Mohammedanism, which, as a monotheistic religion, is vastly superior in its influences to the fetichitic and polytheistic worship of rude paganism. But, whether this or any other cause will raise the savages into a capability of higher development, is one of the problems of the future. The colony of Liberia is no doubt destined to play an important part in its solution.

—MR. VAN SANDTVOORD'S *Lives of the Chief Justices of the United States*, is an interesting and able work. It not only narrates the lives of the Chief Justices of the Supreme Court, but details the actions of that court, forming a kind of history of its influence upon the jurisprudence of the nation. The author expresses a doubt whether his account of the cases decided might not be found a little tedious; but, for our part, we consider it the most valuable and instructive part of his volume. As a contribution to our legal literature his book possesses a very high worth, and no one will read it without deriving from it a great deal of instruction. His narrative style is generally easy, his description of character discriminating, and his digests of principles concise, and yet clear. A little more is made of some of his personages than their abilities and influence in the world warrant; but, on the whole, his treatment is judicious and truthful. His incidental notes, too, contain a great variety of useful intelligence.

Another work of a similar kind, but much inferior in its execution, is the

Party Leaders of Mr. J. G. BALDWIN, which gives us sketches of Jefferson, Hamilton, Randolph, Jackson, Clay, and other distinguished statesmen of the Republic. Mr. Baldwin's style is too ambitious for this kind of writing; but he has brought together a mass of valuable materials, and is occasionally eloquent in his remarks.

In reading these lives of the great men that are gone, and seeing what a chaos of errors and truths all party conflicts are apt to be, we are led to a great many interesting speculations as to the bearings of the party conflicts of the present day. What bitterness, what violence, what struggles mark the lives of these leaders, and yet, when they have passed away, how little, if at all, seems to us of any real and vital importance! How much were they all mistaken, both in regard to each other, and in regard to the bearing of measures on which they had staked honor, feeling, almost their lives?

It is sometimes a question, whether parties are more injurious or beneficial to a political society; but however this question may be decided, it is clear that parties will continue to exist. Springing from some of the same necessities in which political society itself has its origin, they are likely to cease only upon two conditions; to wit, the establishment of a despotism which should suppress all expression of opinion, or such an unlimited perfection of individuals as would dispense with government altogether. But so long as men remain what they are, so long as government is the mere organ of the majority of interests and opinions, there must be divisions and combinations of sentiment, which, carried out into action, form what are called parties.

The position taken by certain men, therefore, of a superlative morality, or a transcendent philosophy, that each individual of the state should labor to assert his own individual convictions, regardless of the convictions of his neighbors, and steadily refuse to coalesce with them until they shall have reached his standard of judgment, is simply impracticable. It has no other effect than to deprive the individual taking it of his just influence in the management of civil affairs, and to remand the government of society to others who are less scrupulous, and perhaps less capable. No doubt there are persons of rare genius and attainments, who can best serve

their fellow-men by a rigid adherence to their own peculiar views—persons who are sent into the world to arrest the movements of an old system of things, and to inaugurate the advent of a new; but the great mass of men can lay no claim to this elevated character, and must be content to share in the government, if they share at all, according to the established method of political action. In other words, they must take sides with one party or another, choosing that which comes nearest in its aims to their own estimate of what is best to be done, and striving to raise and purify it in those particulars in which it may be deemed deficient.

This is the course to be pursued under ordinary circumstances, or when they are really contending for distinctive and important principles; but the great practical difficulty of a participation in party action is, that nearly all parties soon get to be corrupt. They turn aside from their ordinary and legitimate objects,—they fall into the hands of men who have selfish schemes to accomplish, and who do not care for principles,—they construct a machinery of management which comes to work by its own force, and without reference to the impulses which originally set it in motion; and thus, in the end, they degenerate into an organized conspiracy for the mere achievement or retention of office. Under these circumstances, it is almost impossible for any man to control or modify their action; he must either submit to their despotism, becoming a mere tool or cypher in their hands, or he must break away from them at once, and take an independent stand. He cannot join the opposition, because the opposition may be in a similar condition, or because its professed aims are hostile to his convictions, and there is no recourse but in entire independence. Yet, to assume such an independence is often to shut himself out completely from any participation in affairs, to go into a kind of voluntary anchoretism or exile, and so become useless to society. It is true that a strong man, or one who has the right with him, may, by strenuous efforts, form a party of his own, and by that means counteract the corruption of the older parties; but the great mass of men, as we have said, are not of this make and calibre. They must either act with parties, or not act at all. Without the force which is necessary to become reformers, if they take a separate position, they do so at the hazard of abun-

dant ridicule, and an utter impotence. One of the most embarrassing problems, consequently, that presents itself to a conscientious mind for solution, is, how far he may or may not act with the predominant political parties of his country. If he retires from all exercise of his political rights, he may be abandoning his country to the control of sharpers and knaves; if he contents himself with the simple expression of his private views, he relinquishes his effective influence; and if he joins the regular opposition, he gives countenance to a policy antagonistic to his real convictions. In either case it is obvious that he does not discharge his duties as a citizen, responsible, to the extent of his ability, for the public action of the community of which he is a member.

This embarrassment arises from the facility with which parties in their practical operations slip away from the theoretical principles on which they were originally constituted. Sometimes they are unconsciously misled by the sudden adoption of measures whose ultimate bearings they have not perceived; sometimes the mere spirit of opposition to old hereditary antagonists betrays them into a false position; sometimes a man of rare and commanding popular talents dazzles them into momentary blindness; and sometimes they wilfully pervert truth and honesty in a desperate hunger for emoluments and power. But whatever the cause, they are pretty sure to go wrong, and once wrong, the absurd pretension to infallibility, with which all public bodies are more or less insinuated, backed by the machinery of organization, is apt to keep them wrong for years. It is in vain that individuals protest against their errors—in vain that their enemies expose their inconsistency—in vain that they suffer temporary defeats; the tremendous mechanism works on, carrying them further from their point of departure, and wider and wider from their true end.

In this view of the action of parties, such works as those of Mr. Van Santvoord or Mr. Baldwin, have a special value in the light which they throw upon the action of parties in the past, and in the instruction we are enabled to derive from them in regard to the present and future. But we are writing an essay, we find, instead of a notice, and must postpone the subject to another opportunity.

—Mr. WHITTIER, who is the Tyrtæus

of poets, and a Quaker full of the spirit of battle, writes, nevertheless, agreeable and graceful prose. His *Literary Recreations* are collections from his newspaper fragments, and form an acceptable miscellany. They make no pretension to profound thought or high originality, yet they are suggestive and profitable. He is a most uncompromising assertor of his principles, and still genial, courteous, and tender. The shams of this earth find no favor at his hands, whether they are the cruel ones or the sentimental, although his heart overruns with fine affections and hopes. He can speak of his brother poets, too, without envy, in the spirit of praise and candor, passing lightly over their defects, and warmly admiring their excellences. As to its subjects, the book is literally what its title imports, a recreation, various, light, fanciful, and serious, by turns. One can beguile an hour or two with it with ease and advantage.

—Mr. BASKERVILLE's translations of the German poets (with the German on one page and the English on the other), though it comprises selections from a large number of them, is remarkably well executed throughout. Here and there we meet a stanza that might have been more felicitously rendered; but on the whole, his success is decided. Students of the German language, therefore, will find his book a considerable assistance in their tasks; one that will introduce them to some of the finest poetry in the world, and fill their minds with faithful and happy phrases. Mr. Garrigue, the publisher, has brought out the volume with commendable neatness and taste. A critical introduction on the school of German poetry might, perhaps, be an improvement to a second edition.

—The *Hermit's Dell, from the Diary of a Penciller*, is a pleasing sketch of the incidents of country life, sometimes gay, and sometimes sad, but always healthful and true. It is, apparently, a first attempt by the author, but one that gives high promise. He has an eye for the picturesque in scenery, as well as a heart for good sentiment, and his perception of character is also penetrating.

—The fine edition of SIMMS' writings, which Redfield is publishing, has reached as far as *The Scout*, one of the most successful of his numerous sketches of the life and manners of the South of the last century. The scene is laid in the time of the Revolution, and the narrative gives us a vivid picture of the adven-

tarous life of the wild troopers of those days.

—An address delivered before the literary societies of Rochester University, by HENRY J. RAYMOND, on *A State System of Education for New York*, is an eloquent and vigorous vindication of the author's views of the necessity of a higher public education. We cannot say we agree with him in his principle as to the duty of the State in furnishing education to the people; but we certainly do agree with him so far as he maintains the deep and vital importance of liberal studies to the best interests of society. The earnestness, the ability, and the learning with which Mr. Raymond has argued his theme, does great credit to his character, as well as his powers of mind.

—*Gan Eden, or Pictures of Cuba*, is the title of a new volume of impressions of Cuba recently published by John P. Jewett & Co. of Boston. The title and the motto sufficiently indicate the character of the work. The motto is selected from that tale of the Arabian Nights, in which the garden of delight, to which the Caliph Haroun al Raschid resorts for recreation, is called Gan-Eden. And indeed all the mottoes throughout the book have an aroma of the South and the East, which is the proper atmosphere of a record of tropical impressions and pleasures. *Gan-Eden* is a book belonging to the most recent class of American literature of travel; charged with the personality of the author, and in a series of glowing, graceful, suggestive, and brilliantly colored pictures, imparting so pungent a sense of the region and life described, that the reader seems to have apprehended them by his own senses, rather than by those of another; to have even smelled and tasted the South. It is by far the most tropical account of Cuba we have had; not scorning statistics nor the details of information, it is yet the picture of a poet and not a tariff of merchandise and values. The style runs and revels about the theme in a manner which shows the exuberant enjoyment of the author, yet with an undertone of satiety and sadness, which reveals the true character of the South. The sympathetic observation of the author among all the luxuriance and loveliness of the tropics is only another proof of the sad fact that, in the places where nature is most lavish, there man is most unworthy. The remarks upon the social condition of the country, upon its litera-

ture, and its aspect of slavery, are simple, natural, and well put. The thoughtful reader will linger over the pages, and gravely ask himself what the influence of such and so large an accession to our domain might be. But among all the works to which eager and interested readers among us turn, attracted by the constantly increasing fascination and prominence of the Cuban question, there is none which will present, in so convenient a compass, so intelligible a picture of the aspect and character of Cuban life. To the man of imagination and the poet, *Gan-Eden* will seem well prefaced by a chain from oriental story. Through the whole he will trace and enjoy the subtle sympathy of the South and the East,—the same mingled sweetness and sadness, the same luxury and loveliness, and will rise naturally to the strain of melancholy and impassioned music with which the author sings *L'Envoi*.

—“*Shakespeare's Scholar*,” the quaint, but very significant title of Mr. RICHARD GRANT WHITE's volume of critical essays on the editors, annotators, and improvers of the text of the great poet, appears to have been eagerly read, and very favorably reviewed by Shakespearian students in England. Even the London *Athenæum*, which has been the champion of Collier's folio emendations, the *pièce de résistance* at which Mr. White directs his critical catapult with unsparring vigor, reviews the volume in the most complimentary manner, though not wholly coinciding in all the opinions of the trans-Atlantic critic. Those of our readers who read the essays in previous numbers of *Putnam's Monthly*, on Mr. Collier's Folio, which form the basis of Mr. White's volume, need not be informed of the critical ability displayed by him in handling the subject; but we imagine that the devoted zeal and comprehensive learning manifested in *Shakespeare's Scholar*, will be a surprise even to them. Mr. White has the zeal, the industry, and the enthusiasm of a religious fanatic; but then his fanaticism is the result of a genuine appreciation of that which is entitled to the homage of the wise and virtuous; it is a fanaticism that is perfectly compatible with a cool judgment, and a love of truth. He is not one of the enthusiasts whose veneration manifests itself in a dilettanti-like fondness for relics and Shakespearian curiosities, but for the purity of the text of his author; and his efforts will entitle

him to the gratitude of every unprejudiced lover of Shakespeare. The *Athenæum* says, "it is a most meritorious volume—one of the most stirring volumes of Shakespearian criticism we have read." Considering who have heretofore written volumes of Shakespearian criticism, it strikes us that this is quite the highest praise that the critic could have bestowed. Not the least valuable, or interesting chapter of Mr. White's volume, is that in which he discusses the true orthography of Shakespeare's name, and we think that he establishes beyond question, that it should be spelled as he writes it—Shakespeare. The *Athenæum* omits the first *e*, which is the more common orthography in England; but, in quoting the author under review, allows him the privilege of spelling according to his own standard. Some of our own papers, we observe, in noticing the work, make the author conform to their own crude ideas in spelling the name of Shakespeare, which is a very great injustice; thus, the *Tribune*, for instance, puts the author in the ridiculous plight of spelling the name, bereft of two vowels, notwithstanding his elaborate and conclusive argument proving the incorrectness of that method. We do not, by any means, agree with *Shakespeare's Scholar* in all his criticisms; but we most heartily commend the spirit of his volume, and do not doubt that it will have a marked and lasting influence, in restoring the purity of Shakespeare's text, and freeing the world from volumes of useless and annoying annotations and emendations, in future editions. We must observe in conclusion—for we have attempted nothing more than to call attention to the book—that it is in all the details of its making up, a model volume, and we hope it will be used as such, by our publishers hereafter.

—The approach of wintry weather and the holiday season, is indicated by the appearance on our table of some of the butterfly books which come out of the chrysalis state, at this time of the year. We shall have to postpone until our December number, a notice of these winter beauties. But our eye has been attracted by a crimson-covered volume, of very beautiful appearance, published by Lindsay & Blakiston, of Philadelphia, called the *Birds of the Bible*, which we notice briefly now. The illustrations consist of very beautiful drawings of the birds mentioned in Scripture, printed in litho-tint. They are quite the best

specimens of the art that we have seen executed in this country. Of the text, we cannot now speak; but we did not suppose that the ornithology of the Bible was so limited, until we glanced our eye over this pretty volume. We have now had the Women of the Bible, the Flowers of the Bible, the Barbs of the Bible, and the Birds of the Bible; the Beasts, the Men, and the Fishes, yet remain to be done.

—*Afraga* is the title of a tale of Norwegian and Lapland Life, translated by EDWARD JOY MORRIS, late our chargé at Naples, from the German of Theodore Mütge. It is a recent publication in Germany, and it has had a great and very deserved success, for it is a story of the most absorbing interest, written with great vigor and purity, and containing descriptions, remarkable for romantic picturesqueness and novelty. Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

—The tenth edition of a book is rather strong presumptive evidence of its excellence, particularly if it is of a grave character. We have received from Murphy & Co., of Baltimore, the tenth edition of *Fredet's Modern History*, a work which has probably been circumscribed in its circulation by its sectarian character. The same publishers have also issued the fourth edition of the same author's *Ancient History*, and a pocket edition of the Abbé Segur's "*Short and Familiar Answers to the most common Objections urged against Religion*," edited by Dr. Huntington.

—"*Old Redstone*," is the odd title of a good sized volume which will be a delight to presbyterian readers. There is a pious unction in it which many books of much greater pretensions would be the better for. The author is the Rev. JOSEPH SMITH, D. D. and his theme is the history of Western Presbyterianism. Published by Lippincott, Grambo & Co., Philadelphia.

—"*Kansas and Nebraska*" by EDWARD E. HALE, is a timely volume from the firm of Phillips, Sampson & Co. of Boston. It is not a political tract, but a practical work on the geography, history and resources of the new Canaans of our confederacy; the information which it contains is full and reliable.

—Evans & Dickerson, of New York, are the publishers of a series of the fittest and most agreeable books for children that we have seen; they are not only good, as to matter, but manner. Too little attention has been hitherto paid in child-

ren's books to externals; they have been badly got up, slovenly in look and mean in illustrations. But these little volumes are beautifully printed with good clear type, white paper, and well drawn illustrations; so that the eye and the mind are simultaneously taught to love and appreciate what is excellent. The æsthetic sense is thus appealed to, and educated in the right way, as well as the moral sense.

—Appleton & Co. have published "*A Complete Treatise on Artificial Fish-Breeding*," translated from the French by W. H. FAY, Esq. This little work is not merely a translation, however, but a compilation of all that has been published, both in France and England, on the new and interesting art of pisciculture. Though the subject is a peculiarly technical one, yet the author has infused into it dashes of his own humor and earnestness, and the treatise will be read with pleasure even by those who do not intend to avail themselves of the information which it contains, in reference to the important art of breeding fish, as we cultivate fruits and flowers, or hatch chickens, by systematic rules.

—Messrs. Sheldon, Lamport & Blake-man have published a novel of modern society, by Mrs. LINCOLN PHELPS, of Patapsco Mills in Maryland; the book is dedicated to her pupils for whose edification it was written. But, books for young people, like their food, should not merely be free from improper substances, they should also be enjoyable and nutritive. *Ida Norman*, however,—the title of Mrs. Phelps's novel, is one of the least offensive of its class, and at the same time the least juicy. The scene is laid in New York; but the kind of people introduced are not to be found in any society, we imagine, that lays claim to humanity. In addition to its purity of motives it has the not trifling merit of being grammatically written.

ENGLISH.—The fine library editions of standard and classical works, issued by Bohn, are almost as much American as English, for they are as widely circulated in this country, through the agency of Bangs & Brother, as they are in England. Among the later works which enrich this series, are Gibbon's *Rome*, with various new notes, including those of Guizot, Wenck, Schreiter, and Hugo; the complete works of DeFoe, that astute and wonderful narrator; a new translation of Strabo; a History of Hun-

gary, including a life of Kossuth, bringing his memoirs down to the present day; a History of Russia, compiled from Karamsin, Ségur, and others; and a prose translation of Aristophanes, much better than any poetic one that we have seen. These volumes are neatly printed, in uniform size and shape, and most carefully edited.

—There is no writer on serious topics in England, whom we read with greater profit or pleasure than PROFESSOR MAURICE, whose recent lectures on *The Ecclesiastical History of the First and Second Centuries* is worthy of his high fame as a Christian and a scholar. They might more properly be called comments upon the history of the church, than a history, for he mingles so much fine philosophic reflection and sagacious remark with the course of his narrative, that his book is as much a treatise as a story. He guides his reader to the sources of knowledge, while he gives them a picture of the times of which he writes; and his sentiments are so liberal, his tone so elevated and earnest, that one finds no fault with the occasional points on which he is compelled to disagree with his author. The biographic sketches of the fathers, and other leading men, are admirably well done, and impart a genial interest to the details of controversies and doctrines. Mr. Maurice is inflexibly orthodox in maintaining the doctrine and discipline of the church; but he has such a quick sympathy with character, and such a keen discernment of the causes and tendencies of error, that his portraits of the great heretics, and their opinions, have the most vivid and life-like fidelity. He enters at once into the conflicts of their consciences, and the struggles of their intellects, and thus portrays them to us as veritable flesh and blood, and not as portentous and unintelligible monsters, as they are too often depicted. We might pick out a dozen of these historical portraits,—if we had space,—which would gratify our readers, and cast a new light upon their understanding of those earlier days.

—A translation of FEUERBACH's *Essence of Christianity*, by Miss EVANS, is an attempt to transplant the extreme left of German speculation into English soil. Feuerbach cannot be called a Rationalist, because he criticises the Rationalists unmercifully; nor a Spiritualist, with whom he deals in the same severe spirit; and the proper school wherein to class him is that of the Humanitarians, or that

which seeks to establish a religion of Humanitarianism. His main positions are these,—that there are certain qualities of human nature, as love, will, and understanding, which possess the individual, rather than that he possesses them; that these qualities, being projected out of the individual, constitute a being which he considers a deity; and that, consequently, the essential characteristic of deity is that of an idealized humanity, and not that of a self-subsistent independent personal Religion; therefore, is the relation of man to himself, and his highest duty, the love of his race. Whoever succeeds in manifesting this love in a supreme degree, is a Christ, because the consciousness of the race then supplants the individual consciousness. All speculation that attempts to transcend nature and humanity is vain and fruitless. Miss Evans has made an excellent version of the work for those who care to perplex themselves in the strange theology of the author.

—Few natural philosophers have won a more eminent name than John Dalton, the originator of the atomic theory of chemistry, now almost universally received by the adepts in that science. A *Memoir of his Life and Scientific Researches*, written by his friend Dr. W. C. HENRY, and printed by the Cavendish Society, gives interesting details of his personal character and his discoveries. He was a self-taught man, but, by diligence and self-reliance, combined with original genius, he rose to the highest rank in the walks of science. His intimate acquaintance with Davy, La Place, Berthollet, Arago, Biot, and other distinguished savans, has enabled his biographer to impart an unusual interest to his memoirs.

—“*Irvingism and Mormonism, tested by Scripture*,” is the title of a small volume recently published in London, by the Rev. EMILIUS GUERRE, with prefatory notes by JAMES BRIDGES Esq. The author gives a brief history of Irvingism and Mormonism, but Mr. Bridges in his prefatory notes, which are refreshing for their sturdy orthodoxy, classes together a good many other isms, whose holders will be shocked to find them ranked with such *outré* company. Mr. Bridges thinks that the Devil “is more dangerous when he decks himself out as an angel of light, than when he makes open show of his hoof and scorpion tongue.” And therefore he ranks together Socinianism, Puseyism, Papacy, Irvingism and Mormon-

ism; a feeling which will be shared by a good many honest orthodox presbyterians, of which faith we imagine Mr. Bridges to be a member; but which each of the sects involved will rebel against, as not being so amiable or just as it might be.

—The *Athenæum* gives a notice of a new work, recently published by Professor Ansted, the geologist, whose visit to the United States will be remembered by many of our scientific men. The work is called, “*Scenery, Science, and Art*; or, *Extracts from the Notebook of a Geological and Mining Engineer*.” The *Athenæum* says:

“That the volume is one of varieties may be inferred from a transition to the great ‘Hotel Question,’ illustrated by the practice of New York. Professor Ansted arrived on New Year’s day:—

“I found an excellent dinner at the hotel (Astor House) at which I put up, and learned that the proprietors took this opportunity of paying a compliment to their friends by giving a better meal than usual, and providing excellent champagne *ad libitum* without extra charge. As it is the practice in the States generally for each person to pay a fixed and uniform rate per day for board and lodging together, at all houses of public entertainment, which in fact rather resemble boarding-houses than our hotels or inns, this arrangement is not so extraordinary as it would otherwise appear. It was certainly very agreeable; as, owing to our long voyage, and the difficulty of preserving the flavor of meats in an ice-house, our appetites were such as to enable us to do full justice to the excellent venison and other delicacies served up. The price charged at the first hotels for board and lodging, (except wines and liquors) is not more than 10s. 6d. per day; and for this one may have breakfast at any hour, dinner, tea, and supper; and I must say that, here, at least, no one need complain of the hurry of the dinner, or the difficulty of obtaining anything wanted. All that is needed is to speak to the waiter, and give him to understand that some prospective good in the way of a half dollar awaits him if he looks after your interests, and he will then take care that you shall want for nothing.”

“He admits that the Americans are fond of asking questions; but insists that they answer, with particular courtesy, inquiries that are made of them in return. A tourist who never puts a query

is not necessarily polite,—he may be morose. The Professor's impressions of American society appear to have been highly pleasurable; but his notes with respect to the States are chiefly of a scientific description. His book, altogether, is agreeable and interesting."

—The last novel of Mr. HARRISON AINSWORTH, who appears to be as prolific as the inexhaustible James, is named the *Fitch of Bacon; or, the Custom of Dunmore*, and is interesting on account of the singular custom which it illustrates. It seems that about the beginning of the thirteenth century, a Sir Walter Fitzwalter left a legacy to the Priory of Dunmow, providing that a fitch of bacon should be given to every married couple which could prove that, for one year and a day after marriage, no nuptial transgression had been committed by either, that no "household brawls or strife" had occurred between them, and that neither had uttered the wish to be unmarried again. This legacy was intended evidently as a sly satire upon the marriage relation, but it was taken in good faith by the people, and from time to time various couples came forward to claim the prize. But the intervals appear to have been pretty long ones. The first claim was made in the seventh year of the reign of Edward IV., the second in the reign of Henry VI., and the third in Henry VIII.'s time. The last successful claim on record was proffered in 1751. Mr. Ainsworth has made the singular old custom the groundwork of his novel, which seems to us very amusing, and even instructive, in its portraiture of the men and manners of the times. It is by far the best novel that he has written.

—The *Hide and Seek* of Mr. WILKIE COLLINS, the author of *Antonina*, is a romance of the present day, of rare artistic merits, and evincing uncommon powers of narrative and portrait-painting. There is not much originality in the plot, but the characters are vividly presented, and worked up with great effect. One of the personages, a Mr. Blythe, an eccentric, kind-hearted, simple-minded old artist, who devotes himself to his art in the pure love of it, without power to achieve greatness in it, is admirably drawn, and the work deserves to be read, if only to make his acquaintance. It is one of those touches of nature which only genius can give. His daughter, too, the deaf and dumb girl, the Madonna of his enthusiasm, is an exquisite sketch, but is not so original a creation. The other

characters are not so well sustained; indeed, some of them are strikingly defective; but the work deserves to be republished in this country, if it is not already by the time this notice reaches our readers.

—One of the most pleasing and agreeable of the late English publications is the *Satires and Satirists* of Mr. JAMES HANNAY—himself a satirist of some little reputation. He treats his subject in the best light, not philosophically, or in the way of definition, but historically and pictorially, giving us sketches of the lives and works of the principal satirists, from Horace to Thackeray and Dickens. Why he leaves out Aristophanes and the Greeks, and why he overlooks the German, Spanish, and Italian satirists, we cannot say; but of those that he does treat, he has furnished most lively and instructive characters. The remarks on Erasmus, Butler, and Swift are especially good; and we are glad to see that in what he says of the latter he is inclined to break a lance with Thackeray, although Mr. Hannay himself does not do complete justice to the masterly old Dean. A fine appreciation and sympathy runs through the entire volume, which we commend to our publishers as a most appropriate one for republication.

FINE ARTS.

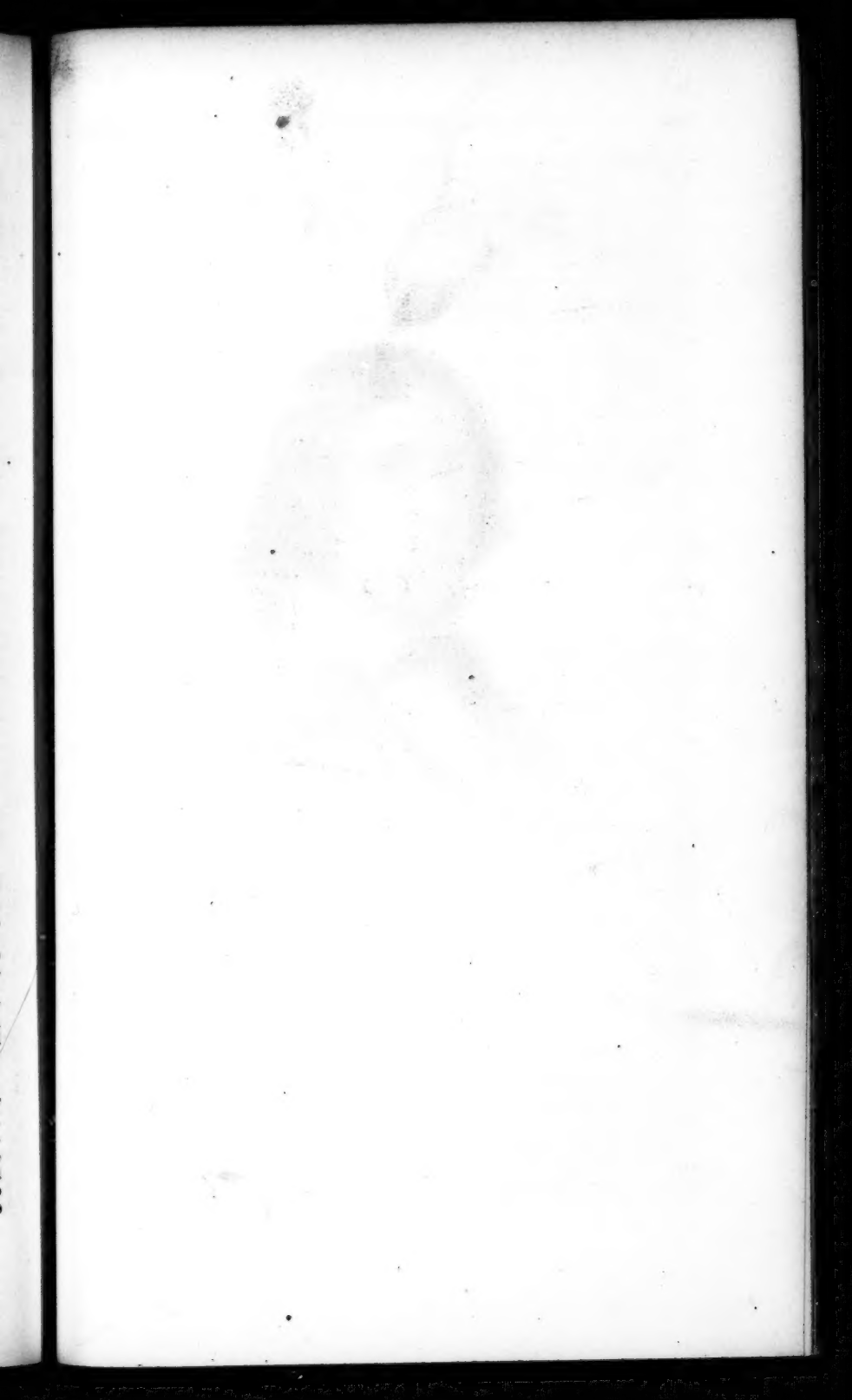
It must not be inferred that what we call Fine Art "suffers a syncope and awful pause," because there are no popular exhibitions of paintings or statues to attract public attention. The appreciation for art must be very general and sincere, before there can be any imposing collections or galleries. In this case, as in commerce, the demand for art must precede the supply of the article. Men of talent and genius cannot afford to waste their time in producing works which find neither purchasers nor admirers. But, if there is no furor about the fine arts among us, there is a growing fondness for ornamentation in architecture and furniture, which cannot fail to lead to something better, and beget artists, who will minister to higher tastes than those that are gratified by imitations of Louis Quinze sofas and picture-frames. The opening of the new Opera House, in Fourteenth Street—the "New York Academy of Music," as it has been called by Legislative enactment—has revealed to our public, possibilities of ornamentation which transcend the wild dreams of Arabian Nights

send the wild dreams of Arabian Nights readers. It is the greatest glorification of gew-gaw that we have seen in the New World; and the marvel of it is, that it causes no marvel. So accustomed have our people become to gorgeous shows of gilt gingerbread, that this, the greatest of all, is considered no great things; and musical critics, who are not necessarily critics of everything else, pronounce our magnificent new Opera House a mistake. It is *not* the largest Opera House in the world, but the most expensively ornamented; yet it does not come up to the expectations of Young America, who requires something more elegant and brilliant. Thus we compliment ourselves. And why not? Steamboats that cost half a million of dollars, lie unnoticed at our docks, and why should we permit ourselves to be excited at the opening of a new opera-house, which cost but three hundred and seventy thousand, and which, after all, is but an exaggerated steamboat saloon? But we must allow, however, that the Academy of Music has an imposing exterior, and that inside, its richness of ornament, and vastness, are rather bewildering and astounding until the eye becomes familiarized with its absurd caryatides (which we heard a lady of fashion call cantharides); its needless brackets, which are heavy enough to crush the pillars that they form continuations of; its fluted pilasters, with capitals longer than their shafts; its ponderous pillars, which support nothing; and its dome, which has no supports; its super-gaseous brilliancy in some parts, and its cavernous gloom in others, where light and brilliancy are most needed. There is no color in the body of the house, and the ornaments lose half their value for the want of a proper background to relieve them. Pure white and gold do not form a fine combination. Nature colors all her productions, and she is a very safe guide to follow in attempts to please the eye. In the new Metropolitan Theatre, built on the site of the Lafarge Hotel, which is much superior to the new Opera House in form, and the arrangement of seats, the dominant tint is buff, relieved with gold, the effect of which, by gas-light, is transcendently beautiful and agreeable to the eye.

The name of the New York Academy of Music is not merely a mistake, it is a deception, for it is not in any sense an Academy, unless the public are to be regarded as pupils, who take occasional instructions in operatic singing, at the

rather expensive rate of three dollars a lesson. An academy of music should not expend all its means in external decorations; some provision ought to be made for the education of neophytes in such a costly temple of art; and we cannot but think that if a small portion of the three hundred and seventy thousand dollars, which the building alone is said to have cost, had been appropriated to the development of musical talent among us, the enterprise would have paid better in the end. An opera house should be elegant and beautiful, and the eye should have pleasant objects to engage it in the pauses when the ear is not engaged by the music. But a little less showy ornaments, and now and then an original piece of music from a native composer, would have been likely to attract larger and better pleased audiences. However, we can afford to make a good many more steps in our progress towards perfection, and we will be thankful for every step in the right direction. We have got a cage for singing birds, and that may cause us to be on the alert to catch the songsters to put into it. At present the Opera House is about a mile too far up town, but this is a fault soon remedied by New York progress. It was "inaugurated," as the phrase goes, by Grisi and Mario, in *Norma*. It is to be hoped that judicious management may yet make this costly enterprise as creditable to the taste and good sense, as it is to the liberality of its projectors.

We have only room to notice the arrival of LEUTZE's great historical picture of *Washington at the Battle of Monmouth*, which its munificent owner, David Leavitt, Esq., has allowed the public the privilege of seeing. This picture is the largest, we believe, that Mr. Leutze has yet executed; and, judging from the impression of a single examination of it, it is decidedly his best production. It is full of a hearty, vigorous nature, the groupings are exceedingly natural, and all the details are given with a fidelity and naturalness that will satisfy the most exacting admirers of the literal in art. The figure of Washington is extremely natural, but not noble, and his countenance has not the dignity of energy and passion, but of anger. Although it is lacking in the higher qualities of imagination, its merits are so great and so palpable that it cannot fail to be popular with the masses, and to greatly enhance the reputation of the artist.





PUTNAM'S MONTHLY PORTRAITS; IV

The Author of "Moosehead Journal," "Fireside Travels," &c.

Printed by W. P.

G. P. PUTNAM & CO. N.Y.